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LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN

*BURGON*

ὡς φωστῆρες ἐν κόσμῳ



~~B. Chase~~  
B. Chase

Oct. 1888

# Lives of Twelve Good Men

- I. MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH
- II. HUGH JAMES ROSE
- III. CHARLES MARRIOTT
- IV. EDWARD HAWKINS
  
- V. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE
- VI. RICHARD LYNCH COTTON
- VII. RICHARD GRESWELL
- VIII. HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE
- IX. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL
- X. WILLIAM JACOBSON
- XI. CHARLES PAGE EDEN
- XII. CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS

By JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.D.

DEAN OF CHICHESTER  
SOMETIME FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE  
AND VICAR OF S. MARY-THE-VIRGIN'S, OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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## DEDICATORY PREFACE.

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TO THE REV. ROBERT G. LIVINGSTONE, M.A.

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAREST LIVINGSTONE,

Let me enjoy the satisfaction of inscribing these volumes to yourself. I wish that they may prove an enduring memorial of our friendship, and especially of the happy days when we were associated at S. Mary's.

Not only because you have afforded me important assistance in the production of these '*Lives*,'—but also because most of the '*Good Men*' here commemorated were friends of your own; and because, ever since you were elected to a Scholarship at Oriel in 1856, you have resided continuously in the scenes chiefly referred to in these pages;—you seem to have acquired a kind of right to have your name connected with a book, which, more than any other I have written, has carried me back at every instant to Oxford and to you.

But these volumes may not go forth to the world without carrying on their front the brief explanatory statement which I proceed to offer. I wish it to be understood that the names, and the number, of the Friends who are the subject of the ensuing pages, are, *to some extent*, fortuitous. It has not been, I mean, the result of deliberate plan that the names amount to just 'Twelve': nor indeed has it been with premeditation that the book has grown up at all. Let me be allowed briefly to relate what has happened.

Some thirty years ago, I wrote a slight Memoir of PRESIDENT ROUTH,—only because I was unwilling that so unique a personage, when he quitted the scene, should be presently forgotten. But my MS. gave me no satisfaction; and it was not until the Spring of 1878, that, (yielding to pressure,) I suffered it to come abroad.—In 1879, I was invited to recall, and to put into shape for the ‘*Quarterly Review*,’ certain reminiscences of BISHOP WILBERFORCE,—with which, about a year before, I had sought to entertain my neighbour (Mr. John Murray) at dinner, at ‘*Nobody’s Club*.’ And thus the Ist and the Vth of these Lives are accounted for.

The death of the PROVOST OF ORIEL, in 1882, suggested the duty of writing some account of one who had been my Chief for upwards of five-and-thirty years. So,—yielding to the instinct of (what seemed to myself) ordinary filial piety,—I fulfilled my self-imposed task, in 1883.—Straightway it became a source of trouble to me to remember that no Memoir had hitherto appeared of DEAN MANSEL;—a name specially dear to me, as of one who in his day rendered splendid services to the cause of GOD’S Truth. At the end of 13 years therefore, (viz. in 1884,)—having ascertained from his widow that such an effort would not be unacceptable,—I compiled a short Memoir of one of the most remarkable men of our generation. And thus it was that the first draft of the IVth, and of the IXth, of these Lives came to be written.

Something has here to be explained. I have long cherished the conviction that it is to be wished that the world could be persuaded that Biography might with advantage be confined within much narrower limits than at present is customary. Very few are the men who require 500 pages all to themselves:—far fewer will bear expansion into *two* such volumes. Of how vast a number of one’s most distinguished friends would 40, 50, 60 pages,—

contain all that really requires to be handed down to posterity!

The thing desiderated seems to be, that, while yet the man lives freshly in the memory of his fellows;—(the chief incidents of his life known to all; his sayings remembered; his aspect and demeanour things of the present rather than of the past; )—that, with all convenient speed, I say, after the departure of one whom his friends are unwilling should be forgotten;—one of them who is sufficiently a master of the craft, should proceed faithfully to commit to paper a living image of the man. The aim should be, *so* to exhibit him, that future generations might think they had seen and known him. . . O, of how many of the world's benefactors does there survive no personal memorial whatever, only because no one was found, at the time, to do the thing I have been describing!

It might reasonably fare with a man's "*life*," as with his effigies. No great master, (suppose,)—undertook to give us his full-length portrait. But *who* knows not how charmingly,—how deliciously,—a master's hand could have thrown off a living sketch; which, even if it did not satisfy the cravings of posterity, at least would have proved an effectual barrier against oblivion? . . . To proceed, however. I have but been explaining the spirit in which,—as a matter of fact,—“Twelve Lives,” (a few of them of very great men indeed,) are here found compressed into two ordinary octavo volumes.

In the meantime, I had published (in '*the Guardian*') very brief notices of PROVOST COTTON, in 1880;—of RICHARD GRESWELL and of HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, in 1881;—of BISHOP JACOBSON, in 1884. Let me be forgiven for adding, that the commendation which, to my surprise, I received *in every instance* for these sketches,—including one of CHARLES PAGE EDEN, in 1885,—proved so helpful;—

(and I required encouragement, for, to say the truth, I had been greatly dissatisfied with my own work);—that I began to ask myself as follows:—Why should I not enlarge every one of these nine Memoirs? collect, and republish them? . . . The loss at this juncture, (viz. the beginning of 1885,) of a dear brother-in-law (and in love), CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS, was what decided me. Already had I been constrained to prepare a hasty notice of him for a local newspaper,—which I ardently longed for an opportunity to remodel. Now therefore, (little aware of the amount of labour I was courting,) I deliberately set about a task,—which has grown into two considerable volumes, and has taxed me severely.

For my conscience really would not let me rest until I had further undertaken to compile at least two other Memoirs:—that, namely, of HUGH JAMES ROSE,—by far the grandest, as well as the most important, life in the present collection:—and that of CHARLES MARRIOTT,—the most singular, as well as the most saintly, character I have ever met with. I will say nothing here about the difficulty I experienced in trying to do justice to men of so lofty a type, who have been with CHRIST,—one, for 50, the other, for 30 years. I could not have achieved my purpose at all in respect of H. J. R., but for Cardinal Newman's kindness in permitting me to publish several letters of his own: or, in respect of C. M., but for the assistance which was at once freely afforded me by the survivors of Marriott's family.

But, in fact, I desire in the most unqualified manner publicly to acknowledge, as well as to return hearty thanks for, the generous trust which *in every instance* has been unreservedly reposed in me. To be admitted (so to speak) to another's confidence: to be shown private letters, and to be entrusted with family papers;—and then, when I offered to submit my proof-sheets, to be with scarcely an



exception told,—‘ No. I had rather leave it all to *you*. I would rather *not* see what you write until it is published ’ :—this, I confess, has more than touched me. Certainly, it has had the salutary effect of making me exceedingly careful; and I venture to cherish the confident hope that none who have acted so trustfully by me will have occasion to repent of their confidence. Every one of the ‘ Lives ’ (except the sketch of Bishop Wilberforce) now appears so much enlarged, as well as revised throughout, that the present is practically a new book. The life of Bishop Jacobson, for instance, has grown from 4½ columns in ‘ *the Guardian* ’ to 67 pages: while, of three of the Lives, (the IIInd, the IIIrd, and the XIIth; which extend collectively to nearly 340 pages,)—not even a first draft has appeared in that journal.

And thus, I have already made it abundantly clear that the Twelve names specified on my title-page claim to be regarded as samples only of the many departed ones who, during the long period of my residence at Oxford, were special objects of my personal regard; or at least seemed to me more deserving than their fellows of biographical record, but who died without, or with scarcely any, commemoration. Two of the Twelve, in fact, (the IIInd and the last), were not Oxford men at all, but members of the sister University: while, of the remaining ten, no fewer than *seven* belonged to one or other of the two Colleges with which I have the happiness to be myself connected. When I survey, in thought, the entire interval referred to, how many names crowd on the memory,—how many vanished forms seem to come back! Among the clerics, I bethink myself of Arthur West Haddan: James Bowling Mozley: Benjamin Harrison: Robert Scott:—among the laymen,—Manuel John Johnson: John Conington: John Phillips: John Parsons, the banker. I have written down the names of eight who present themselves among the

foremost. But there are eight other worthies who, for personal considerations, prefer still stronger claims for biographical record,—which yet they have never received. I will say a few words about each, and then conclude this ‘*Preface Dedicatory.*’

Passing by ISAAC WILLIAMS,—a man of whom it was impossible to know even a little, without earnestly desiring to know much more,—one of the earliest names which comes back to me as deserving fuller record than it has found, is that of ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D.,<sup>1</sup> first Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Widely, and in so many respects, unlike the admirable and interesting person whose name I mentioned first,—how grand a specimen was Robert Hussey of what an Anglican Divine should be!—sound in the faith, well furnished with the best learning, unostentatiously pious. Delightful it was, after reading Eusebius or Socrates under his guidance all the week,—or listening to his faithful and fearless discourses from the University pulpit,—to accompany him, on a Sunday, to his little cure at Binsey, (a short walk out of Oxford), where he did the best he could for the little handful of men in smock-frocks, women and children, whom we found assembled in Church. From the catalogue of his writings—published as well as unpublished—put forth by his excellent brother-in-law, Jacob Ley,<sup>2</sup> I select for notice his triumphant ‘*Refutation*’ of Cureton’s ‘*Theory founded upon the Syriac fragments of the Epistles of S. Ignatius,*’—a theory which imposed largely on the learned as well at home as abroad. Singular to relate, the most conspicuous of Cureton’s English adherents, Bp. Lightfoot, in his recent elaborate history of the Ignatian Controversy,<sup>3</sup> makes no mention<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> b. Oct. 7, 1801: d. Dec. 2, 1856.

<sup>2</sup> Prefixed to the 2nd ed. (1863) of Hussey’s three Lectures on ‘*The Rise of the Papal power*’ (pp. xxiii–vii): and subjoined to ‘a brief

*Memoir of the Author,*’—pp. viii–xxii.

<sup>3</sup> ‘*Apostolic Fathers,*’ p. ii (1885),—Preface, pp. v–vii.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 267–73.

of Hussey's work,—which however, when it appeared in 1849,<sup>5</sup> effectually silenced Cureton.—The neglect of theological study in our Universities was with Robert Hussey, as well it might be, an abiding source of anxiety and distress. I well remember how near his heart lay an intention to provide that remedy for it, which did not take effect until 12 years after his death; namely, the *establishment of a Final School of Divinity*. “Can I forget the circumstances,”—(I wrote in 1868)—“under which Robert Hussey, eleven years ago, requested me not to suppose, from his silence, that he had abandoned his intention of pressing this matter forward? ‘Next Monday,’ (said he), ‘I am to bring the subject before the Council.’ He was taking his afternoon walk with his wife. We met just on this side of those quivering poplars which skirt the western bank of the river, near Binsey. It was Saturday, 29th Nov. 1856. When the Council met on the ensuing Monday, Hussey was lying on the bed of death. Next day, that truly noble heart had ceased to beat.”<sup>6</sup> . . . He enjoyed to an almost unexampled extent the respect and confidence of the whole University. In token thereof, he was elected a member of the Hebdomadal Council in 1854, almost by general suffrage.—He bequeathed his library to his successors at Christ Church. I will but add that he was manly in everything: in his views,—in his public utterances,—in his table-talk,—in his recreations. I seem even now to see him, on a sharp wintry afternoon, skating on the Isis, with his little ‘Bessie’ in his arms. And did he not lay the foundation of that heart disease which carried him off at the age of 55, by his youthful prowess in the University boat?

Hussey's next successor but one in the Professorship,

<sup>5</sup> It was prefixed to a volume of Hussey's ‘*Sermons, mostly Academic,*’—pp. xxxix and 380.

<sup>6</sup> ‘*Plea for a Fifth Final School,*’—p. 9.

was another loved friend, WALTER WADDINGTON SHIRLEY, D.D. : a truly delightful person, as well as a really enthusiastic student,—a man of great power, originality, breadth; one, whose life richly deserved that appreciative record which nevertheless it seems still to wait for.<sup>7</sup> He occupied the Chair of Ecclesiastical History only long enough, (holding it for scarcely three years,) to make the Church sensible of the largeness of her loss when he was taken from her, aged only 38. . . . Everything that proceeded from Shirley's pen was admirable. His Sermons,—(I recall one in particular on '*CHRIST, the good Shepherd,*')—passed praise. His Lectures were most precious. One, on '*Scholasticism,*' delivered in the year of his death, should be inquired after and preserved. In the same year he contributed to the '*Quarterly Review*' a masterly article on '*Simon de Montfort.*' His posthumously published '*Account of the Church in the Apostolic Age*' (1867) is a volume which no student of the Acts of the Apostles can afford to be without. The volume also contains an '*Essay on Dogmatic Preaching.*' A few other of his writings are enumerated at foot.<sup>8</sup> He was snatched away while affording in every Term fresh promise of a truly brilliant Professorial career and a grand Historical reputation. A widow and five delightful little children were left to mourn their irreparable loss. He sleeps in 'the Latin Chapel' at Christ Church. Around his gravestone is aptly written,—  
*'Non enim quae longaeva est senectus honorata est, neque numero annorum multorum: sed prudentia hominibus est canities, et vita immaculata est senilis aetas.'*

<sup>7</sup> Only son of Walter Augustus, Bp. of Sodor and Man, he was born at Shirley, July 24, 1828,—educated at Rugby, and at University and Wadham Colleges,—married July 4th, 1855,—departed Nov. 20th, 1866. (See the '*Stemmata Shirleiana*' for more.)

<sup>8</sup> '*Character and Court of Henry*

*II*' (1861):—'*Undogmatic Christianity,*' a sermon, 1863:—'*Catalogue of the original works of John Wyclif,*' 1865; whose '*Fasciculi Zizaniorum*' (1858) he edited for the Master of the Rolls. He also edited '*Royal and other Historical Letters, illustrative of the reign of Henry III,*'—2 vols. 1862-5.

The same year (1866) witnessed the abrupt close of another precious life,—whose memory supremely merited to be gracefully embalmed by some loving and skilful hand. I speak of JAMES RIDDELL, Fellow of Balliol<sup>9</sup>,—in whom exquisite scholarship, fine taste, and splendid abilities were united to singular holiness of character, purity of spirit, and simplicity of life. He had prepared for the press ‘*The Apology of Plato with a revised Text, English Notes, and a digest of Platonic idioms,*’ but did not live to publish it. It was edited the year after his death<sup>1</sup> by his admirable brother-in-law, Archdeacon Edwin Palmer; who also superintended the publication of some of Riddell’s most felicitous achievements in Greek and Latin Verse. The volume is entitled ‘*Reliquiae Metricae.*’ I never recall the memory of James Riddell without affection and reverence, as well as grief for his loss. He was in every way a model man. Strange to relate, whenever I seem to hear his voice, he is delivering an extempore Address at S. Mary’s,—his features overspread with a heavenly smile: whenever I picture to myself his interesting form, he is, with consummate skill but in widely different costume,—steering the Balliol boat.

Another name which is exceedingly precious to me, I cannot forbear to mention here,—that, namely, of PHILIP EDWARD PUSEY<sup>2</sup>,—Dr. Pusey’s only son. Disabled from taking Holy Orders by reason of his grievous bodily infirmities, his prevailing anxiety was to render GOD service in any

<sup>9</sup> He was born at East Haddon, in Northamptonshire, (of which his Father was then Curate),—June 8th, 1823; the son of Rev. James Riddell, M.A. of Balliol, and Dorothy his wife. He departed, suddenly and unexpectedly, Sept. 14th, 1866.—A brief notice of him from the pen of Edw. Walford,

sometime scholar of Balliol, appeared in the ‘*Guardian*’: another, in the ‘*Leamington Courier*.’

<sup>1</sup> At the University Press,—1867. The volume had to be reprinted in 1877.

<sup>2</sup> *b.* June 14th, 1830: *d.* Jan. 15th, 1880.

way that remained to him; and, by his Father's advice, he undertook to edit the works of Cyril of Alexandria.<sup>3</sup> In quest of MSS., he visited with indomitable energy every principal library,—in France, Spain, Italy,—Russia, Germany, Turkey,—Greece, Palestine, Syria. At the Convent of S. Catharine at the foot of Sinai, the monks remembered him well. They asked me (March 1862) if I knew him. 'And how is Philippos?' inquired the monks of Mount Athos, of their next Oxford visitor. With equal truth and tenderness Dean Liddell, (preaching on the occasion of his death), recalls "the pleasant smile with which he greeted his friends; his brave cheerfulness under life-long suffering; his delight in children,"—(yes, Shirley's were constantly with him,)—"his awe and reverence for Almighty God. Most of you must have seen that small emaciated form, swinging itself through the quadrangle, up the steps, or along the street, with such energy and activity as might surprise healthy men. But few of you could know what gentleness and what courage dwelt in that frail tenement. . . . In pursuing his studies, he shrank from no journey, however toilsome; and everywhere won hearts by his simple engaging manner, combined with his helpfulness and his bravery. . . . To such an one death could have no terror: death could not find him unprepared."<sup>4</sup>

Excluded as this dear friend seemed to be from every ordinary sphere of distinction, he furnished a brilliant example of the sufficiency of God's grace to as many as will dutifully avail themselves of the talent which GOD hath entrusted to their keeping. Besides making himself largely

<sup>3</sup> Besides his ed. of the *Text* of Cyril, he translated the Commentary of that Father on S. John (i-viii) [1874]: and his treatise 'on the Incarnation against Nestorius,' [1881]. (The reader is invited to refer to the second of the present

volumes,—p. 418-9, note.) Philip also wrote '*The Russian Review, and other stories*,'—published by the S. P. C. K.

<sup>4</sup> From the '*Guardian*,' Jan. 21st, 1880. See also the '*Undergraduates' Journal*,' Jan. 22nd.

conversant with Patristic Divinity, Philip cultivated the Syriac idiom with such signal success that, before his death, he had well-nigh perfected,—what has so long been a prime want with scholars who have made the Greek Text of the New Testament their study,—a Critical edition of the venerable Peshitto Version. With that view, he collated several ancient codices, and would have published the result had he lived a little longer. Though too deaf to hear what was being spoken, he was constant in his attendance at the daily Service and at Holy Communion: yes, and was absorbed in what was going on. A man, he was, of great religious earnestness, and consistent heartfelt piety. I cannot express what a help and comfort dear Philip was to *me*, nor how much I felt his loss: nay, how much I feel it still.

Second to no one in the heart's affections of many besides myself, and as deserving of portraiture by a master's hand as any who have ever adorned academic life, was the dear friend to be next named,—EDWARD COOPER WOOLLCOMBE:<sup>5</sup> who, after residing as Fellow and Tutor of Balliol for upwards of 40 years, accepted in 1879 a country cure (Tendring in Essex,) and died at the end of less than two years. With as much truth as beauty was it said concerning him, from the University pulpit, shortly after his sudden removal,—“We miss the loving and gentle scholar who but now went from us, to exercise for long, as we hoped, in another field the faithful Christian ministry which had been here the essence of his life:—the guileless friend of all men; the unwearied promoter of all

<sup>5</sup> E. C. W., born at Plymouth, April 22nd, 1815,—the second son of William and Ann Elford Woollcombe,—was deprived of his father's counsel and guidance at the age of 7: his father, a physician of repute, dying in 1822. He was educated

at Plymouth and at Repton School, under the Rev. J. H. Macaulay: became a Commoner of Oriel, and took a First Class at Easter, 1837. He departed on November 22nd, 1880.

good works; the embodiment of the charity that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that seeketh not her own, that is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil.”<sup>6</sup>—A loftier or more devout spirit,—a more faithful or more fearless maintainer of the Right than Edward Woolcombe,—never breathed. Unwearied too was he in all the offices of disinterested friendship: as well as in the promotion of every scheme of Christian benevolence,—notably *that* scheme which Charles Marriott had so much at heart,<sup>7</sup> (Woolcombe and Marriott were kindred spirits), for providing University education for Candidates for the Ministry whose one hindrance was the ‘*res angusta domi*.’ Sacred science was his prime object of delight,—David’s Psalms, his “songs in the house of his pilgrimage,”—Scripture, his very joy and crown. The propagation of the Gospel throughout the World was, I am convinced, the dearest object of his earthly regard. I cannot say how much I regret that Woolcombe never gave to the world, except orally from the pulpit, the result of his meditations on Divine things. He published next to nothing.<sup>8</sup> What need to add that he was a delightful companion,—combining as he did a child’s simplicity and purity of spirit, with a sage’s grave intelligence, and the thoughtfulness of a learned Divine. A true specimen, he, of the *guileless* character. . . . In his case, the end came quite suddenly, and almost without warning: but Edward Woolcombe

<sup>6</sup> From a sermon by Dr. Magrath, Provost of Queens’,—Dec. 9th, 1880.

<sup>7</sup> See below, p. 359 to 363.

<sup>8</sup> Besides the slight production mentioned below (at p. 361), I only know of these, (for which I am indebted to Prebendary Sutton of Rype):—‘*The Woe and the Blessing prepared for the Rich*,’ preached at Stirling, 1852 (not published):—‘*The late F. M. Lord Raglan*,’ a

funeral sermon preached at Whitehall, July 22, 1855:—‘*Self-Examination*,’ a Lecture read in Balliol College Chapel, 3rd Sunday in Lent, 1848,—printed at the request of the undergraduates. He told me that he had written besides a Commentary on ‘*Hosea, Joel and Amos*’ for the S. P. C. K.,—which he had been constrained to abridge mercifully.



was at any time of his life fully prepared to die. It was at his sister's house in London that he departed,—while conducting the Examination of Candidates for Ordination by the Bishop of S. Albans, whose Examining Chaplain he was. His loved remains were deposited in Brompton Cemetery,—the most unobserved of funerals!

WILLIAM KAY was another of the friends of other days at Oxford, the story of whose studious and virtuous life one would have been glad to see faithfully, lovingly told. Never have I enjoyed the intimacy of a more thoughtful and thoroughly well equipped Divine than he. All knew him as a 'Fellow of Lincoln College, and late Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta,'—a profound Hebraist, a great student of the Bible; but only his personal friends knew what stores of the best knowledge he had at his command, and what an interesting way he had of freely communicating such knowledge to as many as cared to resort to him for help. As 'Grinfield' Lecturer on the Septuagint (1869-70), he was peculiarly delightful and instructive. His favourite method was to track some remarkable word or significant expression through Scripture; and to illustrate, by means of it, many distinct and apparently unconnected places, until they had been severally made to impart and to acquire lustre,—until, in short, they all shone out together like one beautiful constellation.

He was a singularly shy and reserved person,—one, who seldom or never spoke about himself. Only since his death have I ascertained that he was born at Pickering, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, April 8th, 1820,—the son of Thomas and Ann Kay, of Knaresboro',—being the youngest of nine children. Not less than six of his ancestors had been clergymen. He was educated at Giggleswick School, under the Rev. Rowland Ingram,—for whom, throughout life, he cherished a sentiment of "*affectionate reverence.*"

(The italics are his own.) Leaving the school “in December 1835,—after two years of very great happiness spent there,”<sup>9</sup>—he obtained (March 15th, 1836) an open Scholarship at Lincoln College, being then not quite 16 years of age. (James Fraser, afterwards Fellow of Oriel and Bp. of Manchester, was matriculated on the same day,—aged 17.) Kay graduated in 1839, and in the ensuing year (Oct. 22nd) was elected to the Fellowship vacated by his cousin and namesake, who had been Mathematical Lecturer at Lincoln.<sup>1</sup> In 1849, he left Oxford for India,—where the next 15 laborious years of his life (with only one break) were passed, as Principal of Bishop’s College, Calcutta. At the ‘College Press,’ he published several pieces:<sup>2</sup> one, an exquisite Sermon on ‘*The influence of Christianity on the position and character of Woman,*’<sup>3</sup> which well deserves reproduction. But his most important work published at Calcutta, was his Translation of the Psalms, ‘*with Notes chiefly Critical and Exegetical*’:<sup>4</sup>—subsequently reprinted in an enlarged and improved form.<sup>5</sup>

Returning to England in 1864, Kay again established himself in his old College quarters, to the joy of his friends. I recall with delight the Long Vacation of that year,—(which, because it was my first as Vicar of S. Mary’s, I spent mostly at Oriel,)—and the pleasant evening rambles which he and I had together on the hills above Hincksey,

<sup>9</sup> W. K. to the Rev. G. Style, Head Master,—Nov. 30, 1885. This gentleman refers me to the ‘*Giggleswick Chronicle*’ (July, 1885, and March, 1886), for several particulars,—derived chiefly from ‘*The Guardian*.’

<sup>1</sup> From the Rev. Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College.

<sup>2</sup> The first I know of is ‘*The Promises on Christianity,*’ 1854,—which was reprinted at Oxford

(Parkers, 1855, pp. 128),—a very interesting production. The next two, I have never seen:—(1) ‘*CHRIST the Regenerator of all Nations,*’—(2) ‘*A Lecture on S. Augustine of Africa.*’

<sup>3</sup> Calcutta,—1859, pp. 55.—The ‘Notes’ (especially [E] on the ‘*Song of Solomon*’) are very interesting.

<sup>4</sup> 1864,—pp. 340.

<sup>5</sup> Rivingtons,—1871, pp. 470.

when we talked out many a hard problem,—much to my advantage. (He was very fond of that walk.) His chief effort at this time was his '*Crisis Hupfeldiana*' (1865),—a masterly production, in which he fairly pulverized the wretched '*Elohistic*' and '*Jehovistic*' theory, recently revived by Colenso. In 1866 he accepted the Rectory of Great Leghs;—from which period, to some extent, we lost sight of each other. Meanwhile, his application to study was still as intense as ever. He led the life of a recluse. In 1875 appeared his Annotations on Isaiah,—a contribution to the '*Speaker's Commentary*.' I learn further, that in July 1879, several of the Clergy living in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford, having agreed to study the N. T. together, placed themselves under the presidency of Dr. Kay.<sup>6</sup> They got through the two Epistles of S. Paul to the Corinthians,—finishing their task in October 1885. The spring of the same year had seen the close of the labours of the Old Testament Revisers; in which, since the year 1870, W. K. had taken a prominent part. But he knew too much about the matter to be able to share the sanguine dreams of certain of his colleagues. His own calm estimate of the Revision will probably be acquiesced in by all thoughtful Scholars and Divines:—"A work on which a vast amount of care and attention was lovingly bestowed; so that, although there are not a few changes in it which I disagree with, yet it must, from its very numerous indisputable corrections, *always continue to be valuable as a book of reference.*"<sup>7</sup> Kay's Annotations on the 1st and 2nd Corinthians have been published since his death, and deserve to be better known.<sup>8</sup> He left behind him besides,

<sup>6</sup> From the Rev. John Slatter. See below, note (2).

<sup>7</sup> From the letter to the Rev. G. Style, quoted above.

<sup>8</sup> They are edited by the Rev. J. Slatter,—Macmillan, 1887, pp. 146.

—I only know besides of his, the following:—'*Is the Church of England duly fulfilling her office as a Missionary Church?*'—An Address delivered at a Conference of Clergy, —Oxford, 1865, pp. 27. '*We have*

in MS., a Commentary on Genesis,—which he had written at Dr. Pusey's request, and which will be sure to prove very valuable. He sank under an exceedingly painful malady, January 16th, 1886,—a prodigious student to the very end of his days. But, (what is even better worth recording,) from the dawn of reason there had hung about William Kay a peculiar 'halo of piety,' (to quote the language of his only surviving sister,) which certainly never forsook him until he gave back his pure spirit to God. He died unmarried.

The latest taken away of those who made the happiness of my Oxford life was ROBERT GANDELL, who ended his days at Wells, of which Cathedral he was Canon:—but who was chiefly known at Oxford, (where he had passed all his time,) first, as Michel Fellow of Queens'; then, as Tutor of Magdalen Hall and Fellow of Hertford College; but especially as Hebrew Lecturer, and Professor of Syriac and Arabic. I have never known a man who with severe recondite learning combined in a more exquisite degree that peculiar *Theological instinct* without which an English Hebraist is no better than,—in fact is scarcely so good as,—a learned Jew. Gandell's modesty—(it savoured of self-mistrust)—was excessive, so that he published scarcely anything: but the few things he did give to the world were first-rate, and truly precious. His edition of Lightfoot's '*Horae Hebraicae*' should be in the hands of every student of the Gospels. He also contributed to the '*Speaker's Commentary*,' 'Introduction, Commentary, and Critical Notes' on Amos, Nahum, and Zephaniah. I only know besides of two separately printed Sermons of his,—

*enough to do at home*,'—Speech at the S. P. G., 1867, pp. 3. '*The Church's Unity*,'—a Sermon at the Conference of Clergy held in Queens'

Coll., July 6th, 1866, pp. 19. He also wrote for the S. P. C. K. a brief Commentary on '*Ezekiel*.'

both very admirable.<sup>9</sup> His critical judgment was exquisite: his acquaintance with the details of Hebrew scholarship, thorough; and he possessed in a rare degree the faculty of imparting his knowledge, and making his meaning transparently clear. How delightful too was he whenever he would be at the pains to explain to one a difficulty! I recall with gratitude his indication of the first distinct reference to the mystery of the Trinity,—viz. in Genesis i. 27:—his explanation of ‘Mahanaim’ (*bina castra*) in Gen. xxxii. 2:—his translation of the ‘still small voice’ in 1 Kings xix. 12:—the *rationale* he proposed for such expressions as are found in Ps. lxxx. 10: xxxvi. 6;<sup>1</sup>—and his calling my attention to our SAVIOUR’S (*probably elsewhere unrecorded*) saying, in S. James i. 12. But it would be endless to particularize one’s obligations. Gandell’s remarks on Scripture were always precious,—instinct with piety and beauty,—the result, not so much of acquaintance with learned Commentaries, as of prolonged personal familiarity and frequent meditation over the sacred page. His exposition of the latter part of S. Luke xxiv. 21 was truly exquisite. His unravelment of *how* Enoch ‘walked with GOD’ (Gen. v. 22) amounted to a revelation.

Grievous it is to think what treasures of precious lore have departed with Robert Gandell. More grievous still is it to call to remembrance how unmindful one showed oneself of the blessing of having him at all times at hand to whom to refer one’s difficulties: ever bright and cheery,—and never tired, apparently, of helping one to understand an obscure place of Scripture. He did not live to attain to the appointed span of human life; having been born on the 27th January, 1818,—and gathered hence on the 24th

<sup>9</sup> ‘*Jehovah Goalenu: the Lord our Redeemer,*’—preached before the University, March 29th, 1853, —pp. 39. And ‘*The greater glory*

*of the Second Temple,*’—preached at S. Mary’s, March 14th, 1858,—pp. 24.

<sup>1</sup> ‘The cedars of GOD’: ‘the mountains of GOD,’ &c.

October, 1887. He sleeps beside his sweet wife (Louisa Caroline Pearse) in the beautiful funereal garden of Holy Cross,—hard by what had long been his happy home. He is survived by seven of his children.

This imperfect enumeration of Oxford friends departed, whose lives seemed to me specially deserving of a written memorial, shall not be brought to a close until affectionate mention has been made of CHARLES PORTALÉS GOLIGHTLY, —a man who enjoyed scant appreciation at the hands of his Oxford contemporaries; and who, in a recent biography of note, has been even maligned and ungenerously misrepresented:<sup>2</sup> but who deserved far other treatment. Undeniable it is that he was one who regarded the Tractarian movement with unmingled suspicion, and its latest developments with downright abhorrence. Will anyone however deny that the inexorable logic of facts proved him, by the result, to have been not very far from right? Wilberforce himself, in 1873, denounced the final outcome of the later Tractarianism far more fiercely<sup>3</sup> than Golightly had denounced its initiatory stages, 16 years earlier. And, when such an one as Charles Marriott, in 1845, could complain of “the now *almost prevailing tide of secession*” to Rome,<sup>4</sup> —is Golightly to be blamed for having taken alarm at the fatal set of the current in 1841? But it is not my purpose here to renew a discussion concerning which I have been constrained to say so much elsewhere. All that I am bent on asserting in this place, is, that Golightly was one of the most interesting characters in the University of

<sup>2</sup> It must suffice to refer the reader to Golightly's “*Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon* [Dr. Fremantle], *containing Strictures on the Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. ii. [by Mr. Reginald G. Wilberforce,] *with special reference to the*

*Cuddesdon College Enquiry, and the pamphlet ‘Facts and Documents’*”: —Simpkin & Co., 1881,—pp. 99.

<sup>3</sup> The reader is invited to refer (above) to vol. ii. pp. 49-59.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i. 319-20.

Oxford : was a most faithfully attached and dutiful son of the Church of England : was supremely earnest for her uncorruptness in doctrine,—supremely jealous of any assimilation of her Ritual practices to those of Rome. No one will deny that in Oxford he pursued a consistent course of unobtrusive piety and disinterested goodness,—through half a century of years of fiery trial and even fierce antagonism.

He had the reputation of belonging to a school of religious thought greatly opposed to that which I had myself early learned to revere and admire. But when, much later on in life, I came to know Golightly somewhat intimately, I found that practically there was very little,—if any,—difference between us. He was of the school of Hooker,—a churchman of the genuine Anglican type. I had heard him spoken of as narrow and bigoted. I will but say that, when I left Oxford, he was every bit as fond of the society of Edward King, (the present Bishop of Lincoln), as he was of that of Mr. Christopher.—He was denounced by some as harsh and bitter. Opportunities enough he had for the display of such a temperament in my society, had he been so minded ; but I never heard him speak cruelly, or even unkindly, of anybody. Nor have I ever known a man who more ached for confidence, sympathy, kindness ; or was more sincere and faithful to his friends. Earnest practical piety had been all his life his prevailing characteristic. The Rev. T. Mozley, (who is not promiscuous in his bestowal of praise,) “acknowledges the greatest of obligations” to him. “Golightly” (he says,) “was the first human being to talk to me, directly and plainly, for my soul’s good ; and *that* is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences, can efface ; no, not eternity itself.”<sup>5</sup> On which, Dean Goulburn remarks,—“But this was what Golightly was

<sup>5</sup> ‘*Reminiscences of Oriol College and the Oxford Movement*,’—ii. 109.

always doing ; and, for the sake of doing which, he cultivated the acquaintance of all undergraduates who were introduced to him ; showed them no end of kindness, walked with them, talked with them, took them with him for a Sunday excursion to his little parish of Toot Baldon.”<sup>6</sup>

Blest with ample means, he made it his delight to relieve some disabled Clergyman by taking upon himself, for a prolonged period, the other’s parochial responsibilities. He delighted in teaching in the village School ; and certainly he had the art of making his ministrations popular in the Parish Church. The children were required to commit to memory certain pithy proverbial sayings which had the merit of wrapping up Divine wisdom in small and attractive parcels. “Is *that* one of your boys ?” (asked a lady with whom he was taking a drive near Oxford,—pointing to a lad who passed them.) “I’ll tell you in a moment.” ‘Come here, my boy.’ The boy approached the carriage. Golightly, (leaning earnestly forward),—‘*Rather die ?*’ . . . ‘*Than tell a lie,*’ was the instantaneous rejoinder. “Yes,” (turning to his companion): “it *is* one of my boys.” . . . The older sort he ‘caught with guile.’ His plan was to announce from the pulpit, on a Sunday afternoon, what next Sunday afternoon the sermon would be about. Of course he made a judicious selection of subjects,—e. g. Noah in the Ark,—Jonah in the whale’s belly,—Daniel in the lions’ den, and so on. The Church used to be thronged to suffocation ; and Golightly, on emerging from the vestry in his ‘M.A.’ gown, was devoured by the eyes of the expectant rustics ; some of them, by a slight confusion of ideas, seeming to suppose that it was Noah himself,—Daniel or Jonah, as the case might be,—who had come back in order to relate his experiences.

<sup>6</sup> ‘*Reminiscences of C. P. Golightly,—a Letter,*’ &c., 1886,—pp.

36 : a very interesting and original sketch, of which, see p. 33.



He was every way a character, and a most interesting one: his table-talk so fresh and entertaining;—his remarks so quaint;—his habits so original. Discovering that his house in Holywell (No. 6) occupied the site of an ancient tavern which had rejoiced in the sign of the ‘*Cardinal’s Cap*,’—he introduced that object unobtrusively over his street-door.—He entertained at breakfast every morning, at least 50 jackdaws from Magdalen Grove. It was quite an institution. (He walked round his little lawn, whistled, and flung down a plateful of bread cut into small cubes. Then retired. The air suddenly grew dark, and almost as suddenly the meal was over,—every jackdaw having appropriated his own morsel.)—He had a delightful garden, and cultivated the finest grapes in Oxford,—*for the benefit of the sick poor*. The Clergy of the city had but to communicate with his gardener, and their parochial wants were supplied at once. He was a great reader, and had always something instructive as well as diverting to tell you as the result of his recent studies. Large-hearted and open-handed too he was, when a real case was brought before him. Thus, at Abp. Tait’s recommendation, he contributed 1000*l.* to the fund for founding the Southwell bishopric.—His remarks on Scripture were original and excellent. Sometimes they were exceedingly striking. We were talking about the character and sayings of Jacob,—so full of human pathos. “Come now,” (said I,) “tell me *which* you consider the *most* human of all his utterances.” Instantly,—in a deep tone of mournful reproach which quite startled me,—he exclaimed, “Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye *had* yet a brother?”

He read the Bible *devotionally*,—regarding it as GOD’s message to his individual soul. His piety was very sincere,—very fervent. Never can I forget the passionate fit of weeping into which he burst on my telling him that I had accepted the offer of this Deanery. He considered my

continued residence in Oxford important for the cause which was nearest to his heart,—as it was (and is) to mine. Had his remonstrance and entreaty come earlier, I believe I must have remained in Oxford. His earnestness affected me greatly, and comes back to me again and again.

I will supply only one omission in what precedes, and then make an end. Charles Portalés was the second son of William Golightly, esq. and Frances Dodd,—whose mother, Adelgunda, was the granddaughter of M. Charles de Portalés,—a distinguished member of an ancient and honourable Huguenot family. He was educated at Eton and at Oriel: was born May 23rd, 1807, and departed on Christmas Day 1885. He sleeps—where I shall soon myself be sleeping—in Holywell cemetery; and is assuredly “*in peace.*”

It only remains to be stated that the Memoirs which now at last I have the satisfaction of placing in your hands,—besides occasioning me a prodigious amount of labour,—have exacted of me an expenditure of time for which I was wholly unprepared when I undertook them. I shall regret neither the one nor the other if the object I have had in view throughout may but be attained. *That* object has been not so much to preserve the names of certain ‘*Good Men*’ from oblivion, as to provoke those who shall come after us to the imitation of whatever there was of noble, or of lovely, or of good report in their beautiful ‘*Lives.*’

Forgive this long Dedicatory Preface,—which however I could not make shorter. I take leave of you in thought in Holywell. We part at our dear Golightly’s door.

You know, my dearest Livingstone, that I am ever, your very affectionate friend,

JOHN W. BURGON.

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[1789-1882.]

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# (I). MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH:

*THE LEARNED DIVINE.*

[A. D. 1755—1854.]

*Who was 'reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the Theology of their fathers.'*<sup>1</sup>

**F**OUR-AND-THIRTY years have run their course since the grave closed over a venerable member of the University of Oxford, who, more than any other person within academic memory, formed a connecting link between the Present and the Past. In a place of such perpetual flux as Oxford, the stationary figures attract unusual attention. When a man has been seen to go in and out the same college-portal for thirty or forty years he gets reckoned as much a part of the place as the dome of the Radcliffe, or the spire of St. Mary's. But here was one who had presided over a famous college long enough to admit 183 fellows, 234 demies, 162 choristers. The interval which his single memory bridged over seemed fabulous. He was personally familiar with names which to every one else seemed to belong to history. William Penn's grandson had been his intimate friend. A contemporary of Addison (Dr. Theophilus

<sup>1</sup> Newman's dedication of his '*Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church*,' (1837),—"inscribed, with a respectful sense of his eminent

services to the Church, and with the prayer that what he witnesses to others may be his own support and protection in the day of account."

Leigh, Master of Balliol from 1726 to 1785,) had pointed out to him the situation of Addison's rooms, and narrated his personal recollections of the author of the 'Spectator' while a resident fellow of Magdalen. Dr. Routh had seen Dr. Johnson, in his brown wig, scrambling up the steps of University College. A lady told him that her mother remembered seeing King Charles II. walking with his dogs round "the Parks"<sup>2</sup> at Oxford (when the Parliament was held there during the plague in London); and, at the approach of the Heads of Houses, who tried to fall in with him, "dodging" by the cross path to the other side. (His Majesty's dogs, by the way, were highly offensive to the Heads.) It seemed no exaggeration when, in the dedication of his Lectures on '*The Prophetical Office of the Church*,' published in 1837, Mr. Newman described 'Martin Joseph Routh, D.D., President of Magdalen College,' as one who had been 'reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the Theology of their fathers.' He was every way a marvel. Spared to fulfil a century of years of honourable life, he enjoyed the use of his remarkable faculties to the very last. His memory was unimpaired; his 'eye was not dim.' More than that, he retained unabated till his death his relish for those studies of which he had announced the first-fruits for publication in 1788. Was there ever before an instance of an author whose earliest and whose latest works were 70 years apart? The sentiment of profound reverence with which he was regarded was not unmixed

<sup>2</sup> Many inhabitants of Oxford there must already be who will require to be informed that, forty years ago, '*the Parks*' was the familiar designation of the locality at present covered by the 'New Museum.' A broad raised gravel

walk, enclosing a ploughed field,—(a parallelogram it was, of considerable size),—afforded a capital refuge for pedestrians who had no other object but to enjoy for a brief space a dry healthy walk in the immediate vicinity of the Colleges.

"the Parks"  
"the Parks" I have heard

with wonder. He had become an historical personage long before he departed from the scene. When at last it became known that he had gone the way of all flesh, it was felt that with the President of Magdalen College had vanished such an amount of *tradition* as had probably never been centred in any single member of the University before.

No detailed memoir of this remarkable man has been attempted, and such a work is no longer likely to appear—which is a matter for regret. Twenty years hence, it will be no longer *possible* to produce any memoir of him at all: and the question we have ourselves often complainingly asked concerning other ancient worthies, will be repeated concerning Dr. Routh:—Why did no one give us at least an outline of his history, describe his person, preserve a few specimens of his talk,—in short, leave us a sketch? Antiquarian Biography is at once the most laborious and the most unreadable kind of writing. Bristling with dates, it never for an instant exhibits *the man*. We would exchange all our ‘Lives’ of Shakspeare for such an account of him as almost any of his friends could have furnished in a single evening. Ben Jonson’s incidental notice of his conversation is our one actual glimpse of the poet *in society*.<sup>3</sup> In like manner, Dr. John Byrom’s description of a scene at which Bishop Butler was present, is the only *personal* acquaintance we enjoy with the great philosophic Divine of the last century.<sup>4</sup> Suggestive and precious in a high degree as these two notices are, they are unsatisfactory only because they are so exceedingly brief. And this shall suffice in the way of apology for what follows.

In the district of Holderness, not far from Beverley, in

<sup>3</sup> In his ‘*Discoveries*.’

<sup>4</sup> Byrom’s ‘*Journal*,’—vol. ii. P. i. pp. 96-9.

the East Riding of Yorkshire, is a village which early in the twelfth century gave its name to the knightly family of Routhe or De Ruda, lords of the manor in 1192.<sup>5</sup> A cross-legged warrior in Routh Church is supposed to represent Sir John de Routhe, who joined the Crusades in 1319. A brass within the chancel certainly commemorates his namesake who died in 1557, (*strenuus vir Johannes Routh de Routh chevalier, et nobilis conthoralis ejus Domina Agnes*). The president's immediate ancestors resided at Thorpefield, a hamlet of Thirsk, where his grandfather was born.<sup>6</sup> Peter Routh [1726–1802] a man of piety and learning, — (educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and instituted in 1753 to the consolidated rectories of St. Peter and St. Margaret, South Elmham, Suffolk, which he held till his death,)—became the father of thirteen children (six sons and seven daughters), of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. ‘I was born’ (he says of himself) ‘at St. Margaret’s, South Elmham, in Suffolk, September 18th, 1755.’<sup>7</sup> Strange to relate, although throughout the eighteenth century he kept his birthday on the 18th, he ever after kept it *on the nineteenth* day of September. Like many others who have attained to longevity, he was sickly as a child. ‘When I was young I had a delicate stomach, and my

<sup>5</sup> The manor of Routh continued in the Routh family for 400 years, viz. till 1584, when there was a failure of direct male issue.

<sup>6</sup> “My father’s birthplace was, as you suppose, at Thorpefield, a hamlet of Thirsk. Routh is a village more in the neighbourhood of York . . . As to the coats-of-arms, none was distinguished for place. But Routh of Leicester, 3 peacocks.”—(Peter Routh to his son, Sept. 6, 1789.)—The arms of Routh (of

Routh) first appear in 1280,—with some variety.

<sup>7</sup> The President’s accuracy in this matter having been questioned, it becomes necessary to state that the date of *his birth* (Sept. 18), as well as of *his baptism* (Sept. 21, 1755), is recorded in the Parish Register of St. Margaret’s, South Elmham. (From the Rev. E. A. Holmes, Rector of Harleston,—of which South Elmham is a *district*.)

mother had great difficulty in rearing me.' So, during his declining years, he often told his nephew.

Martin Joseph was named after his great-uncles and godfathers, the Rev. Martin Baylie, D.D., of Wicklewood, in Norfolk (his mother's maternal uncle), and the Rev. Joseph Bokenham, M.A., the learned and witty Rector of Stoke Ash, who stood to him in the same relation on his father's side. Like the rest of his brothers and sisters, he was baptised immediately after his birth.<sup>8</sup> His mother (Mary, daughter of Mr. Robert Reynolds of Harleston) was the granddaughter of Mr. Christopher Baylie, of the same place, descended from Dr. Richard Baylie, President of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1660, who married a niece of Archbishop Laud. Her first cousin and namesake died in giving birth to Richard Heber, who represented the University of Oxford in Parliament from 1821 to 1826.

When elected to the headship of his college in 1791, it appears from some memoranda in his hand (written on the back of a letter of congratulation), that the event set him on recalling the dates of the chief incidents in his thirty-six previous years of life. The second entry is:—'1758. Removed to Beccles.' So that Peter Routh transferred his family thither when Martin was but three years old; and at Beccles, eight out of the nine brothers and sisters born subsequently to 1758 were baptised. The reason of this change of residence is found to have been that Peter Routh then succeeded to a private school kept at Beccles by the Rev. John Lodington. He also held the rectory for 'old Bence' (as the Rev. Bence Sparrow was familiarly called) from

<sup>8</sup> One of Peter Routh's children was baptised on the fifth day; two on the fourth; four (Martin being

of the number) on the third day; one on the second day; three on the first day after birth.

1764 to 1774. But in 1770 he was appointed to the Mastership of the Fauconberge grammar-school at Beccles,—which he continued to hold till 1794.<sup>9</sup> At Beccles, in consequence, Martin Joseph spent all his studious boyhood, being educated by his learned father until he was nearly fifteen years of age (1770), when he went up to Oxford; and became (31st of May) a commoner of Queens' College:<sup>1</sup> the Provost at that time being Dr. Thomas Fothergill, who in 1773-4 was Vice-Chancellor.

Oxford a hundred and seventeen years ago! What a very different place it must have been! The boy of fifteen, weary of his long journey by execrable roads rendered perilous by highwaymen, at last to his delight catches sight of Magdalen tower, and is convinced that he has indeed reached Oxford. It is May, and all is beautiful. He comes rolling over *old* Magdalen Bridge (a crazy structure which fell down in 1772); looks up with awe as he enters the city by the ancient gate which spans the High Street ("East-gate" demolished in 1771), and finally alights from the 'flying machine' (as the stage-coach of those days was called) 'at John Kemp's over against Queens' College,' *i.e.* at the Angel tavern,—where coffee was first tasted in Oxford in 1650. . . . President Routh could never effectually disentangle himself from the memory of the days when he first made acquaintance with Oxford,—the days when he used to receive such parental admonitions as the following:—"Only do not think of entering the *Yarmouth machine* without moonlight,—the dark nights having produced

<sup>9</sup> On this entire subject, see Rix's '*Fauconberge Memorial*,'—(a privately printed 4to), 1849, pp. 29, 30, 36 8. Concerning the initial

letter of p. 25, see p. 36, note 3.

<sup>1</sup> "1770. Martin Joseph Routh, Com<sup>r</sup>. May 31."—*From the Entrance Book of Queens' College.*



more than one overthrow.”<sup>2</sup> ‘Sir,’ (complained one of the tutors in 1850, or thereabouts, addressing him): ‘Mr. Such-an-one has only just made his appearance in college,—(he came out of Suffolk, and a fortnight of the October term had elapsed,)—‘I suppose you will send him down?’ ‘Ah, sir,’ said the old man thoughtfully, ‘the roads in Suffolk—the roads, sir—are very bad at this time of the year.’ ‘But, Mr. President, he didn’t *come* by the road!’ ‘The roads, sir’ (catching at the last word), ‘the roads, in winter, I do assure you, sir, are very bad for travelling.’ ‘But he *didn’t* come by the road, sir, he came *by rail!*’ ‘Eh, sir? The—*what* did you say? I don’t know anything about *that!*’ waving his hand as if the tutor had been talking to him of some contrivance for locomotion practised in the moon.<sup>3</sup>

To return to the Oxford of May 1770, and to the Routh of fifteen. When he sallied forth next day to reconnoitre the place of his future abode, he beheld tenements of a far more picturesque type than—except in a few rare instances—now meet the eye. In front of those projecting, grotesque and irregular houses there was as yet no foot-pavement: the only specimen of that convenience being before St. Mary’s Church. The streets were paved with small pebbles; a depressed gutter in the middle of each serving to collect the rain. At the western extremity of High Street rose Otho Nicholson’s famous conduit (removed to Nuneham in 1787), surmounted by figures of David and Alexander the great, Godfrey of Boulogne and King Arthur, Charlemagne and James I, Hector of Troy and Julius Cæsar. Behind it, a vastly different Carfax Church from the present came to view, where curfew rang every night at 8 o’clock, and two giants struck the hours on a bell.

<sup>2</sup> Beccles,—Nov. 17, 1783.

<sup>3</sup> From the late President Bulley.

Passengers up Corn-market on reaching the tower of St. Michael's Church as they glided through the ancient city gate called 'Bocardo'—once the prison of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and till 1771 a place of confinement for debtors—were solicited to deposit a dole in the hat let down by a string from the window overhead. As yet neither the Radcliffe Infirmary nor the Observatory was built. The way to Worcester College lay through a network of narrow passages, and was pronounced undiscoverable. St. Giles's, on the other hand, was deemed a '*rus in urbe*, having all the advantages of town and country—planted with a row of elms on either side, and having a parterre of green before the several houses.' 'Canditch' was seriously encroached upon by a terrace in front of Balliol College, shaded by lofty elms and resembling that before St. John's. The unwonted breadth acquired for the street, when this excrescence was at last removed, procured that its old appellation disappeared in favour of 'Broad Street.' A double row of posts—where boys played leap-frog—marked the northern limit of St. Mary's churchyard. The Radcliffe Library was a rotunda without railings. Hart Hall (which had come to be called 'Hertford College,' and which recovered its ancient title yesterday after its disuse for fifty years) had no street front; and where 'Canterbury quad' now stands there were yet to be seen traces of the ancient college of which Wickliffe is said to have been Warden, and Sir Thomas More a member. St. Peter's vicarage still occupied the north-east angle of St. Peter's churchyard,—where its site is (or till lately was) commemorated by an inscription from the President's pen.<sup>4</sup> It was but fifteen years

<sup>4</sup> It ran as follows:—'*Olim in hoc angulo sita est Vicariorum hujus Ecclesiae Domus Parochialis, quae, cum vetustate collapsa esset,*

since, on St. John Baptist's day, the last sermon had been preached in the open air from the stone pulpit in front of Magdalen College chapel: the Vice-Chancellor, proctors, and masters occupying seats in the quadrangle, —which “was furnished round the sides with a large fence of green boughs, that the preaching *might more nearly resemble that of John the Baptist in the wilderness.* And a pleasant sight it was,” adds Jones of Nayland who witnessed the spectacle. The ground on the same occasion was “covered with green rushes and grass.”<sup>5</sup> The preacher was Dr. Horne.

The University life of 1770 presented even a greater contrast. The undergraduates rose early, but spent their days in idleness. Practically, the colleges were without discipline. Tutors gave no lectures. It is difficult to divine how a studiously-disposed youth was to learn anything. ‘I should like to read some Greek,’ said John Miller of Worcester to his tutor, some thirty years later. ‘Well, and what do you want to read?’ ‘Some Sophocles.’ ‘Then come to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.’ He went, and read a hundred lines: but could never again effect an entrance. This state of things was effectually remedied by the Examination statute and by the publication of the Class-list; but neither came into effect till the year 1801. The dinner-hour was 2; and for an hour previous, impatient shouts of ‘Tonsor! tonsor!’ were to be heard from every casement. The study, or inner-room, was reserved for the ‘powdering.’ Blue coats studded with bright

*auctoritate Episcopali remota est, A.D. MDCCCIV: ut locus, hortulus-que ei contiguus, Coemeterio adde-  
rentur.*

to his ‘Works,’ vol. i. p. 117. Pointer’s ‘*Oxoniensis Academia,*’ 1749, p. 66,—quoted by Peshall, *ad fin.* p. 31.

<sup>5</sup> Jones’ ‘Life of Horne,’ prefixed

buttons, shorts and buckles, were the established costume. A passage from Scripture was still read during dinner, — the last lingering trace of the ancient practice, enjoined till yesterday by statute, of having the Bible read during meals. At 8, all supped on broiled bones and beer. There was not to be seen, till long after, a carpet in a single Oxford common-room. What need to add that undergraduates were without carpets? “Every academic of any fashion resorted to the coffee-house during the afternoon.”<sup>6</sup> The ‘dons’ frequented some adjoining tavern or coffee-house. Mr. James Wyatt’s premises in High Street (known at that time as ‘Tom’s coffee-house’), were the favourite resort of seniors and juniors alike. The undergraduates drank and smoked in the front room below, as well as in the large room overhead which looks down on the street. The older men, the choice spirits of the University, formed themselves into a club which met in a small inner apartment on the ground floor (remembered as ‘the House of Lords’), where *they* also regaled themselves with pipes, beer and wine. The ballot boxes of the club are preserved, and the ancient Chippendale chairs (thanks to the taste of their recent owner) were, until 1882, to be still seen standing against the walls. It is related concerning Queens’ and Magdalen, that they “used to frequent ‘Harper’s,’—the corner house of the lane leading to Edmund Hall.”<sup>6</sup> Drunkenness was unquestionably at that time prevalent in Oxford. Irreligion reigned; not unrebuked, indeed, yet not frowned down, either. It would be only too easy to produce anecdotes in illustration of both statements. Should it not be remembered, when such discreditable details are brought

<sup>6</sup> Bliss, note to the *Life of Wood*, Ed. of the *Ath. Oxon.*, 8vo., 1848, prefixed to the *Eccl. Hist. Society’s* —i. p. 48.

before our notice, that our Universities perforce at all times reflect the manners and spirit of the age; and that it is unreasonable to isolate the *Oxford* of 1770 from the *England* of the same period? The latter part of the eighteenth century was a coarse time everywhere; and the low standard which prevailed in Church matters outside the University is but too notorious. Only because her lofty traditions and rare opportunities set her on a pinnacle apart, does the Oxford of the period referred to occasion astonishment and displeasure.

We are about to show, on the other hand, that the spirit of Oxford in her palmiest days was by no means extinct during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. And I take upon myself to suggest, that he would be rendering good service to the cause of truth who would be at the pains to convince a conceited and forgetful generation that '*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*': that classical scholarship and sacred Science were cultivated at our Universities with distinguished success in the worst of times; and that it is a heartless misstatement to represent the unfaithfulness of the period following the date of Bp. Butler's memorable 'Advertisement' as universal,—a calumnious falsehood to blacken the English clergy of more than a hundred years with indiscriminate censure.

Such however as I have been describing was the state of things when young Routh became a commoner of Queens'. Jacobite sentiments he found universally prevalent, and he espoused them the more readily because they fell in with the traditions of his family. It will be remembered that when he became a demy of Magdalen only 28 years had elapsed since the death of President Hough,—who had been deprived and ejected in 1687,

and again restored in 1688.<sup>7</sup> He was remarkable even as a boy. 'I like that little fellow in blue stockings,' said the second Earl Temple (afterwards Marquis of Buckingham), with whom Routh used to argue, when he met him in a friend's rooms. ('I suppose,' remarked the President at the end of eighty years, '*they* [i. e. the blue stockings] *weren't very tasty.*') But the topic of the hour was the Act of Parliament which had been just obtained for the improvement of the city,—an Act which in a few years effectually transformed ancient into modern Oxford. Meanwhile Dr. George Horne and Dr. Thomas Randolph were pointed out as the most conspicuous divines in the University: Dr. Kennicott as the most famous Hebraist: Tom Warton as the most brilliant wit. In the very next year young Routh migrated from Queens' to Magdalen. The record survives in his own writing:—'1771, July 24th. I was elected a Demy of Magdalen, on the nomination of the President, Dr. Horne.' And now he came under improved influences—the best, it may be suspected, which the University had at that time to offer. Dr. Benjamin Wheeler, Regius Professor of Divinity in 1776, was a fellow of the college, ('my learned friend, Dr. Wheeler,' as Dr. Johnson calls him;) and Dr. John Burrough was his tutor. Especially is it to be considered that young Routh now lived under the eye of Dr. Horne, who had been elected to the Presidentship in January 1768, and was still engaged on his Commentary on the Psalms. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that the character and the pursuits of this admirable person materially tended to confirm in Martin Joseph Routh that taste for sacred learning which was destined afterwards to bear such memorable fruits. He listened to Horne's sermons in the College

<sup>7</sup> He died Bishop of Worcester in 1743.

chapel and at St. Mary's, and must have been delighted with them: while, at the President's lodgings, he met whoever at that time was most distinguished in or out of the University for learning, ability, or goodness.

The youth (for we are speaking of a boy of sixteen) had already established the practice of returning to Beccles once a year, and spending some part of the summer vacation under his parents' roof. This annual visit went on till 1792. On such occasions it is remembered that he sometimes 'acted as the assistant or substitute of his father in the school-room, where his presence was always welcomed by the pupils, on account of his urbane manner and the happy ease with which he communicated information.'<sup>8</sup> To this period belongs the following letter from the Rev. Peter Routh to his son:—

'Dear Martin,—As you are so desirous of a letter immediately, and have fixed no longer term than as soon as it is possible for you to receive one, not to disappoint you in your expectation, I write this evening. . . . Your surplice, I hope, is not so different from the generality as you seem to describe it, it being cut to the best pattern here; and others which are brought out of the country I should think must vary enough not to leave you singular.

'As to your studies, you may probably have better directions than I can give you. But in general you may remember what I said of the expediency of allotting the time from chapel to lectures not ordinarily to breakfasting in company, but to the severer kinds of study, in which, if you are not otherwise directed, as a Cambridge scholar I must recommend Locke's "Essay" to be seriously and repeatedly read and epitomized, but not without Dr. Watts's "Philosophical Essays," to guard against some ill prejudices apt to be contracted from the former. The next division of time that you can with most constancy engage to study in, I would have appro-

<sup>8</sup> *Fauconberge Memorial* (already quoted), p. 37.

priated to Latin and Greek, with a full proportion of the latter, because you are like to be but little furthered in it by the college exercises. English reading of all sorts but what I mentioned under the first article, I used myself, when at the University, to reserve for such evenings as I spent alone.

‘Of your moral conduct and religious principles I have no reason to form any such apprehensions as would make me uneasy, but persuade myself that, young as you are, they are too well guarded for people exceptionable in either, how much soever your seniors or superiors, to pervert or unsettle you, even though you should meet with any such among your acquaintance. It may not, however, be amiss to repeat the same caution you have often had from me—that your constitution and your years will require more than ordinary precaution in the article of good fellowship, which in your present college you seem to have it much at your discretion to observe or to neglect. Love from all here.

‘Your affectionate father,

‘Beebles, Oct. 9, 1771.’

‘PETER ROUTH.’

In 1774 (February 5th) Martin took his B.A. degree: and it was intended that he should at once ‘go down.’ The interval before he could be ordained was to have been passed at Beebles. His father had a large family to provide for: two children had been born to him since Martin had gone up to Oxford in 1770; and the expenses of an University education already pressed somewhat heavily on the domestic exchequer.

‘I hope by this time you have passed the pig-market,’ writes the anxious parent (Feb. 4th, 1774), indulging in an allusion which will be intelligible at least to Oxford men. Then follow directions as to what the son was to do with his effects before his departure:—

‘This I mention’ (proceeds the writer), ‘on the supposition of your not having a very near prospect of returning to college, which must be the case unless



somewhat approaching to a maintenance could be contrived for you there; since, as you must be aware, your education hitherto has been full as much as my circumstances will allow of. The particulars now occurring for the refreshment of your memory are all your cloaths, linen, sheets, and table-linen, spoons, and such books as you think may be useful, if Wormald should become your pupil, in the use of the globes and a smattering of astronomy. . . . Whether you will have heard the bad news from London, I cannot tell; but by a letter from Kelsale on Wednesday, we are informed of the death of Mrs. Heber, who was brought to bed of a son, heir to an entailed estate of 1500*l.* per annum, on old Christmas Day.'

The father's wish was that, as Martin was to take Cambridge on his way to Beccles, he might have the advantage of making the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, Master of Gonville and Caius College,—his own former Head. He therefore furnished the young man with a letter of introduction; "indulging the partiality of a father in thinking that the Master might find some amusement in even *his* accounts of their sister University." . . . . To Martin himself, the father writes:—

"When at Cambridge, do not neglect my proper commendations to all in due order: and I dare say you will be attentive to their academical customs, and such of the public Exercises as your stay there shall give you opportunities of hearing, even more than to a comparison of the Buildings, &c. with those at Oxford. I recollect nothing more that is of importance at present, besides putting you in mind to write before you leave Oxford, and give us a detail of your intended route, and the time of beginning it."

The election of Martin Joseph Routh to a fellowship at Magdalen (July 25th, 1775) determined his subsequent career. He was now 20 years of age, and must have henceforth enjoyed the privilege of frequent inter-

course with his chief,—the admirable Dr. George Horne, who was President of the college until 1791. He undertook pupils,—one of whom (Edward South Thurlow<sup>9</sup>) was a nephew of the Lord Chancellor and of the Bishop of Lincoln. Granville Penn [1761–1844], grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, was afterwards another of his pupils.<sup>1</sup> This gentleman (whose name will come before us again by and by) became famous as an author, chiefly on subjects connected with Divinity, and is styled by Routh,—‘*vir nobilis, idemque in primis ornatus et litteratus*,’<sup>2</sup> in connexion with his “Critical Revision of the text and translation of the N.T.” And now Routh wholly gave himself up to study. He was ordained deacon at Park Street chapel, Grosvenor Square, by Dr. Philip Yonge, bishop of Norwich, Dec. 21st, 1777. He had already proceeded M.A. in 1776 (Oct. 23rd): was appointed college Librarian in 1781; and in 1784 and 1785, junior Dean of Arts, enjoying the satisfaction in the latter year of seeing his brother (Samuel) admitted Demy. He had already been elected Proctor,<sup>3</sup> in which capacity he was present at an entertainment given to George III, who, with Queen Charlotte, visited the University about this time. The first symptoms of the King’s subsequent malady had not yet appeared: but Routh, in describing the scene, while he did full justice to the intelligence and activity which marked the King’s face and conversation (he sat opposite to him), dwelt on the restlessness of his eye and manner,—which was afterwards but too easily explained.

In these days,—when College tutors avail themselves of the Easter Vacation to “explore Palestine from

<sup>9</sup> Eldest son of John Thurlow, of Norwich, esq.,—matriculated as G. C. 9 Oct. 1781, aged 17.

<sup>1</sup> See page 47.

<sup>2</sup> *Opuscula*,—i. 93.

<sup>3</sup> ‘1784, April. I was elected Senior Proctor of the University in my twenty-ninth year.’—MS. note.

Hebron to Damascus, besides paying a visit to Alexandria, Cairo and the Pyramids,"—the following recital of an unsuccessful attempt made about a hundred years ago "to see France, and if possible to reach Paris," sounds fabulous. The exact date of the incident cannot now be recovered, but it appears to have been about 1775. And "I believe" (says my accomplished informant<sup>4</sup>) "I can give you the exact words as they were spoken to me on the occasion of my first visit to Dr. and Mrs. Routh, towards the end of the year 1845:"—

"I had resided in Paris during the previous five years, and I suppose the President thought that a conversation about that capital would interest me more than any other topic. He talked of the *église S. Roch*,—and of *Notre Dame* with its two towers,—and the view which might be seen from them;—particularly asking me about the new bridge across the *Seine*, close to the *Tuileries*, which he thought must be seen from one of those towers. I believed that no one who had not *seen* Paris could know so much about it; and inquired of Dr. Routh how many years had elapsed since he was last there? He replied in the following words:—

"A great many years ago, Madam, when I was a student, I and two of my companions determined to see France. I bought myself a pair of new shoes, and we walked,—yes, Madam, we walked,—to *Bristol*; intending to find a ship which would take us across the channel, and to proceed on foot to see as much as we could of France, and if possible to reach Paris.

"But when we got to *Bristol*, I resolved'—(with a determined movement of the head)—'to go no further; for *the new leather*, Madam, *had so drawn my feet*, I could scarcely walk. So I returned to *Oxford* to read about France in books.'"

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Sarah Routh, wife of the President's nephew (Robert Alfred), in compliance with my request

that she would give me the story in writing. (Amport, July 15th, 1880.)

Later in life, Routh's desire to travel revived. In April 1788, he planned a visit to some of the continental libraries in order to collate MSS. His father was averse from this scheme. He was himself unacquainted with modern languages; so, after an interview with the gentleman who was to have acted as his interpreter, which proved the reverse of encouraging, he abandoned his project for ever. One would have thought that his intimacy with so considerable and so interesting a traveller as Dr. Richard Chandler [1738-1810], who was a fellow of his own society, would have proved his successful incitement to foreign travel at all hazards.

It was the belief of the President's widow, on being interrogated concerning what she knew or had heard of the remote past, that when 'her dear man' first went to Oxford, he interchanged letters with his father weekly. The impression may have resulted from the very active correspondence which certainly went on as long as life lasted between Peter Routh at Beccles and his son at Magdalen. Only a few of the father's letters yet exist; but they betoken a good and thoughtful person: grave, yet always cheerful; affectionate, and with an occasional dash of quiet humour. Between the two there evidently prevailed entire unity of sentiment. Peter Routh keeps 'Martin' informed of what is passing in his neighbourhood: tells him the rumours which from time to time reach remote Suffolk; and relieves his parental anxiety by communicating the concerns of their own immediate circle. The son, in return, chronicles his pursuits and occupations, which are, in fact, *his studies*; and until long after he is thirty years of age—throughout his father's life, in short—submits his compositions as deferentially to his judgment as when he was a boy

of fifteen. 'I do not recollect' (he wrote in 1791, with reference to his dedication of the 'Reliquiae' to the Bishops of the Scottish Church) 'that I was indebted for any alteration of the original dedication I sent my father, except in two instances. I adopted the words *non nisi precarium*, and the fine sentence, *et ipsi emineatis in principibus Judae.*'

In another place, Routh commemorates with evident pleasure his father's correction of the Latin rendering by Turrianus of a passage in a certain decree of the Council of Antioch. "Utroque loco" (he says) "vocem, &c. cum voce &c. conjungendam esse vidit pater meus reverendus, ὁ ἄνθρωπος ἐν εἰρήνῃ, quem consului, et in exponendis verbis secutus sum."

It was with reference to the speech which, in pursuance of ancient custom, Martin had to deliver at the expiration of his Proctorship, that his father sent him the following shrewd remarks (April 3rd, 1786) on writing a speech for delivery:—

'In regard to the part of your speech transcribed in your last, I have to remark that, upon revising it, you must pay a particular attention to your own manner of speaking, and how the periods run off your own tongue; and that probably, where you find an obstruction, it will arise from the feet not being sufficiently varied, or the same endings or cases following close upon each other. A little change, I think, would improve a clause which struck me for the last reason, viz. "*Si animos ex desidi improbaque muneris mei executione graviore ictu,*" &c. Alter this, if you please, to *per* and the accusative, and think of a better word than *executio*. Again, change some words which occur too often in so short a composition, as *orator*, *oratio* and *munus*. After *cum*, which you begin with, the subjunctive should follow, according to classical usage, even where the sense is positive and without contingency. Not but I believe there are instances to the contrary.'

At the end of a fortnight, the father enters into minuter criticism, and discovers excellent scholarship. But the correspondence is not by any means always of this severe type. Father and son wrote about books, because learning was with both a passion; and about divinity, because it was evidently uppermost in the heart of either. As a rule, however, these letters have a purely *home* flavour; and sometimes when Martin lets out incidentally what a very studious life he is leading, he draws down on himself affectionate rebuke. 'It may be grown trite by repetition, and I shall not render it more irksome by prolixity:—Air and exercise and, above all, the cold bath is what you must pluck up resolution to make use of.' The hint was not thrown away. A shower-bath continued to be a part of the President's bed-room furniture till the day of his death.

'I am glad you find more entertainment in Tertullian than I am afraid I could do myself. All I know of him is from quotations, very frequently met with, which have seldom failed of puzzling me with some enigmatical quaintness.'<sup>5</sup>

Next year, Peter Routh writes:—

'Your acquaintance with the Fathers is leaving me far behind; and I am apprehensive of not being qualified to talk with you about them when we meet. By the way, Sam has given me some little hope of seeing you in a wig, which I look forward to as the breaking of a spell which has counteracted most of your purposes of exertion, excursion and amusement.'<sup>6</sup>

Occasionally the old man indulges in a little pleasantry, and many a passage proves that he was by no means deficient in genuine humour. One of his daughters

<sup>5</sup> Beccles, May 18th, 1786.

<sup>6</sup> July 5th, 1787.

(‘Polly’) was qualifying herself to undertake a school.<sup>7</sup> After explaining the young lady’s aspirations, he suddenly breaks off:—

‘But I think it is not impossible, from the rapid steps taken by our present maccaroni towards working a confusion in the sexes, that if you should ever choose to be a schoolmaster yourself, you may want her assistance to finish the education of your boys by giving them a taste, and a dexterity upon occasion, for tambour-work and embroidery.’<sup>8</sup>

It is, however, when he is communicating to his son some piece of local intelligence, entertaining him with the doings of some familiar friend of his early days, that Peter Routh’s wit flows most freely:—

‘Last Tuesday, Mr. Elmy<sup>9</sup> derived immensity of happiness from the apotheosis of his daughter. Lest the rite should be disgraced by inferiority in the sacrificing priest, Mr. Prebendary Wodehouse came over upon the occasion. I rather think Sam Carter is making a first attack on Miss ——, who has lately had an addition of 2000*l.* to her fortune. Weddings have been very rife here for half a year past.’<sup>1</sup>

In the ensuing August (Martin being then in Warwickshire),—‘Ought I’ (asks his father) ‘to run the hazard of spoiling your visit to Dr. Parr by transmitting Mr. Browne’s report that Miss Dibdin is not there, but on the eve of marriage to a gentleman in the Commons?’<sup>2</sup> Ten years had elapsed when Peter Routh writes: ‘If you

<sup>7</sup> Eventually, *two* of the President’s sisters conducted a boarding-school at Brooke, near Norwich. (*Fauconberge Memorial*, p. 37, note 2.)

<sup>8</sup> June 9th, 1773.

<sup>9</sup> “The name became extinct on the decease of Mrs. Eleanor Elmy

in 1835, but is well secured from oblivion” by the fact that the poet Crabbe married Miss Sarah Elmy at Beccles church, Dec. 1783. (*Life*, i. 128.)

<sup>1</sup> May 18th, 1786.

<sup>2</sup> August 10th, 1786.

do not exert yourself shortly, your friend Boycott is like to get the start of you at least in the matrimonial chase.'<sup>3</sup>

One more extract from this correspondence shall suffice. It refers to a public transaction which was recent in July 1790, and recalls two names which were still famous fifty years ago, or, as the writer would have said, '*agone*':—

'The immaculate patriots, so worthy of trust and honour, are showing themselves every day more and more in their true colours. Having gotten a substitute for their old calves'-head clubs, they figure away with it to purpose. At Yarmouth (where, by the way, but for the tergiversation of Lacon, the Church candidate, they would have been foiled at the election) an anniversary feast was held, Dr. Aikin in the chair, in the national cockade. He had been till very lately looked upon as a candid moderate Dissenter; but has now vented his rancour in a pamphlet which it has been thought proper to buy in. His sister, Mrs. Barbauld, has signalized herself in like manner.'

It would have been a satisfaction to have possessed some specimens of Routh's letters written to his father during these early years. His sisters are said to have preserved some of them, and they may be in existence still. The following note, evidently written before 1791, must have been addressed to Dr. John Randolph (afterwards Bp. of Oxford, Bangor, and London), who was Regius Professor of Divinity from 1783 to 7, and is almost the only scrap of his early private correspondence which has reached me:—

"Mr. Routh presents his respectful compliments to Dr. Randolph, and is much obliged to him for his

<sup>3</sup> Bungay, February 15th, 1796. Concerning the Rev. W. Boycott, see the President's grateful and

graceful memorandum in the '*Reliquiae*,' vol. ii. p. 329.



excellent discourse; which, in his poor opinion, if he may be excused the pedantry of the quotation, ἔχει ὄτι πλείστα διανοήματα ἄξια πεπαιδευμένου ἀκριβῶς καὶ οὐ τυχόντος ἀνδρός.”

The first-fruits of his studies saw the light in 1784 (the year of his Senior-Proctorship), when he was twenty-nine years of age. It was a critical edition of the ‘Euthydemus’ and ‘Gorgias’ of Plato,—with notes and various readings which fill the last 157 pages: a model of conscientious labour and careful editorship which will enjoy the abiding esteem of scholars. He is found to have cherished the design of editing something of the same philosopher *thirteen years* before (Dec. 9th, 1771). Some account of the copies of Plato existing in the President’s library will be found in the Appendix (A) to the present volume. Dean Church possesses Routh’s own annotated and corrected copy,—to which however he had made no additions for 30 years (1812–42), though subsequently he made several. This honourable beginning of a great career, he dedicated to Dr. Thomas Thurlow, Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul’s, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose epitaph in the Temple church Routh wrote.<sup>4</sup>

In correcting the text of this volume, he relates (*Preface*, p. xiv.) that he had been greatly helped by a youth of delightful manners and extraordinary intellectual promise, Edward Jackson Lister, between whom and himself there evidently subsisted a romantic friend-

<sup>4</sup> See the Appendix (B). This inscription is printed by Lord Campbell in his ‘*Lives of the Chancellors*’ (v. 632), but ‘merendo’ appears instead of ‘merendi,’ which provoked the old President immensely. ‘His *Scotch* Latin, sir!’ he ex-

claimed indignantly to one who alluded to the fate his Inscription had experienced. Dr. Bloxam quotes an amusing description of an interview between Lord Campbell and the President,—(*Register of Demies*,—p. 24–5.)

ship. He thus feelingly lingers over the incidental mention of young Lister's name (he had been dead two years):—'quem jam quidem ad sedes piorum transtulit Deus O.M.; cujus autem memoria ex hoc pectore nulla vi temporis adimetur. Culti et elegantis ingenii specimen ineunte vel prima adolescentia luci edidit, Bionis epitaphium Adonidis, carmine Anglico expressum:<sup>5</sup> vixdum autem decimum sextum annum superaverat, quum terris æternum vale dixerit. Ὁν γὰρ φιλεῖ τὸ Θεῖον, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.' The tender regrets thus gracefully recorded for a boy of sixteen the writer cherished unimpaired to the day of his death. In the north-east corner of St. Michael's Church, on a small mural monument, may be read the following words, which were traced by the same hand in 1852:—'*In cœmeterio sepultus est inscriptione nunc carens Edvardus Lister, epitaphii Adonidis Anglicus interpres. Vixit ann. xvi. Decessit anno MDCCLXXXII.; cujus cultissimum ingenium vel excellentiora spondens ab amico septuaginta post annis hic commemoratur.*'<sup>6</sup> One's interest is not diminished by the discovery that Lister was but a chorister of Magdalen, being the son of a printer, and nephew of the first editor of 'Jackson's Oxford Journal.' I suspect that the youth's family must have come out of Suffolk,—so purely local is the intelligence with which Routh entertains his youthful correspondent in the only epistolary trace which survives of this friendship,—dated from 'Beccles, Sept. 18th, 1780.' It is related of William Julius Mickle (the translator of the 'Lusiad'), that he

<sup>5</sup> Oxford, 1786,—8vo. pp. 24. It first appeared in print in 1780,—“finished before the Translator had arrived at the age of fourteen.”

<sup>6</sup> From a letter of the President

to Dr. Ogilvie, (Sept. 29, 1852):—“I am about to copy for the stonemason's model the following Inscription proposed to be placed in St. Michael's church.”

frequently made Lister the companion of his walks, and, as they rambled together, invented tales for his amusement.<sup>7</sup>

But though the classics were ever Routh's delight, and scholarship amounted with him to a passion, he had long since given his heart to something nobler far than was ever 'dreamed of in the philosophy' of ancient Greece or Rome. Having already laid his foundations deep and strong, he proceeded to build upon them. Next to the Scriptures (to his great honour be it recorded), he saw clearly from the first, notwithstanding the manifold discouragements of the age in which his lot was cast, the importance to one who would be a well-furnished divine, of a familiar acquaintance with the patristic writings. 'Next to the Scriptures:' for, like every true 'master in Israel,' he was profoundly versed in *them*. This done, besides the Acts of the early Councils and the Ecclesiastical historians, he is found to have resolutely read through the chief of the Greek and Latin Fathers; taking them, as far as practicable, in their chronological order:—Irenæus, Origen, Hippolytus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Didymus, among the Greeks: Tertullian, Cyprian, Optatus, Jerome, Augustine, among the Latins.

The nature and extent of his patristic reading at this time may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a mere inspection of his MS. notes in a little interleaved copy of the N. T. (Amsterdam, 1639); into the frequent blank pages of which it is evident that he had been in

<sup>7</sup> Bloxam's '*Register*,' etc., vol. i. p. 193. Mickle, who will be remembered by his beautiful ballad on Cumnor Hall, sleeps in the

churchyard of Forest Hill, on the north side of the Church. I found his tomb-stone there, many years ago.

the habit from a very early period—indeed, he retained the habit to the end of his life—of inserting references to places in the writings of the Fathers where he met with anything unusually apposite, in illustration of any particular text. On the fly-leaf of the first volume of this book (for it had been found necessary to bind the volume into two) is found the following memorandum, which (as the writing shows) must have been made quite late in life:—

‘Quae in sequentibus quasi meo Marte interpretatus sum, ea inter legendum libros sacros a me scripta sunt, raro adhibitis ad consilium interpretibus recentioribus, qui meliora fortasse docuissent.’—*M. J. R.*

‘At vero initio cœptis his adnotationibus, et per longum tempus, meum judicium iis interponere haud consuevi; dum quidquid mihi auctores veteres legenti ad illustrandam S. Scripturam faciens occurreret, illud hic indicare volebam.’

The foregoing statement as to what had been his own actual practice is fully borne out by the contents of these interesting little tomes, where all the earlier notes consist of references to the Fathers, followed occasionally by brief excerpts from their writings. In a later hand are found expressions of the writer’s individual opinion; while the latest annotations of all, or among the latest, are, for the most part, little more than references to Scripture. These last were evidently traced by fingers rendered tremulous by age: and, to say truth, cannot always be wholly deciphered. A few specimens will not perhaps be unwelcome. When a young man, he had written against St. Mark xiii. 32,—‘*Vid. Irenae. L. 2, c. 28, p. 158 ed. Massueti. Exponere conatus est Didymus, L. 3, De Trin. c. 22, et Tertull. adv. Praxeam c. 26.*’ Long after, he added, ‘*Non est inter ea, quae ostendit Filio Pater, ut homi-*

*nibus significet, diei illius cognitio. Confer S. Joan. v. 19, 20, et cap. xiv. 28, et xv. 15, et xvi. 13, et Act. i. 7.'*

The following is the President's note on 1 S. John v. 6:—'δι' ὕδατος καὶ αἵματος. *Deus et Homo. Vid. Reliq. Sacr. vol. i. p. 170, et p. 171, de hoc et commatibus sequentibus. Interpretatio eorum impediri mihi videtur accessionibus Latinis.'* And on ver. 16: 'ἔστιν ἁμαρτία πρὸς θάνατον. *Fortasse designatur peccatum de quo Dominus noster in evangelio pronuntiat,*—referring of course to S. Matth. xii. 31, 32.—On St. Luke i. 32, he writes: '*Ostenditur his verbis Maria ex Judæ tribu orta.*' On v. 23: 'Τί ἐστὶν εὐκοπώτερον, etc. *Sensus verborum est, τί ἐστὶν, etc. An facilius est dicere, etc.*'—On ix. 27: 'ἔως ἂν ἴδωσι τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ Θεοῦ. *Vidend. annon istud de sequentibus exponendum sit. Confer comm. 26 et 32.*'—On xiii. 11: 'πνεῦμα ἄσθενείας. *Confer Marc. ix. 17, ἔχοντα πνεῦμα ἄλαλον. Hujus capitis comm. 16, Satanae attribuit infirmitatem mulieris ipse Dominus, ac similiter alibi.*'—On St. Mark xv. 21: 'τὸν πατέρα Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Ρούφου. *Christianorum, ut verisimile est, quod dignum notatu est. Conf. de Rufo, Rom. xvi. 13.'*

But the most interesting of his annotations are often the shortest; as when, over against St. Luke xviii. 8, is written: 'πλὴν ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐλθὼν ἄρα εὐρήσει τὴν πίστιν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς (the old man had taken the trouble to transcribe the Greek in a trembling hand, in order to introduce the pious ejaculation which follows),—*Concedat hoc Deus.*'—With the same pregnant brevity, his note on St. Matth. xxv. 9, is but—'τοὺς πωλοῦντας. *Vae videntibus!*'—In truth, his suggestive way of merely calling attention to a difficulty is often as good as a commentary; as when (of 1 Cor. xv. 23–25) he says, '*Quomodo exponi debent verba Apostoli, disquirendum.*'—Even more remarkably, when he points out concerning St. Luke xi. 5,—'*Quae sequuntur Domini effata, usque ad comm. 13, maxima observa-*

*tione digna sunt.*—Of Hebr. vi. 1, 2, he says,—‘*ρήσις maximi momenti.*’—Sometimes his notes are strictly critical, as when against St. James iv. 5, he writes, ‘*Difficillime credendum est, Apostolum non attulisse verba alicujus scriptoris incompti.*’ His translation of St. Luke vi. 40 is as follows:—‘*Discipulus non superat magistrum ; sed, si omni parte perfectus sit, magistri aequalis erit.*’—On St. Mark vi. 3, he says, ‘*ἀδελφὸς δὲ Ἰακώβου καὶ Ἰωσή. Constat ex cap. xv. com. 39 filios hos exstitisse alius Mariae, non τῆς θεοτόκου.*’—And on 1 Cor. xv. 29, ‘*τί καὶ βαπτίζονται, etc. Mos fuisse videtur ut multi baptizarentur in gratiam Christianorum jam defunctorum qui sine baptismo decessissent, ut vicaria tinctione donati ad novam vitam resurgerent.*’—On St. John xxi. 23, he notes,—‘*Senectus apostoli Ioannis ante scriptum ab eo evangelium hinc fortasse colligenda est.*’ And on ver. 25,—‘*Verba ostendunt plurima alia præclara miracula fecisse Christum ; et alia existere posse evangelia de iis scripta.*’

Rare, indeed, are references to recent authorities and modern books ; but they are met with sometimes. Thus, against St. Matth. xxi. 7, he writes:—‘*His quoque temporibus super asinos vecti iter faciunt pauperes Palaestini, referente Josepho Wolfio in Itinerario [1839], p. 186. Humiliter, super asinos sedent.*’ And against St. John v. 17, ‘*ὁ πατήρ μου ἐργάζεται. Relegat nos ad Justin. M. Dial. cum Tryph., § 23, D’Israeli “Commentaries on Charles I,” [1830], vol. iii. p. 340.*’ These are indications of a degree of variety in the President’s reading, for which one is scarcely prepared. It is right to conclude with a fairer specimen of his manner. The following is his verdict on a famous critical difficulty (1 Tim. iii. 16):—‘*Veruntamen, quidquid ex sacri textús historiá, illud vero haud certum, critici collegerint, me tamen interna cogunt argumenta præferre lectionem Θεός, quam quidem agnoscunt veteres interpretes, Theodoretus ceterique, duabus alteris ὁς et ὁ.*

*Haec addenda posui Notis ad S. Hippolytum contra Noetum, p. 93, vol. i. Scriptor. Ecclesiast. Opusculorum.*

But I suppose the most important annotation of all will be deemed the following,—which clears up a place of some obscurity in one of St. Paul's Epistles, by merely pointing out that the Apostle's meaning has been hitherto universally overlooked, and his sentiment erroneously rendered in consequence. Against Philip-  
pians ii. 26, having noted,—“καὶ ἀδημονῶν, διότι ἠκούσατε. *Verba vix intelligo. For. legendum καὶ ἀδημονοῦντας . . . ἐπιποθῶν ἦν. Confer 2 Tim. i. 4 ἵνα χαρᾶς πληρωθῶ;*”—the President has added, in the same aged writing,—“*At vero, quod multo melius videtur, illa ἐπιποθῶν ἦν πάντας ὑμᾶς, καὶ ἀδημονῶν, de Apostolo ipso interpretanda esse, proposuit vir amicissimus Carolus A. Ogilvie. Confer cap. i, comm. 8.*”

. . . Yes, he is right. S. Paul is speaking, *not* of Epaphroditus, but of *himself*. We shall henceforth translate the place,—(with Ogilvie and Routh,)—“For I longed after you all,” etc. The Latin, Syriac, Egyptian, Gothic and English Versions have all overlooked this fact<sup>8</sup>. . . . . These specimens of the President's private Annotations on the N. T. may suffice.

In 1782, being then only in his 27th year, and again in 1783 or 4, it became Routh's singular privilege to direct the envoys of the American Church to a right quarter for the creation of a native Episcopate. Incredible as it may seem to us of the present day, who

<sup>8</sup> Codd. & A C D E, etc. exhibit a corrupt text,—assimilated to the place in Timothy already quoted, and to 1 Thess. iii. 6. Cp. Rom. i. 11.

The attentive reader will note the sequence of thought in ver. 28. St. Paul had said of himself—ἀδη-

μονῶν ἦν. “I have sent him therefore,” (he adds), ἵνα . . . χαρῆτε, καὶ γῶ ἀλυπότερος ᾶ. [Cp. Matt. xxvi. 37, λυπεῖσθαι καὶ ἀδημονεῖν.] The reader will also recall the language of Phil. i. 8 (ἐπιποθῶ πάντας ὑμᾶς); and of 2 Tim. i. 4 (ἐπιποθῶν σε ἰδεῖν . . . ἵνα χαρᾶς πληρωθῶ).

witness constantly the creation of new colonial sees, it is a fact that for nearly two centuries our American colonies were left without a native channel of Ordination. From the settlement of the first American colony in 1607 to the consecration of Bishop Seabury in 1784 (Nov. 14th), or rather until his return home in 1785, all clergy of the Anglican communion who ministered in America were either missionaries, or had been forced to cross the Atlantic twice, if not four times, for Holy Orders. This necessity deterred many from entering the ministry, and of those who ventured on the voyage so large a proportion fell by the way that it was disheartening to contemplate the sacrifice.<sup>9</sup> The difficulties which attended the just demand of the American Church for a native Episcopate grew out of the political troubles of those times. Because episcopacy was identified with the system of monarchical government, its introduction was resisted by a large party among the Americans themselves, who dreaded (clergy and laity alike) lest it should prove an instrument for riveting the yoke of a foreign dominion. On the other hand, the English bishops, hampered by Acts of Parliament, were constrained to exact oaths from candidates for consecration inconsistent with the duties of American citizenship. Hence it was that the project of obtaining Bishops for members of the Church of England settled in America, though "renewed from time to time from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George III, had always been without result. Petition after petition, appeal after appeal was sent from America. The Episcopate of England was implored to secure the appointment of 'one or more resident Bishop in the Colonies for the exercise of offices purely Epi-

<sup>9</sup> Beardsley's *Life and Correspondence of Samuel Seabury*, (Boston, 1881,)—p. 19.



scopal'":<sup>1</sup> but their ability did not second their inclination. In the beginning of 1783, the seven years' War of Independence being practically at an end, it was felt by Churchmen in America that the moment had arrived for decisive action. The juncture was critical; for already (viz. in the summer of 1782) a pamphlet had been issued at Philadelphia recommending the temporary adoption of a *substitute* for Episcopacy and recourse to Presbyterian Orders,—the anonymous author of this sad production being the Rev. W. White, who afterwards became Bishop of Pennsylvania.<sup>2</sup> Accordingly, on the Festival of the Annunciation 1783, ten out of the fourteen remaining Connecticut clergy,—faithful and clear-sighted men,—“met in voluntary convention” (as they phrased it) in the (once) obscure village of Woodbury;<sup>3</sup> and, besides uttering a grand protest against the fatal project which had emanated from Philadelphia,<sup>4</sup> proceeded to nominate one for Consecration as their Bishop. The venerable Jeremiah Leaming was the object of their choice.<sup>5</sup> As an alternative name to be put forward in case of need, the excellent Samuel Seabury of New York was further designated. Leaming, on account of his age and infirmities, declined the appointment: and Seabury, as bishop-designate of Connecticut, sailed for England in the beginning of June,—reaching London July 7th, 1783, four months before the evacuation of New York by the British troops, and carrying with him a petition to the English Bishops for Consecration. His testimonials were dated April 21st.

<sup>1</sup> *Seabury Centenary (Connecticut)*, 1885,—pp. 17, 18.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Seabury*,—p. 97.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*,—pp. 76–8.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*,—pp. 98–102.

<sup>5</sup> See Bp. Williams on this subject, in the *Seabury Centenary*,—

pp. 25–6. “Dr. Beardsley stoutly holds” the same view. [*The Living Church*, Aug. 27, 1881,—quoted by Dr. W. J. Seabury in his *Discourse*, on the Election of his great ancestor,—p. 23.]

While these negotiations were in progress, and while these embarrassments were making themselves most severely felt, the Danish government with well-meant assiduity offered assistance. The Danish Church, however, having only titular Bishops, was incompetent to render the required help. We are assured by American writers indeed, that "the offer of the Danish government, made through Mr. Adams (at that time the American Minister in England), related only to the Ordination of candidates for the diaconate and priesthood."<sup>6</sup> Inasmuch however as a Church which is competent to ordain Priests and Deacons is competent to consecrate Bishops also, we are not surprised to learn from unexceptionable authority that the project was seriously entertained of resorting to Denmark for Episcopacy on the present emergency. As early as 1782, before the acknowledgment of American independence, Mr. Routh had been invited by Bp. Thurlow to a party at his house in London, where he met the Rev. Dr. Myles Cooper, president of King's (now Columbia) College, with reference to this very subject; and succeeded in impressing Dr. Cooper with the fact (well understood now, but not so patent *then*.) that the Danish Succession was invalid. Dr. Lowth, Bp. of London, was present and corroborated Routh's statement.<sup>7</sup>

Quite certain it is (and this is the only important

<sup>6</sup> *Centenary*, p. 43. Also *Life of Seabury*, pp. 193-4. And see p. 121 where the Abp. of Canterbury (May 3, 1784) tells of the encouragement given by the Danish Bishops to American application for Holy Orders.

<sup>7</sup> In the same year (1782) it is found that the Scottish Bishops declared their inability to render

America the wished for assistance in compliance with the request which had been made to them on behalf of the American Church by Dr. George Berkeley,—“till the independence of America be fully and irrevocably recognised by the Government of Great Britain.”—*Ibid.* p. 45.

matter) that Dr. Seabury, whose endeavours with the English Bishops were of necessity unsuccessful, was directed (by Lord Chancellor Thurlow) to repair to Routh at Oxford, with a view to consulting the learned young Divine as to the best source for obtaining valid Consecration, and especially as to the validity of the Danish succession: Seabury having been himself persuaded in London that he might safely apply to the Bishops of that country. The President of Magdalen was known in after years to refer with excusable satisfaction to his own share in that (and the earlier) memorable interview. "I ventured to tell them, sir, that *they would not find there what they wanted.*" He convinced his auditory on both occasions that the Scandinavian sources—including Norwegian and Swedish as well as Danish,—were not trustworthy. It was Routh in short who effectually dissuaded Seabury from the dangerous project: strongly urging upon him at the same time the unimpeachable claims of the *Scottish* Episcopate,—“of whose succession there is *no* doubt.”<sup>8</sup> The precise date of this incident is not recorded: but it probably took place towards the close of the interval between July 1783, when Seabury arrived in London, and the 26th of the same month in the ensuing year, when he announced to his friends in America his intention of “waiting the issue of the present Session of Parliament, which it is the common opinion will continue a month longer”; adding, that *then*,—“If nothing be done, I shall give up the matter here as unattainable, and apply to the North,—*unless I should receive contrary directions from the Clergy of Connecticut*”:<sup>9</sup>—words, by the way, which effectually dispose of the imagination that “the Con-

<sup>8</sup> The reader is invited to refer to what will be found on this subject in the Appendix (C).

<sup>9</sup> Beardsley's *Life and Correspondence of Bishop Seabury*,—p. 132-3.

necticut clergy at their Woodbury Conference had given instructions to . . . their candidate, that if he should fail to obtain consecration in England, he should seek it at the hands of the Bishops of the disestablished Church of Scotland.”<sup>1</sup> As a matter of fact, Seabury delayed to act on Routh’s sagacious counsels until the 31st August, 1784: and even then, it was through Dr. Myles Cooper that he approached the Scottish Prelates<sup>2</sup>—who by that time supposed “that the affair was dropped.” Dr. Seabury’s “long silence had made them all think that he did not choose to be connected with them.” “We are concerned” (they added) “that he should have been so long in making his application, and wish that in an affair of so much importance he had corresponded with one of our number.”<sup>3</sup> On the 2nd October however, the Scottish primus,—having in the meantime indirectly ascertained from the Abp. of Canterbury that he and his colleagues would run no hazard by complying with Dr. Seabury’s request<sup>4</sup>,—professed readiness to consecrate him: and accordingly, on the 14th November, 1784, in an upper chamber at Aberdeen, Dr. Seabury was consecrated first Bishop of Connecticut by the Bishops of Aberdeen, Moray and Ross<sup>5</sup>. . . . A great separation was thus providentially averted: and it is found to have been mainly due to the counsels of one young in years (for he was but twenty-nine), yet mature in Theological attainments,—a man of singular judgment and who had given himself wholly to sacred learning,—Martin Joseph Routh. In 1792, the spark thus providentially elicited was fanned into a flame,—a flame which has kindled beacon-fires throughout the length and breadth of the vast

<sup>1</sup> *Seabury Centenary*,—p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Seabury*,—p. 136-8.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*—p. 141.

<sup>4</sup> *Seabury Centenary*,—p. 50.—*Life*,—pp. 138-9.

<sup>5</sup> *Life of Seabury*,—p. 145.

American continent. At the end of well-nigh a century of years, the churches of England and America,—the mother and the daughter church,—flourish with independent life and in full communion.<sup>6</sup>

In every notice which has appeared of Dr. Routh, unreasonable space is occupied by his friendship with the eccentric Dr. Samuel Parr, who was an enthusiastic (and of course a grandiloquent) admirer of the future President of Magdalen. Bloxam remembers the man's grotesque appearance, in his "canonical full dress, with enormous wig, surmounted by the old clerical three-cornered hat,—jumping and skipping about like a boy, when he saw the President's carriage driving up to his door on the occasion of a visit."<sup>7</sup> Faithful to the friend of early life until the time of Parr's death in 1825,<sup>8</sup> Routh must yet have shrunk from his adulation,—which can only be characterized as oppressive: must have been amused by his foolish vanity: must have been annoyed by his pedantry. "My mother told me" (writes Dr. Routh's nephew) "that she was once at a party at the President's, at which Dr. Parr was present. He asked her to light his pipe, observing,—'You can now say *that you have lighted Dr. Parr's pipe.*'" . . . "Any one who remembers the President's face under the infliction of a prolonged compliment, will easily realize the mixture of amusement and impatience with which he must have read" certain of Dr. Parr's published encomiums.<sup>9</sup> He complained (not without reason) that he was scarcely able to decipher Parr's letters. John Rigaud expressed a wish to have one (as he collected autographs), and was at once

<sup>6</sup> See the Appendix (C).

<sup>7</sup> *Register of Demies*,—p. 14.

<sup>8</sup> Sunday, March 6, 1825, aged 79.

<sup>9</sup> Bloxam's *Register of Demies*,—

pp. 12, 14.

promised a specimen. ‘I have a good many of his letters, sir. I haven’t *read* them all yet myself!’

Rigaud remembers the President telling him of an interview between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Parr, in the course of which the former made use of some strong expression which considerably stung and offended the latter. “Sir,” (said Parr to Dr. Johnson),—“you know that what you have just said will be known, in four-and-twenty hours, over this vast metropolis.” Johnson’s manner changed. His eye became calm; and (putting out his hand),—“Parr, forgive me” (he said), “I didn’t quite mean it” . . . “But,”—(added the President with an amused and amusing look.)—“*I never could get him to tell me, sir, what it was that Dr. Johnson had said.*”

To myself, when speaking of inscriptive writing, Routh once remarked that all of Parr’s inscriptions were to be traced to the pages of Morecellus. (‘He got them all from Morecellus, sir,’—with a little wave of his hand.)<sup>1</sup> But he provided a shelter for Parr’s books, (they were piled in boxes under the principal gateway of the College), when the Birmingham rioters threatened to burn his library at Hatton, (as they had already burnt Priestley’s Meeting-house,) and often entertained him in his lodgings at Magdalen. His dinner-table to the last retained marks of the burning ashes of Parr’s pipe.

Porson, another of his guests, shared his kindness in a substantial form; for the President in 1792, with Dr. Parr, raised a subscription for providing him an annuity. In 1794, Routh did the same kind office for Dr. Parr himself; with the assistance of Mr. Kett and Dr. Maltby, raising for him a subscription which procured him an annuity of 300*l.* a year.

<sup>1</sup> Steph. Ant. Morcelli *De stilo Inscriptionum Latinarum*, libri iii. 1780], 4to.

We are apt to forget that this was a period (1775–1788) when a great stirring in sacred science was certainly going on, both at home and abroad. Griesbach's first edition of the New Testament (1775–7) marks the commencement of a new æra. The great work of Gailandius was completed in 1781. In 1786, 'codex A' was published by Woide, and Alter's Greek Testament appeared. Birch's 'Collations' (and indeed his edition of the Gospels) saw the light in 1788, and C. F. Matthæi in the same year put forth the last two volumes of his own edition of the Greek Testament. The Philoxenian version also was then first published, and Adler in the next year published his collations of the Syriac text. After an interval of just a century of years, we note with satisfaction a corresponding sudden revival of enthusiasm in the pursuit of the same studies. Interesting it is to have to record that at this very time we first hear of Routh also as a student of divinity. He had taken his B.D. degree in 1786 (15th July),—the subject of his exercise being '*An CHRISTUS sit vere DEUS. Asseritur.*' The following paper (dated 1788) seems to have been drawn up in the prospect of death:—

'I request that, after my decease, all the letters and papers of whatever kind in my possession be burnt by my brother Samuel and my friend Mr. John Hind, excepting my *Collectanea* in three volumes, from the Fathers, on various subjects; my collections from the H. Scriptures and the Fathers on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost; the papers relating to a projected edition of the remains and fragments of those Ante-Nicene Fathers who have never been separately published; and finally, an interleaved copy of my Plato, wherein the Addenda are digested in their proper order amongst the notes. These papers and books with my other property of whatever nature, I leave to the sole disposal of my Father, at the same time requesting him, if any overplus

remain after paying my debts, to present the following books to the following mentioned persons. To the present Lord Bishop of Durham, *Lord Clarendon's Life and continuation of his History*. To Edw. Thurlow, esq., *Bishop Pearson on the Creed*. To Granville Penn, esq., *Ernesti's edition of Livy*. To the Rev. George Hirst, *Forster's Hebrew Bible*. To the Rev. John Hind, *Grotius's comment on the Old and New Testament*, and *Fell's edition of St. Cyprian.*

But it is time to call attention to the prospectus which Routh put forth in the same year (1788) of the work by which he will be chiefly remembered; the completion of which proved the solace of his age, as the preparation of it had been the delight of his maturity, viz. the '*Reliquiae Sacrae*;' the first two volumes of which appeared in 1814. In the Preface he explains that this undertaking, though discontinued about the year 1790, had never been for an instant abandoned; though it was not till 1805 that he was able deliberately to resume his self-imposed task. The object of the work was to bring together and to present, carefully edited, the precious remains of those Fathers of the second and third centuries of our æra, of whose writings the merest fragments alone survive, and whose very names in many instances have only not died out of the Church's memory. Let us hear his own account of this matter:—

“While I was engaged in reading through the ante-Nicene Fathers, I could not but linger wistfully over many an ancient writer whose scattered remains are too scanty to admit of being separately edited; and in fact have never as yet been culled out and collected together. Inasmuch, however, as I had formed the intention of acquainting myself with the constitution, the doctrines, the customs of the primitive Church, by the diligent study to the best of my ability of its own monuments, I resolved to acquaint myself with all the writings of the earliest age. And, to say the truth, on very many occa-



sions I found my determination to overlook absolutely nothing, of the greatest use in clearing up the difficulties which occasionally presented themselves. At all events, systematically to neglect so many writers, strongly recommended to us as they are by their piety, their learning and their authority, simply because of the very mutilated condition in which their works have come down to us, was out of the question. On the other hand, it became needful to submit to the drudgery of hunting up and down through the printed volumes of those learned men who have treated of patristic antiquity, in order to detect any scrap of genuine writing which they might happen to contain. Such a pursuit I could never in fact so much as have approached, had I not been resident in an University. The resources of no private library whatever would have enabled me to effect what I desired.

“While thus engaged, I was inevitably impressed with the conviction that *he* would render good service to the cause of sacred learning who should seriously undertake to collect together those shorter works and fragments; especially if he could be successful in bringing to light and publishing any of the former which still lie concealed in Continental libraries, besides any genuine remains contained in unedited Catenae and similar collections. The labour of such an undertaking, I further anticipated, would not prove excessive if I took as my limit the epoch of the first Nicene Council. I fixed on that limit because the period is so illustrious in the annals of the Church, and because, in matters of controversy, those Fathers are chiefly appealed to who preceded that epoch. Moreover, I could not forget that although in respect of *number* the writers with which an editor would have to do would be by no means small, yet in respect of *bulk* they would be inconsiderable indeed, one or two writers alone excepted, whose more ample remains make one wish the more that we possessed their works entire. I knew that very seldom are passages from their writings to be met with in Catenae, or in other collections from the Fathers; and I did not believe that there were many

works set down in Library Catalogues which have not yet seen the light. But of this, hereafter.

“I hoped therefore, if I undertook to edit such a collection, that its usefulness would not be materially diminished by its bulk. I am well aware that Grabe’s ‘*Spicilegium*’ (which was never completed) comprises scarcely a hundredth part of what I here publish. But then, his plan was to fill his pages with apocryphal writings, heretical treatises, and those remains of orthodox Fathers which often appear in a separate form. Grabe’s work is famous and not without its own proper use. For my own part, I strictly confine myself to genuine remains, and prescribe to myself the limits of Catholic antiquity, leaving all fragments of Fathers, whose works it is customary to edit separately, to those who shall hereafter undertake to produce new editions of those Fathers’ works.”

Such was the plan of the ‘*Reliquiae Sacrae*’ from the first. The title originally intended for the work had been—‘*Reliquiae Sacrae: sive Opuscula et Fragmenta Ecclesiasticorum, qui tempora Synodi Nicaenae antecederant, et quorum scripta vel apud opera aliena servantur, vel cum varii generis auctoribus edi solent.*’ But when, at the end of six-and-twenty years, the first two volumes of this undertaking appeared (viz. in 1814), not only the Prospectus<sup>2</sup> (freely rendered above) but the very title had undergone material alteration and improvement. The Author was probably already conscious of a design to edit separately certain ancient *Opuscula*. All apart from these, at all events, he proposed should stand his ‘*Reliquiae Sacrae: sive Auctorum fere jam perditorum secundi tertique saeculi post Christum natum, quae supersunt.*’

Two additional volumes of this undertaking appeared in 1815 and 1818 respectively; and, looking upon the work then as complete, the learned editor added indices

<sup>2</sup> It is reproduced in the ‘*Praefatio*,’—p. x-xiii.

and corrections—some of which had been furnished by Dr. Parr, '*amicus summus, vir doctrinâ exquisitâ ornatus.*' It was the President's wont in this manner to acknowledge literary kindnesses: viz. by enshrining the friend's name in a note, commonly with the addition of a discriminating epithet or some well-turned phrase; and the compliment (as many living will testify) used to be exceedingly coveted, and was regarded as no slight distinction. Thus, speaking of an epistle of Cyril,—'*Ejus autem lectiones variantes humanitati debeo viri reverendi Stephani Reay e Bibliotheca Bodleiana, cujus facilitatem, verecundiam, eruditionemque omnes agnoscunt;*'<sup>3</sup>—as well merited a compliment (be it remarked) as ever was paid to a truly pious and most guileless man.<sup>4</sup> The 'Muratorian fragment' was collated for him through the good offices of one whom he describes as "*vir ornatissimus, et mihi dum viveret amicissimus, Georgius Frid. Nott, pluribus scriptis eximiis orbi litterato notus.*"<sup>5</sup>

It is impossible to handle these volumes without the deepest interest. The passionate yearning which they exhibit after primitive antiquity,—the strong determination to get at the teaching of the Church in her best and purest days, ere yet she had 'left her first love' and declined from the teaching of her Founder, or had shown an inclination to corrupt the deposit;—this, added to the conscientious labour and evident self-denial with which the learned Editor has prosecuted his self-imposed task, must command the sympathy and admiration of every

<sup>3</sup> '*Opuscula,*' ii. 95.

<sup>4</sup> He was Laudian Professor of Arabic, and died aged 78 years, 20 Jan. 1861. "Under the superintendence of the learned Mr. Reay of the Bodleian library" (writes the President of Magdalen) Bp. Bever-

idge's work on the XXXIX Articles was printed by the Delegates of the Oxford University press in 1840 from the original MS. in Dr. Routh's possession.

<sup>5</sup> *Reliqq.* i. 403.

one who has toiled ever so little in the same fields. To the diligent reader of the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius, Routh's *Reliquiae* will have a peculiar interest: for it becomes more than ever apparent how precious are the golden remains which that remarkable man freely embalmed in his pages. Let the truth be added—for it is the truth—that *without* Eusebius there would have scarcely been any *Reliquiae Sacrae* for learned men to edit. Reckoning the patristic matter in these four volumes (exclusive of Appendices) as covering 450 pages, it is found that these would be further reduced to 260, if the excerpts, for which we are *solely* indebted to Eusebius, were away: and with the 190 pages which would thus disappear would also disappear the names of Quadratus, Agrippa Castor, Dionysius Corinthius, Pinytus, Rhodon, Serapion, Apollonius, Polycrates, Maximus, Caius, Alexander Hier., Phileas; besides almost all that we possess of Papias, Melito, Claudius Apollinaris and Hegesippus; together with Anonymus Presbyter, Auctor contra Cataphrygas, the account of the Martyrs of Lyons, and the famous epistle of the churches of Vienne and Lyons; besides the notices of the *Concilium Caesariense* and the *Concilium Lugdunense*.

What, then, constitutes the peculiar merit of the work now under consideration? Chiefly the erudition and sagacity with which whatever has been here brought together is edited. Unlike the industrious Grabe, to whom nothing came amiss that belonged to a primitive age (no matter who was its author), Dr. Routh confined his attention strictly to the undoubted remains of high *Catholic* antiquity. He might easily have enlarged his store from unpublished *Catenaë*, and other similar sources; but no one ever knew better than he with how much caution such excerpts are to be entertained. Whatever

the President deemed open to suspicion, *that* he unceremoniously rejected. A remarkable illustration of his method in this respect is supplied by the latest of his publications, a tract to be described hereafter, in the course of which he edits from the *Chronicon Paschale* four fragments of Petrus Alexandrinus—(thus, at the end of thirty-nine years, adding ten pages to the twenty-nine he had put forth of the same Father in 1814); because he made the discovery in the last years of his life that what he had formerly suspected of being a fabrication, proved after all to be an undoubtedly genuine fragment of the same Alexandrine Father.<sup>6</sup>

Next, the vast research with which, from about forty different sources, the President had gleaned the several articles which make up the collection (they are fifty in all), merits notice. Very scanty in many instances, it must be confessed, is the result. In the case of 'Aristides' (A.D. 125) *not a single word* of what the man wrote is preserved:<sup>7</sup> while of many other authors (as of Aristo Pellæus, Ambrosius Alexandrinus, Pierius, &c.) so wondrous little survives (a few lines at best), that it might really appear as if the honours of typography and the labour of annotation were thrown away. Learned

<sup>6</sup> 'Haec S. Petri Alexandrini fragmenta, quae in limine Chronici Paschalis, seu Alexandrini, sita respuerunt critici, propterea quod Athanasius aliquanto post Petrum scribens in iis afferri videbatur, nunc ego caeteris S. Petri reliquiis, sed tardus addidi ob verum titulum eorum in MS. Vaticano a Cardinali Maio repertum, et a Dindorfio nuperæ Chronici editioni praeifixum. Quam quidem editionem, cum *vôtha* esse haec Fragmenta crediderim, de iis consulere neglexi.'—p. 19.

<sup>7</sup> 'Reliqq.' i. 76. Note, that what the Abbé Martin edited under this name in 1883 [*Analecta Sacra spicilegio Solesmensi parata*,—Paris,—pp. 6-11; 282-6], is explained in his *Prolegomena* (pp. x-xi) to be the work of 'Aristeas': but because "nullum scriptorem antiquum novimus qui nominis Aristaeæ gaudeat, haec est ratio cur editores . . . . fragmentum homiliae retulerint apologetae Atheniensi, quem universa laudavit antiquitas."

persons, however, will know better: and to have said this must suffice. It is believed that one only article in the entire collection first saw the light in the President's pages: viz. a fragment of Africanus, about fifty lines long, which he edited from two MSS. at Vienna and one at Paris.<sup>8</sup> But he also recovered the Greek of a certain fragment of Petrus Alexandrinus from a MS. in the Bodleian,—the passage having been hitherto only known in the Latin Version of Leontius Byzantinus<sup>9</sup>. . . . . A second edition of the '*Reliquiae*' was called for in 1846; in preparing which for the press, C. A. Ogilvie, Richard Walker and William Henderson rendered valuable help:—the first,—'*praemiis pietatis et doctrinae donatus*'; the second,—'*ipsis deliciis bonarum litterarum contentus*'; the third,—'*vir lectissimus, amplis honoribus Academicis haud ita pridem insignitus*.'<sup>1</sup>

On Tuesday, April 12th, 1791, Dr. Horne, who in the preceding February had taken his seat in the House of Lords as Bishop of Norwich, sent in his resignation of the Presidentship of the College; an office which he had held for 23 years; and next day, (the 27th, having been fixed for the choice of his successor,) Dr. Burrough, Dr. Metcalfe, Mr. B. Tate, Mr. Parkinson, and Martin Joseph Routh, announced themselves as candidates. The election was made a matter of elaborate canvas. Next to Routh, Parkinson was the greatest favourite. Those who wrote to congratulate the new President on his honours, naturally wished him length of days to enjoy them. Seldom certainly have wishes more nearly resembled effectual prayers. But it was of course from the modest parsonage at Beccles, (whither he sent at

<sup>8</sup> *Reliqq.* ii. 228-31.

<sup>9</sup> *Reliqq.* iv. 48, line 3. Cp. p. 77.

<sup>1</sup> *Reliqq.* iv. 525.

once a thank-offering for distribution among the poor,) —that ‘Martin’s’ heartiest congratulations proceeded. And now an honourable independence, and the prospect of learned leisure, together with as much of external happiness as a reasonable man ought to desire for himself, opened in large measure upon him.

Bishop Horne’s successor (henceforth [5th July] ‘*Doctor Routh*’) devoted himself forthwith to his new duties, and obtained a mastery of the subject which surprised the society which had elected him to be their head. We hear little or nothing of him during the next few years. But a passage in one of his father’s letters to him (dated April 9th, 1793), explains how he proposed to supply an imperious want which was sure to make itself felt by the newly made (bachelor) President:—

“Your request of Sophia’s company and attendance will be complied with: with pleasure, I will say, considering the mutual advantage you may derive from it: but not without much abatement, from the regret we shall both feel at parting from her. Your Mother more especially, to whom she is truly a right hand.”

This loved sister, who afterwards became Mrs. Shepard, we shall presently hear about again. In the autumn of the ensuing year, the President’s father transferred his family to Bungay. “His appearance made so deep an impression on me, then a little child,” (writes a correspondent to *Notes and Queries*), “that it yet stands forth clearly and vividly from the dim shadows of the past. He always wore the gown and cassock.”<sup>2</sup> Concerning Martin himself we know nothing except that he continued to be a devoted student of Patristic Divinity.

<sup>2</sup> *N. & Q.* 1st Ser. xii. pp. 291, 2.

Of the many precious letters he must have written, none are forthcoming. They exist—if at all—among the papers of departed scholars and divines. But here is his own draft of one of them (to whom addressed does not appear) which certainly deserves to be preserved:—

‘Dear Mr. — As I had no permission to communicate your papers to any one, I thought myself bound to keep them as private as possible.

‘I hope you will forgive my reluctance to entering into a discussion of the terms of the proposition you have laid down; but I think myself obliged, for more reasons than one, to declare I know of no method by which the *genuine* doctrine taught by the Church, of the SON’S being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal GOD,—and of the HOLY GHOST’S being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal GOD,—can be defended against the charge of Tritheism and Idolatry; but by stating *ab initio* that the Church believes in one Eternal Being *really* distinguished in its essence; which Being is transcendently One, if Unity admits of increase and diminution. If I am wrong in my judgment of your mode of answering Dr. Priestly or other heretics, I hope to be excused: and remain,

‘Dear Sir, with very great regard, &c.’

To this period of the President’s life belongs an incident of interest, concerning which however I have been able to discover nothing beyond what I proceed to relate. For the use of the Gallican Clergy who took refuge in England during the horrors of the French Revolution, the Convocation of the University of Oxford (March 10th, 1795) munificently voted that an edition of 2000 copies of the Vulgate Text of the N.T. should be printed at the University Press, and freely distributed among the unfortunate exiles;—“*Namque*” (to quote the words of their spokesman) “*et illud profugis ereptum fuerat solatium ut Sanctos Libros secum adportarent, exilii sui comites dulcis-*



*simos.*"<sup>3</sup> Most of them in fact had made their escape from France in such haste, that they had brought away nothing with them.<sup>4</sup> A copy of this Edition,—in a solander case lettered behind "M. J. ROUTH ET G. PENN,"—(with Granville Penn's book plate inside the cover,) was presented to me some years ago by one<sup>5</sup> to whom I am largely indebted for information concerning the President of Magdalen. It is thought that the work was carried through the press jointly by the President and by his former pupil: but one would have been glad to repose on something better than surmise in respect of so interesting an incident. It is clear at all events that the copy which has suggested these remarks was Granville Penn's, and that the President had some close connexion with it; though the Annals of the University Press afford no evidence that either 'G. Penn' or 'M. J. Routh' was concerned in producing the edition of which it is a sample.

"Forty years ago," (wrote Samuel Rickards, sometime fellow of Oriel, to James Mozley in 1854), "I had a friend at your college, a gentleman-commoner; and a very odd, though well-meaning man he was,—especially given to *religious* oddities. One of these was the turning up the whites of his eyes in chapel, which was a very

<sup>3</sup> From the prefatory "*Literae ad Academiam Oxoniensem a Joanne Francisco Episcopo Leonensi datae, et in domo Convocationis die Mercurii 11<sup>mo</sup> Maii 1796 publice recitatae.*" [M. l'Abbé Martin informs me that the writer of this letter was 'Mgr. Jean François de la Marche, évêque d'une petite ville connue sous le nom de S. Pol de Léon, au diocèse actuel de Quimper, dans le département de Finistère, à l'extrémité de la Bretagne, dans l'arrondissement de Morlaix'; b.

1729, d. in London 1806.]

<sup>4</sup> Cox's *Recollections of Oxford*,—1st ed. p. 19.

<sup>5</sup> My old friend, now my neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, for 28 years fellow of Magdalen, now rector of Beeding Priory in this county. His "*Register of the Presidents, Fellows, Demies,*" &c. of the College which he has so long adorned and faithfully served, will be an abiding monument of his constancy, dutifulness, and pious zeal.

visible token of some other things about him unseen. This only brought the President to call upon him oftener and more kindly, it seemed; and he did not omit to tell him that such ways were not a desirable distinction from other people engaged side by side with him at their devotions in a more usual manner. I remember on one occasion, as he stood before the fire, just going away, his eye fell upon a little bust of either Wesley or Whitfield, (I forget which,) with a very impassioned expression on the countenance. He asked who it was; and on being told, he said with great good-nature and seriousness too,—‘Surely, for many reasons besides love for the college, the spirit as well as the presence of Bishop Horne would be better dwelling here, than such a stranger!’ . . . This rebuke had the desired effect,—as the person to whom it was addressed admitted to me long after.”<sup>6</sup>

In 1810, he was presented to the Rectory and Vicarage of Tylehurst, near Reading (worth 1000*l.* a year), by Dr. Thomas Sheppard. The President had declined the same presentation eleven years before, disapproving of the condition subject to which it had been then offered him: viz. that he should appropriate 300*l.* of his annual income as President to the ‘Livings’ fund’ of Magdalen College. Dr. Sheppard had in the meantime married the President’s youngest sister, Sophia,—who till then had done the honours of his house; and Tylehurst had become again vacant by the death of Dr. Richard Chandler, the celebrated traveller. At the mature age of fifty-five, Dr. Routh therefore received priest’s orders at the hands of Dr. John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, in

<sup>6</sup> Stowlangtoft Rectory, Dec. 27th, 1854.—Mozley’s correspondent concludes, (referring to the President’s recent death),—“It seems strange to write of things so long past; but such an event brings one’s recollections into extraordinary freshness; and it may be that while you

are again and again going over the loss that has fallen upon you, any remembrances of one so very venerable may drop upon your mind with something of comfort in them. This at least is my way of consoling you, and I will not doubt that you will take it in good part.”

the Bishop's private chapel, August 26th, 1810. (By the way, Dr. Landon, Provost of Worcester, had enough of humour to inquire whether the President was *properly examined* on that occasion.) There were not wanting some to insinuate that conscientious scruples had been the cause why the President of Magdalen had continued in deacon's orders for three-and-thirty years. He himself not unreasonably supposed that his '*Reliquiae*' was the best answer to such a calumny; and explained that his only reason for deferring priest's orders had been because he had never before held any ecclesiastical preferment. Henceforth then, in his case, the cares of the pastoral office were superadded to the claims of a college, and the occupations of a laborious student.

He made no secret that at Tylehurst he preached Townson's Sermons—abridged to a quarter-of-an-hour and corrected—every Sunday to his rustic flock: though it remains a marvel how he could possibly decipher the manuscript which he carried with him into the pulpit. "There are no better sermons, John,"—(he used to say to his nephew, who was also his curate,)—"and the people cannot hear them too often." He always preached at the morning service, weather permitting, during his residence of three months; and always in his surplice:—yet not by any means so much for conscience sake, as for a sanitary reason. He was apprehensive of taking cold if he took off his surplice. His practice therefore was, after giving the blessing, to precede the congregation out of Church,—to avoid encountering draughts. But he told his nephew, (when the agitation on the subject was at its height,) that in Suffolk, *se puero*, the surplice was universally and exclusively worn. To his parishioners he was always courteous; kind to them all, and liberal in reducing the tithe payments when there was any *real* call for it. One

of the latest acts of his life was the enlargement of the Church, and,—*‘incolarum parociae suae aetate proveciorum haud immemor,’*—the erection of a porch on the south side.

To this period of the President's life belongs the following letter, addressed by him to the Rev. William Aldrich, fellow of Magdalen and Senior Proctor; who, at the conclusion of his period of office, having to prepare his Proctorial speech, had evidently applied to the President for a few appropriate sentences to commemorate the chief event of the year, viz. the decease of Dr. John Eveleigh [Provost 1781–1814] and the succession of Edward Copleston to the Provostship of Oriel. Such a letter, it is thought, well deserves to be placed on record:—

‘Tylehurst, April 1st, 1815.

‘Dear Sir,—I omitted leaving the few sentences here subjoined before I left Oxford, being at that time unusually occupied and engaged; but last night, as the time pressed, I determined on making you wait no longer, at the same time hoping that you might only now be returned to Oxford:—

‘Dein paucis mensibus interjectis e medio nobis ereptus est vir gravis et sanctus, Oriensis Collegii praepositus, qui, junctâ doctrinâ tum sacrâ quam externâ cum literis Hebraicis, in scriptis suis non tantum divinas Scripturas feliciter exposuit, sed etiam fidem orthodoxam invictissime defendit. Religionis praemia, quae innocentia vitae atque inculpatis moribus DEO adjuvante meruerat, virtutibus et annis plenus, jam melius nosse incepit.

‘Huic egregio viro, quem diu lugebunt cum ecclesia et academia, tum vero praecipue celebre musarum domicilium in quo habitabat, successit grande decus atque tutamen rerum nostrarum, is, qui omnium tulit suffragia, nec meo vel cujusquam aliûs egens praëconio.

‘These lines such as they are I have sent, depending on your secrecy, and remain your faithful servant,

‘M. J. ROUTH.’

But the following memorandum, written by the President's hand, refers to an event in his history of far too much importance to be any longer withheld:—'1820, September 18th, my birthday. I married Eliza Agnes, eldest unmarried daughter of John Blagrove, esq., of Calcot Park, in the parish of Tylehurst.' The marriage was solemnized at Walcot church, Bath,—in which city (as she explained to me) Mrs. Routh had been brought up by her aunt. She resided at 22 Queen square, and had known her future husband about seven years. He was now exactly sixty-five. This lady (born in 1790), the tenth of a single family of twenty children, survived him fifteen years,—dying (March 23rd, 1869) aged seventy-eight,—and lies interred in Holywell Cemetery. Dr. Chandler (she said) used to tell her that 'she was a tithe, and belonged to the Rectory': it was but fitting therefore that she should have married the next Rector. Mrs. Routh loved to talk about her husband,—whom she greatly revered. She remarked to me that he used always to say his private prayers leaning against a table and standing. He had told her (she said) that when he was twelve years of age he wrote a sermon which so surprised the family, that his sister was curious to know whether it was his own. To convince her, he wrote another. Far better deserving of attention, however, is Mrs. Routh's share in the following incident which I had from her own lips.

Many will remember a shameful murder committed in 1845 by a Quaker named Tawell. Some may be aware that the telegraphic wires were first employed to promote the ends of justice on the same occasion, and that the murderer's apprehension was the consequence. This man's relations lived about four miles from Beccles, were well known to the Rouths, and were much respected in

the neighbourhood. One morning after breakfast, the President, who had been perusing the sentence passed on Tawell by Baron Parke, exclaimed—‘Eliza, give me a pen.’ She obeyed: whereupon he instantly wrote the following letter, which was duly put into the hands of the miserable man in his cell, and read by him before his execution. The Chaplain of the gaol was brother to the well-known Oxford bedell, Mr. Cox,—who, as a former member of Magdalen, knew the handwriting. The document appeared in some of the public prints immediately after:—

‘Sir,—This comes from one who, like yourself, has not long to live, being in his ninetieth year. He has had more opportunity than most men for distinctly knowing that the Scriptures of the New Testament were written by the Apostles of the Saviour of mankind. In these Scriptures it is expressly said that the blood of JESUS CHRIST, the SON of GOD, cleanses us from all sin; and that if we confess our sins, GOD, being merciful and just, will forgive us our sins on our repentance.

‘I write this, not knowing how long you have to live; but in the name of the faithful, just, and merciful God, make use of your whole time in supplications for His mercy.

‘Perhaps the very circumstances in which you are now placed may be the means of saving your immortal soul; for if you had gone on in sin to the end of your life you would infallibly have lost it. Think, say, and do everything in your power to save your soul before you go into another life.

‘YOUR FRIEND.’

But we were speaking of the President of Magdalen as incumbent of a Berkshire village. His nephew John thus writes:—

“His chief occupation at Tylehurst, when not engaged

in literary pursuits, was visiting Theale, (a hamlet of the parish distant three miles from the rectory,) for the purpose of superintending the building of the Church there which was done at the sole expense of his sister Mrs. Sheppard:<sup>7</sup> begun in 1820 and finished in 1830,—(as long he used to say as the siege of Troy,)—at a cost of 26,000*l.* including the parsonage house: a sum which in these days would have built, I imagine, three Churches of the same size. I have known him walk to this Church and back (6 miles) with a severe hill to climb, when he was in his 94th year, and under a July sun.”

The other work, on which the President of Magdalen founds his claim to the Church's gratitude, appeared in 1832, with this title: '*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula praeecipua quaedam.*' Within the narrow compass of two octavo volumes we are here furnished with what, after exhaustive search, the learned editor deemed most precious among the remains of primitive ecclesiastical antiquity. The prefatory address 'To the Reader,' in which the contents of the book are briefly reviewed and explained, deserves very thoughtful perusal. Hippolytus contributes a treatise on the Divine Nature. Against heretical depravation, Irenæus and Tertullian write. Some precious authorities concerning the doctrine of the Sacrament of CHRIST'S Body and Blood follow. Against Gentile superstitions Cyprian furnishes a treatise. The Creeds and Canons of the first four General Councils witness to what was the faith, what the discipline, of the Church Universal. And so much for doctrine. Polycarp, Tertullian, Cyprian contribute

<sup>7</sup> This loved sister sleeps in Amport church. Her tablet bears the following epitaph by the President:—*Requiescit . donante . Deo . in . pace . Sophia . | vidua . Thomae . Sheppard . S. T. P. vixit . ann. | LXXIX . mens . IX . decessit . die .*

*Iulii . xxxi . | anno . Salutis . MDCCCLXVIII . moerentibus . | undique . auxilio . orbis . et . perpetuas . | lacrymas . fundente . domo . sua . nisi . | viventem . cum . Christo . semper . deflare . | nefas . esset . | Vale . vale . quae . fuisti . carissima .*

what tends to practical piety. Lastly, the pretensions of the see of Rome to authority and infallibility are tested by an appeal to antiquity. We are shown that Stephanus, Bishop of Rome, was held by the ancients to have *excommunicated himself* when he excommunicated the Orientals; and that Honorius, another Romish bishop, was first condemned by a general Council, and then anathematised his own successors. To these, some important treatises were added in 1840, when a second edition of the work was called for. The late learned and pious Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jacobson) re-edited the '*Opuscula*' in 1858, with much self-denying labour and learning; withholding nothing—but his name. It shall but be added that every one aspiring to be a student of Divinity should possess himself of Routh's *Opuscula* and *Reliquiae*, and should master their contents. The prefaces to both,—to the latter especially,—should be carefully laid to heart.

But it were a very inadequate sketch of Dr. Routh's work and character which should represent him *only* as a divine. In 1823, he relates,—(his autograph memorandum lies before me,)—"I published an edition of Burnet's *History of his own Time*, accompanied with the hitherto unpublished Notes of the Earls of Dartmouth and Hardwick, and the whole of Dean Swift's, and additional ones of my own; besides the passages of the first volume in folio, which had been suppressed by the first editors." Of this work, a second and enlarged edition appeared in 1833. His mind seemed saturated with the lore of the period of which Burnet treats; and (as Dr. Charles Daubeny, one of his fellows, remarked) when he made it the theme of his conversation—



'he seemed to deliver himself rather like a contemporary who had been an eye-witness of the scenes he described, than as one who had drawn his information from second-hand sources; so perfect was his acquaintance with the minutest details, so intimate his familiarity with everything relating to the history of the individuals who figured in those events. On such occasions one could hardly help interrupting him in the course of his narrative by inquiring whether he had not himself witnessed the rejoicings at the signature of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, or shaken hands with President Hough at the time of his triumphant return to his college, on the restoration of the fellows. Availing himself of the privileges of seniority, he had the tact to lead the conversation into those channels with which he was most at home, and astonished the eager listener with the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. It was thus, only a few years before his death, that he surprised Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, with his knowledge of the reign of James II, and of the early settlements in America. Nothing in the meantime can be conceived more dignified, more courteous, more ingratiating than his address and manner, especially during his latter years, when the peculiarities of his dress and appearance were set down to his great age, and the fashion of a period long gone by,—which enhanced the effect of his affable and kind, though formal deportment.'<sup>8</sup>

In 1852 he published, in a single volume, with many additional notes, Burnet's '*History of the Reign of King James II.*' "I am going on at the press with King James' Life," (he writes to Dr. Ogilvie, Oct. 4th, 1851),—"but not at so quick a pace as I wish. It affords me some amusement." The last words of his short Preface deserve to be transcribed:—"Under all our changes, the public press by its disclosure and powerful advocacy of the truth, has been found protecting right against

<sup>8</sup> *Biographical sketch*,—a leaflet, signed 'C. D.'

wrong, and maintaining real liberty.' In the first draft this sentence ran thus:—'A free press will be found as essential as ever to the preservation of real freedom.' His own politics savoured altogether of a bygone age. He belonged to no modern party. Daubeny relates (from hearsay) that 'in early life, Routh's was a kind of theoretical Jacobitism, such as had been cherished very generally by the clergy and country squires of the last century.' But disloyalty was abhorrent to his whole nature. He was all for the prerogatives of the Sovereign, and jealous of the encroachments of the aristocracy. Thus his Toryism carried with it a dash of liberalism. This endeared him to Sir Francis Burdett, who with generous warmth paid an eloquent tribute to his friend's merits in the course of a debate in the House, May 8th, 1828. His churchmanship was that of the best Caroline divines. Popery he abhorred. "They have no support in the Fathers, sir. In the first three centuries, not one word."<sup>9</sup> He recognised in the teaching of the reformed Church of England the nearest approximation to the teaching of the Apostolic age. On the other hand, he formed no alliance with any party in the Church. He was *above* party, taking his stand on Scripture and primitive antiquity; although concerning his sympathies, there could be *no* doubt. "I never saw the President look so black" (writes Dr. Bloxam) "as when the epithets 'Tractarian' or 'Puseyite' were employed in his presence." Keenly alive to politics, (for he read 'the Times' to the last, and watched with extraordinary interest the progress of the Russian war,) he chiefly regarded the movements of the State as they affected the independence and purity of the Church. Even from the government and public business of the Univer-

<sup>9</sup> To Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College.

sity he kept himself aloof, contented to administer his own college well. But, as I have said, he was an anxious, as well as attentive observer of what was passing around him. The democratic tendencies of the age filled him with alarm. The phrase '*Imperial Parliament*' so offended him that (January 17, 1800) it called forth from him a long and indignant protest,—to whom addressed, I know not. The vulgar error that our tripartite Constitution consists of '*King, Lords, and Commons*,'—(whereas, as every student knows, the three Estates of the Realm are '*the Spirituality, the Nobility, and the Commonalty*,' the Sovereign being above and over all);—*this* also used greatly to disgust him. The interference of the University Commission (of 1854), he resented with unmingled indignation and abhorrence. What would he have said to the revolutionary Commission of 1876? He would have despaired of Oxford altogether could he have known what was in store for the institutions he had loved so well, at the end of thirty years.

The present is the sketch of what was confessedly an uneventful life. The President grew very aged amid the regards of a generation whose sires remembered him an old man. Well informed in every topic of the hour,—weighty in his judgments,—animated and instructive in his conversation,—he was resorted to with affectionate reverence; and every one on coming away had something to relate in proof of his unflinching readiness, clearness, shrewdness,—the extent and minuteness of his knowledge—his unique aptitude at reproducing names and dates when he told a story. Everything about him was interesting,—was marvellous: his costume, his learning, his wisdom, his wit, his *wig*. He

never came abroad; so that, with the many, his very existence rested on tradition. One of his fellows in the beginning of February 1834 writes,—“Newman was closeted the other day for two hours with Dr. Routh, receiving his opinions as to his work [the History of the Arians], which were very complimentary.”<sup>1</sup> It may have been in consequence of those two hours of colloquy that the President used to speak of him, as ‘that clever young gentleman of Oriel, Mr. Newman’: but there were several other interviews. In the last volume of his *Reliquiae*, (it was published in 1848,) he designates him as “*vir valde perspicax et eruditus*”<sup>2</sup>. . . . He certainly cherished great personal regard as well as respect for the vicar of S. Mary’s; sending him some of his books, and once going out of his way to find and give him a copy of Casaubon’s *Adversaria*. “Up to 1845” (writes Dr. Bloxam) “when Newman declined the appointment, he always sent me over to Littlemore to ask Newman to be examiner for the Johnson Scholarship. On the last occasion, Newman wrote to decline it in the following words:—

“I wish I could convey to you how much I felt the great kindness of your message to me by Mr. Bloxam. It seems almost intrusion and impertinence to express to you my gratitude, yet I cannot help it. You are the only person in station in Oxford, who has shown me any countenance for a long course of years; and, much as I knew your kindness, I did not expect it now.”<sup>3</sup>

“Up to the last,” (continues my informant), “he used to speak to me of Newman as ‘the great Newman.’” Routh’s attitude, in fact, throughout the period referred to, admits of no mistake. The appointment of Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Mozley’s *Letters*,—p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> *Reliqq.* v. 368.

<sup>3</sup> For the rest of this letter, and

for more on the same subject, see Bloxam’s *Demies*,—p. 34-7.

Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity (in 1836) aroused a storm of indignation in the University which was never appeased. Convocation resolved to petition the Crown against it, and an extraordinary scene was witnessed in the Sheldonian Theatre (March 22nd) in which however the most interesting feature,—(James Mozley calls it “one of the most pleasant sights,”)—“was old Routh, the venerable head of Magdalen College, who appeared for the first time, I suppose, in these many years, in his place among the Doctors. At the first glimpse of his wig, a general acclamation was raised, which the old gentleman returned with several bows, in all the courtesy of the old school”<sup>4</sup> . . . We smile, of course: and yet, when about this very time we encounter the venerable President in person, he moves before us like one of his contemporaries, and excites nothing but grave respect. Take the following letter of his to Hugh James Rose,—written at the same critical period in the history of our Church:—

‘Magdalen College, Oxford, March 31, 1835.

‘Reverend Sir,—I return you many thanks for the opportunity you have given me of sooner reading your *Concio ad Clerum*.<sup>5</sup> The judicious remarks it contains on former periods of our history, expressed in excellent Latinity, afforded me much pleasure; at the same time that the apprehensions you entertain for the future safety of the Church, corresponded with my own. Let us however trust that GOD will favour our cause, which is that of justice and truth.

‘I have to request further favours at your hands: the first is, to thank in my name, as I am ignorant of his address, Mr. Maitland (the author of Letters to you on Milner’s Church History) for the perusal of his appropriate and unanswerable Strictures; the other is to offer

<sup>4</sup> *Letters*, p. 55.

<sup>5</sup> At S. Paul’s (20th Febr. 1835), ‘*Jussu Reverendissimi*,’—p. 19.

my kind respects to Mr. Ogilvie, your coadjutor at Lambeth.—I remain, Reverend Sir, with great esteem, your obedient and obliged Servant,

‘M. J. ROUTH.’

Something was said above about the President’s marvellous retention of his faculties,—his vivacity and intellectual vigour. His clearness of mind and ready recollection of dates gave him a great advantage in conversation. He was once telling Dr. Daubeny of the wish entertained by an illustrious person to be Chancellor of the University. ‘And why was he not elected?’ asked Daubeny. ‘Because the Chancellor chose to live, sir!’—‘But,’ rejoined Daubeny, ‘why was he not elected after the Chancellor’s death?’ ‘*Because he was dead himself, sir,*’ he replied;—with a rapidity which was very diverting to those who overheard the conversation.

The retentiveness of his memory, even in respect of trifles, was truly extraordinary. His nephew, John Routh, having had a seventh child born to him in 1851, the President (who had entered on his 97th year) remarked to John Rigaud (fellow of Magdalen) ‘*That was your number.*’ How he came to know the fact—yet more why he should have remembered it—no one present could imagine. Shortly before his death, on being shown in a newspaper<sup>6</sup> an account of himself in which his age was mentioned, and the persons specified with whom he might have conversed, he exclaimed—‘I am described as being a little *younger* than Pitt. The blockhead, as he knew my age, might have known that I was four or five years *older.*’

Dr. Jacobson described to me a visit he once paid him; when, after a little talk, the President challenged him to adjourn to the garden for conversation: remarking that it was somewhat gloomy within, but cheerful out-of-

<sup>6</sup> *Maidstone Journal*, some time in 1853.

doors. (It was during the dog-days.) The clock struck 3 as they entered the old-fashioned demesne (part of the garden of old 'Magdalen Hall,') and the venerable man prolonged a most animated discourse concerning the '88, until the clock struck 5,—when a servant came to announce dinner. There was he, dramatizing every incident; giving the actual words of the several speakers; relating the fortunes of the house of Magdalen at the period; "and, at times, looking uncomfortably over his shoulder, as if not without a lurking suspicion that the very gooseberry-bushes had ears." . . . My informant greatly regretted that he had kept no notes of his many conversations with the old President.

Side by side, however, with all this quick intelligence, he would ever and anon betray the fact that he belonged to a quite bygone generation. He retained many obsolete expressions. For instance, he was known to exclaim to his servant,—'Bring it back, *sirrah!*' . . . 'There comes *my lord of Oxford,*' he would say of the Bishop. . . . But in fact, it was impossible even for those who revered him most not to be merry over the little details which occasionally transpired. Thus (June 4th, 1844) he sent the following official note to H. P. Guillemard (Senior Proctor):—'Mr. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission to *hire a one-horse chaise, if it meets with the approbation of the Senior Proctor.*' And in the following October, R. W. Church, the present Dean of St. Paul's (Junior Proctor), received a similar message:—'Mr. Wm. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission, if he obtains the Proctor's consent, *to make use of a vehicle drawn by one horse.*' . . . Little did the venerable writer dream of the metamorphosis which, on the other side of the Cherwell, awaited the 'vehicle' which had been 'drawn by one

horse' as far as Magdalen bridge! . . . Add certain peculiarities of costume and manner, and it will be readily understood that there were many good stories current concerning the dear old President,—some of which were true.

I should despair of exhibiting a scene which I once heard (or rather once *saw*) John Rigaud describe of an examination at which he assisted in the President's library,—the last which the President ever conducted in person. The book was Homer, of which the youth to be examined was profoundly ignorant. What with the President's deafness and the man's mistakes, Rigaud thought he must have expired. The President had two copies of Homer, one at each side of his chair; and with immense urbanity handed a copy to the youth as he entered. When the man read the Greek, the President thought he was construing into English, and *vice versâ*. "What was that you said, sir?" he would inquire earnestly. The man confessed what he had said. One of the examiners was down upon him in an instant. The President stood up for the victim, on the charitable hypothesis that, "perhaps he had been taught so." The man speedily put it out of all doubt that his method was entirely his own. Thereupon the President construed the passage for him. Rigaud was fain to conceal himself behind the newspaper, and sat in perfect terror lest he should be appealed to, and be compelled to exhibit a face convulsed with merriment.

Dr. Routh was very fond of his dogs. It was his way, when a superfluous bit of bread-and-butter was in his hand at tea-time, to sink back in his chair and at the same instant to drop the morsel to the expectant and eager quadrupeds, which have been known so far to take advantage of his good nature as fairly to invade



his person, in order to get rather more than he had contemplated bestowing. Very mournful was the expression his features assumed if ever Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of a sane discretion, took upon herself to expel the dogs from the apartment. . . . The Vice-President once informed him, in the name of the fellows, that they had resolved to enforce the college order, by which it was forbidden to keep dogs in college. "Then, sir," he rejoined, "*I suppose I must call mine—cats!*" It was a characteristic reply, as well from its drollery as from the indication it afforded of his resolution to stand up for his favourites. His dogs must perforce be permitted to reign undisturbed. At the same time, his respect for authority and concern for the discipline of the college over which he presided would have made him reluctant to violate any rule of the society.

John Rigaud helped him to prepare the single volume of Burnet's work for the press. This brought him constantly into contact with the venerable President, and rendered him so familiar with his manner, that he narrates his sayings to the life. It also introduced him to much of the President's mind on the subject of Burnet, for whom he entertained wondrous little respect. When the Bishop speaks of himself,—"*Here comes P. P., clerk of this parish!*" he would say, ejaculating to himself afterwards,—"*Rogue!*" . . . 'Why is it, uncle,' (once asked his nephew, John Routh,) 'that you are always working at Burnet, whom you are always attacking?' To whom the President,—'*A good question, sir! Because I know the man to be a liar; and I am determined to prove him so*' . . . When Burnet was at last finished, he sent a beautifully bound copy to the Chancellor, and pleased himself with the prospect of receiving an autograph acknowledgment from the great Duke, for whom he entertained an

ardent admiration. Day after day elapsed, and still no letter; but the President suffered no one to know that he was greatly vexed and disappointed. At last he opened his grief to Dr. Bliss, with the simplicity of a child who has been denied a lawful gratification. The Duke's letter, after many days, was discovered lying on a little table by his side. It had been accidentally overlooked.

One of the President's most characteristic stories related to a privilege case, of which I am only able to relate a portion. It exhibited the House of Commons (for which he entertained very little respect) in antagonism to the Courts of Law. The Speaker entered the Court, with purpose to overawe the Judge in the administration of justice. "I sit here to administer the laws of England," was the solemn dictum of the great legal functionary. "And I will commit *you*, Mr. Speaker; yes, *you*, Mr. Speaker; if you had the whole House of Commons in your belly." . . . But no trick of style can convey the least idea of the animation with which these words of defiance were repeated. The President, having brought the Speaker into the presence of the Judge, grew excited, and his speech at once assumed the dramatic form. At "I sit here," &c., his whole frame underwent emotion: he raised his voice, and fixed his eyes severely on the person before him. At "the laws of England," he struck the table smartly with his extended fingers. The threat to commit the Speaker was uttered with immense gusto, and evidently repeated with increased gratification. But the concluding hypothetical defiance was overwhelming. The patriotic narrator chuckled and fell back in his chair, convulsed with merriment at the grotesqueness of the image which the Judge had so deliberately evoked.

What goes before reminds me of the zest with which he used to repeat a quatrain relating to the threatened fate of one of the seven deprived Bishops :

‘And shall Trelawny die? . . .  
 And shall Trelawny die? . . .  
 Then thirty-thousand Cornish boys  
 Will know the reason why!’

The energy exhibited by the aged and enthusiastic speaker will be readily understood by those who knew him : some idea may be conveyed to those who did *not*. The interrogation in the first line was exactly repeated in the second. There was the same grand rolling enunciation of ‘*Trelawny*’ : the same emphatic interrogating ‘*die?*’ : the same pause, as if waiting for an answer at the end of the line. And the last couplet followed as if the silence of the Government must be interpreted fatally : as if, therefore, those ‘*thirty thousand Cornish boys*’ might be expected to enter the room at any moment.

He delighted in the company of two or three intimate friends at dinner, on Sundays especially : as Dr. Bloxam (whose place was always next to him, on his left hand), and the late loved President, his successor (Dr. Bulley) ; James Mozley (also recently deceased), and John Rigaud of his own college ;—or again, Dr. Bliss (Principal of St. Mary Hall), Philip Duncan of New College, and “*Mo Griffiths*,” of Merton, &c. On such occasions he would be very communicative and entertaining, abounding in anecdote. He always drank the health of his guests all round ; once, so far deviating from his usual practice as to propose a toast. It was the Sunday after the Duke of Wellington’s death : and he gave “the memory of our great and good Chancellor, who never erred

except when he was over-ruled." His way was, after giving his cap to the servant, to say grace himself:—before meat,—“For what we are about to receive, the LORD be praised!” Very peculiar was the emphasis with which on such occasions he would pronounce the Holy Name, giving breadth to the “o” till it sounded as if the *word* “awe” as well as the sentiment was to be found in it; rolling forth the “r” in the manner which was characteristic of him; and pronouncing the last words with a most sonorous enunciation. His manner at such times was to extend his hands towards the viands on the table. After dinner, “For what we have received,” as before. . . . John Rigaud could never forget the solemn emphasis with which he pronounced the word “wrath” in the Communion service.

Favourably known to the dear old President, acceptable to his wife, and intimate with most of his Fellows,—I could easily have got myself invited to one of those quiet little Sunday dinners of which I had heard so much. But I shrank from making the first move. The reader is the gainer, for the description which follows is from the pen of James Mozley’s sister:—

“Yesterday we dined at the President’s,—such a curious, interesting scene! The President is more old and wonderful-looking than anyone could imagine beforehand. He must always have been below middle height; but age has bent and shrunk him to something startlingly short when he walks. In his chair one does not perceive it so much. The wig, of course, adds to the effect,—such a preposterous violation of nature! It seems quite to account for his not hearing what people say. His manner was most kind and courteous to Mamma; and he took the opportunity (in taking her in to dinner) to say some complimentary things of James, of whom I think he is very fond.

“It is really very nice to see his Fellows round him. They seem so fond of him. An indulgent respectful reverence, with a good deal of fun all the while, is the general manner; and he is very cheerful, and often laughs with the greatest heartiness. Mrs. Routh, in her way, is as unusual a person to meet; and harmonises with the scene. She is extremely good-natured, and probably had always something of the manner of a child,—so wonderfully simple and unassuming! James says, ‘What an absolute contrast their drawing-room presents to that of any other Head of a House in Oxford, in the terms of easy familiarity between the Fellows and their Head!’

“The look of things there was all so characteristic. The house full of books: the dining-room filled with folios and quartos,—drawing-room, stair-case, passages &c., with smaller books. Mrs. Routh complains she shall soon not be able to get about, from the accumulation of bookshelves: for he still buys, and knows where every book in his library is. She took us into his dressing-room. The appointments were of the most limited kind; but the walls up to the ceiling are covered with books, and there is a set of steps, which Mrs. R. said he could ascend quite nimbly, to reach any book he wants.

“James was the one to talk to the President, and to draw him out. They talked of Hume, Adam Smith, Horne, Parr, Hurd, Jortin, Dr. Johnson,—(whom, by the way, Dr. Routh remembered on his last visit to Oxford; describing him to us, as though seeing him, in ‘*a brown tradesman’s wig*’),—and discussing style, &c. . . . I could not hear much distinctly; but knew what it was all about . . . Mrs. Routh calls the President ‘*my own*.’ (‘Take care, *my own*,’ I heard her cry out.) She is very attentive to him.”<sup>6</sup>

Let me recall the occasion, the pretext rather, on which (Dec. 10th, 1846) I obtained my first interview with Dr. Routh. I had been charged with a book for him, and, having obtained his permission to bring it in

<sup>6</sup> Mozley’s *Letters*,—(June 11, 1849),—p. 200-1.

person, presented myself at his gate. Moss received my name in a manner which showed me that I was expected. With a beating heart, I followed the man up the old-fashioned staircase—grim old Doctors in their wigs and robes, and bearded divines with little books in their hands, and college benefactors innumerable, eyeing me all the way from the walls, with terrible severity. My courage at last almost failed me; but retreat was impossible, for by this time we had reached the open door of the library,—a room completely lined with books, (the volumes in that room were reckoned at 5000),—the shelves (which were of deal painted white) reaching from the floor to the ceiling; and the President was to be seen at the furthest extremity, his back to the window, with a blazing fire at his left. At the first intimation of my approach, I noticed that he slipped the book that he was reading into the drawer of the little table before him, and hastened to rise and come into the middle of the room to receive me. The refined courtesy which evidently was doing its best to persuade me not only that I was a welcome visitor but that I found the master of the house *entirely disengaged*, struck me much. Most of all, however, was I astonished by his appearance. He wore such a wig as one only sees in old pictures: cassock, gown, scarf and bands, shorts and buckles. And then *how* he did stoop! But besides immense intelligence, there was a great deal of suavity as well as dignity in that venerable face. And—“You have come to see a decrepid old man, sir!” he said, as he took me by the hand. Something fell from me about my “veneration for so learned a Divine,” and my having “long coveted this honour.” “You are very civil, sir, sit you down.” And he placed me in the *arm*-chair, in which he told me he never sat himself.

After a few civilities, he began to congratulate me on my bachelor's gown, pointing to my sleeves. I learned to my astonishment that he supposed he was going to have an interview *with an undergraduate*. He inquired after my standing in the University,—my late, my present college. "And you are a fellow of Oriel, sir? A very honourable college to belong to, sir. It has produced many distinguished men. You know, sir, when you marry, or take a living, you can always add to your name, 'late fellow.' I observe, sir, that Dr. Pusey always does so." It was impossible not to smile. My name (he thought) must be of French origin,—must be another form of *Burgoyne*. It soon became painfully evident that he was only talking thus in order to relieve me from the necessity of speaking, in case I should be utterly at a loss for a topic. So, availing myself of a pause after he had inquired about my intended pursuits, I leaned forward (for he was more than slightly deaf) and remarked that perhaps he would allow me to ask him a question. "Eh, sir?" "I thought that perhaps you would allow me to ask you a question about Divinity, sir." He told me (rather gravely) to go on. I explained that I desired a few words of counsel, if he would condescend to give me them—some directions as to the best way of pursuing the study which he had himself cultivated with such signal success. Aware that my request was almost as vague as the subject was vast, and full of genuine consideration for the aged oracle, I enlarged for a minute on the matter, chiefly in order to give him time to adjust his thoughts before making reply. He inquired what I had read? "Eusebius, Hooker and Pearson, very carefully." He nodded. The gravity which by this time his features had assumed was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head

sank forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes—I think, sir," (said he after a long pause which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner,) "I think, sir, were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St.—Mark." I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me (but at a very slow rate) the outline of my future course. "I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—to the Gospel according to—St. Luke, sir." (Another pause, as if the reverend speaker were reconsidering the matter.) "Well, sir, and when I had read those three gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John."

For an instant I had felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the starting-point; and had nothing better to advise me to read than—the Gospel! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel *every day*. "And after the Gospel according to St. John," he proceeded:—(*Now* for it, thought I. We are coming to the point at last.) "I would in the next place, sir—I think" (he paused for an instant and then resumed:)—"Yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the—Acts of the Holy Apostles: a book, sir, which I have not the least doubt was the



work of—St. Luke.” “No more have I, sir.” (I really could not help it.) “No, sir. But what is quite evident, it must needs be a book of altogether Apostolic antiquity, indeed of the age it professes to be. For you may have observed that the sacred writer ends by saying that St. Paul dwelt at Rome ‘two whole years in his own hired house.’ Now, sir” (here he tapped my fingers in the way which was customary with him when he desired to enforce attention), “no one but a contemporary would have ended his narrative in *that* way. We should have had all about St. Paul’s martyrdom” (he looked archly at me, and slightly waved his hand,—as much as to say, ‘And we all know what kind of thing *that* would have been!’)—“all about his martyrdom, sir, if the narrative had been subsequent in date to St. Paul’s death.” I said the remark was new to me, but I saw its force. He only wanted me to nod. He was already going on; and, not to presume on the reader’s patience (for it cannot be a hundredth part as amusing to read the story as it was to witness the scene), after mentioning the seven Catholic epistles, he advised me to read those of St. Paul in the order of Pearson’s “*Annales Paulini*.” He spoke of the book of Revelation, and remarked that Rome is certainly there, whether Imperial or Papal. Then he referred to Eusebius: to Scaliger’s shrewdness about his ‘*Chronicon*’; and remarked that there is no Arianism apparent in his ecclesiastical History. Next, he advised me to read the seven epistles of Ignatius, which he was convinced were genuine, notwithstanding what Cureton had written; also *that* of Clement (for the Clement mentioned by St. Paul wrote only one epistle. It had been doubted, he said, but the extracts in Clemens Alex. are no valid evidence against the authenticity of our copies). “Read these, sir, in the

edition of my friend Mr. Jacobson." I said I possessed the book. "Ah, you do, sir? Well, sir, and after the epistles of Ignatius"—I was longing for an opportunity of showing him that I was not *plane hospes*; so I ventured to say significantly that "I thought I knew which book to read next!" He understood me: smiled pleasantly, and nodded. "You are very civil, sir!" . . . It was time to go. Indeed the fire was so exceedingly hot that I could bear it no longer. My cap, which I had used for a screen, had been smoking for some time, and now curled and cracked. What annoyed me more, if possible, than the fire, was the President's canary, in a cage near his elbow. The wretched creature was quiet till we got upon Divinity; but the moment his master mentioned the Gospels, away it went into a paroxysm of song—scream, scream, scream—as if on purpose to make it impossible for me to hear what he said. If ever the President dropped his voice, the bird screamed the louder.<sup>7</sup>

I said I had kept him too long; but wished him to know what a comfort and help his example and witness had been to me. He spoke of Mr. Newman with many words of regret; declared his own entire confidence; assured me that the Truth is with us. Before leaving, I knelt down and asked him for his blessing, which he instantly proceeded to bestow. "No," he exclaimed, "let me stand;" and standing, or rather leaning over me, he spoke solemn words. As I was leaving the room, he very kindly bade me come and see him again.

A full year elapsed before I ventured to repeat the intrusion. Mrs. Routh met me in the street, and asked 'why I did not go to see her dear man?' 'I was afraid of being troublesome.' 'But he tells me that he wishes to see you.' So I went. (It was Nov. 29th,

<sup>7</sup> Strange to relate, *that* canary died on the day his successor was elected.

1847.) Would that I had preserved a record of what passed! But I believe it was then that I ventured to address him somewhat as follows: "Mr. President, give me leave to ask you a question I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged or so learned as yourself." He looked so kindly at me that I thought I might go on. "Every studious man, in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?" . . . He bade me explain,—evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance.<sup>8</sup> He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up and said, "I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice"—(here he looked me archly in the face),—"always to verify your references, sir!" . . . I can better recall the shrewdness of the speaker's manner than his exact words; but they were those, or very nearly those.

Several days before the visit just referred to, I left at his door the first volume of my copy of his '*Reliquiae*' and '*Opuscula*,' with a request that he would inscribe his own name besides mine on the first blank page of both. Those two volumes he now restored to me, either of them furnished with a graceful (and quite different) inscription. We conversed about Patristic remains. I suggested "that the Editor of Cyril of Jerusalem,—I forget his name at this instant,"—"O but I don't, sir: *De Touttée*. Go on, sir:"—"had not quite accurately culled out the Creed of Jerusalem." "Ah, indeed, sir?" (thoughtfully) "I will look to it."—He informed me, in passing, that he had a fifth volume of the '*Reliquiae*' ready for the press. I got him to tell me something

<sup>8</sup> See below,—vol. ii. 347.

about it. And so I left him. But imagine my surprise at finding myself pursued in a few minutes by the President's servant, who was the bearer of a note. It was to say that,—

“Before Mr. Burgon left the lodgings, it occurred to the President that as the measure of a fifth volume of the *Reliquiae* had not yet met with the approbation of the Delegates of the Press, it would be as well that it should not be publicly spoken of. But Mr. Burgon was not within hearing. Excuse this scrawl.”

I came away from him with a truly golden precept: but on a subsequent occasion he gave me another, which I have many a time acted on with advantage. Of course, I never approached him without *some* excuse or provocation. Once, for example (it must have been in 1848), he sent me word that “he had a book for me, and would be glad to put it into my hands, if I would do him the favour to call at his lodgings.” It proved to be the fifth volume of the ‘*Reliquiae*.’ I think it was on *that* occasion that I ventured to ask him (I have often been ashamed of the question since) if there was any Commentary on Scripture which he particularly approved of, and could recommend. He leaned forward, murmured something to himself (of which all I could catch was a prolonged and thoughtful “No—I don’t know, sir,” or something to that effect), and so evidently did not wish to make any reply, that I quickly changed the subject; thanking him again for the book he had given me, and opening it with unfeigned interest and curiosity. He took the volume out of my hands, and proposed to show me something which he expected I should “find worth my notice.” He turned with difficulty to the last page, and drew me towards him. I knelt. “Attend to this, sir;” and he began reading the

long note which fills the lower half of p. 369. The print was too small for his aged eyes: so I read aloud. I remember his tapping my shoulder smartly with the extremities of his fingers when I came to the words, "*Et velim animadvertas, decantatos Petri viginti quatuor annos ad episcopatum pertinere universae ecclesiae, non unius Romanae; et junctos cum Lini annis . . . complere tempus inter mortem CHRISTI et martyria apostolorum Petri et Pauli computari solitum.*"

It was the President's wont, by the way, when speaking with animation, to lay his extended fingers on your hand, or even to seize it. Sometimes he would tap your hand with his. Not unfrequently, in order to rivet attention to what he was saying,—(his method certainly had the desired effect),—he would draw his fingers together, and as it were *peck* at your arm, or your shoulder, as might happen.

In the last year but one of his life (1853) he sent me a little tract (his last production!), in which he reprinted the precious note described above, with important additions and corrections. It disposes of the pretence that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, by an appeal to dates furnished by the same ancient catalogue on which we depend for the chronology of the early Bishops. . . . When I was going away with the volume of the '*Reliquiae*' in my hand, he offered to send the book after me by his servant. I assured him that I would a great deal rather carry away the treasure home myself. "You remind me," he exclaimed, "of"—(naming some famous scholar,)—"who used to say *he was not ashamed of being seen carrying his tools.*"

Another year elapsed. Mrs. Routh told me that the President had remarked that I never called. To remove all ground of complaint, I speedily found myself again in

the President's library. I began to pave the way for some patristic question. He turned to me, and said rather abruptly, "When you have finished, sir, I have something to say to you." I was dumb. "Do you remember, sir, about a year ago asking me to recommend to you some Commentary on Scripture?" "Perfectly well; but I am altogether astonished that *you* should remember my having taken such a liberty." He smiled good-naturedly; remarked, with a slight elevation of his hand, that his memory was not amiss, and then went on somewhat thus:—"Well, sir, I have often thought since, that if ever I saw you again, I would answer your question." I was delighted to hear it, and told him so. He went on,—“If you will take my advice, sir—(an old man, sir! but I think you will find the hint worth your notice),—whenever you are at a loss about the sense of a passage in N. T., you will be at the pains to discover how the place is rendered *in the Vulgate*; the Latin Vulgate, sir. I am not saying,” (here he kindled, and eyed me to ascertain whether there was any chance of my being weak enough to misunderstand him :) “*not that the Latin of the Vulgate is inspired, sir!*” (he tossed his head a little impatiently, and waved his hand). “Nothing of the sort, sir: but you will consider that it is a very faithful and admirable version, executed from the original by a very learned man—by Jerome, in the fourth century; certainly made therefore from manuscript authority of exceedingly high antiquity; and in consequence entitled to the greatest attention and deference.” I have forgotten what he said besides; except that he enlarged on the paramount importance of such a work. It was very pleasant to hear him. He seemed happy, and so was I. Very distinctly, however, do I remember the impression he left on me, that, having fully delivered

this testimony, he did not care to prolong *that* topic of conversation. I remember, in fact, being afraid to ask him to give me just one illustration of his meaning. It is only fair to add that I have since discovered for myself several proofs of the soundness of his advice; and the anecdote is put on record in the hope that other students may profit by it likewise. Consider, for example, the Vulgate rendering of  $\delta\tau\iota$  in S. Mark ix. 11, 28, (*Quid ergo*): and of  $\epsilon\kappa\epsilon\lambda\upsilon\omicron\nu$  in 2 Tim. ii. 26, (*ipsius*).

The President lived habitually in his library,—a room on the first floor, of which the windows looked out on St. John's quadrangle.<sup>9</sup> It was the same room, by the way, in which the intruded President (Parker) had died. There, surrounded by the books he loved so well,—(a copy of Laud's '*Devotions*'<sup>1</sup> always lay on his table),—he was to be found engaged in study: poring over small print (by the light of a candle), without the aid of glasses, to so late an hour, that Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of her conjugal discretion, has been known to insist on taking away his candle. But she found him an unapt pupil. It was commonly past midnight when he went to rest; and he would sometimes sit up till one in the morning, without, however, rising later in consequence next day. At ninety-seven, besides admitting the consolation of a cane,—which his friend "Walker

<sup>9</sup> The lodgings occupied by Presidents Horne and Routh were demolished in 1886. One surveying a representation of the south front of the old house will recognize three rows of windows, (1-5: 6-10: 11-15): and may like to be informed that windows 1 to 7 belong to bed-rooms:—that windows 8 and 9 indicate *the library*:—windows 13 and 14 (under the library) the

dining-room: while windows 10 and 15 lighted the staircase. The drawing-room was behind. While I write (1887) new lodgings are arising on the site of that picturesque old house.

<sup>1</sup> 'Oxford, 1667.' He had given the copy to his sister Sophia, July 1818. It was excepted from his gift to Durham.

has brought me, to support me in my occasional visits to his garden," he acknowledges the benefit of "a substitution of spectacles of a little higher number. Such I have procured in London, and am now writing with. I have found my eyesight of late much improved." This was on the last day of July, 1852. On the 16th August,—"I am no longer able to read by candle light." But such revelations were only made in confidence to his friend, Dr. Ogilvie. When he had occasion to approach his windows, *his wig* was all that was discoverable from the quadrangle beneath. During the latest years of his life, being seldom or never able to attend the chapel service, he was scarcely ever seen except by a privileged few. 'For a long time' (wrote the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, shortly after the President's death) 'I had been in the habit of visiting him nearly every week when I was in Oxford, and rarely saw him without learning from him something worth the hearing.'

Another of my intimate friends who enjoyed the privilege of visiting the President whenever he pleased, was the Rev. Edmund Hobhouse, fellow of Merton, sometime Bp. of Nelson. Three short letters of his to his father written about this time ([1847-49-50], when he was Vicar of S. Peter's in-the-East,) will be acceptable to the reader on more than one account:—

"[Merton Coll.] New Year's Day, at night, 1847.

"My dear Father,—I have been carousing with one of my—(not the youngest, but most youthful-for-his-age, which is 91),—parishioners,—the President of Magdalen. I was obliged to leave the *boy* 'Moses' at home alone, for although his young friend asked him to come under the Subwarden's wing,<sup>2</sup> his boyish feelings overcame him

<sup>2</sup> 'The boy Moses' is old 'Mo Griffith' (concerning whom, see below,—vol. ii. 296-8); 'his young friend' being President Routh; and 'the Subwarden' of Merton, Bishop Hobhouse himself.



and he spent New Year's Day alone,—at least in single combat with a turkey. We met a blooming bridegroom of 70 [*the north-east side of 70,* as Mo declares,] Vaughan Thomas, and a belle of 80, who is as wonderful in her way as most octogenarians.

“The good old President talked from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. on all subjects, almost incessantly: memory surprisingly accurate. The only faculty that fails at all is the hearing. It is quite a treat, intellectual and spiritual, for his humility is as striking as his learning; and his charity in speaking of individuals is very admirable. He enquired after you as a friend of Mr. Heber.”

“[Merton Coll.] Sept. 19, 1849.

“Dearest Father,—This has been an interesting day. The ven. President of Magdalen having completed his 94th year, laid the cornerstone of the new Grammar-School of the College. After the ceremony, he expressed a wish to say a few words, which were as follows,—

‘Floreat Grammatica.

Floreat hæc Schola Grammaticalis,—

Academicis olim propria,

Omnibus jampridem patefacta.’

“They are singularly appropriate, as they sum up the whole matter which was at issue, and which was remitted by the Rolls Court to the Visitor. They also record the original intention of the School, and the wider scope which has since been given to it. It was clearly proved by evidence that the School was intended for the Choristers and for the Demies who came up ignorant of grammar.

“The School is designed by Buckler. It is exactly the same proportions as the old one, and much of the elevation is borrowed from the Founder's School at Waynfleet, Lincoln.”

“Dearest Father,—I called on the venerable Routh the day after he entered his 95th year, *honoris causâ*, and found him full of Macaulay. He thinks that M. is too ‘*onesided a gentleman*’ to hold high rank as a historian. He disproved, from documents in his possession, the

charge against Penn of tampering with Hough, the President of Magdalen Coll.; and showed that Macaulay had suppressed facts relating to James II's interview with the Fellows of Magdalen Coll. in Ch. Ch. hall, by which James's conduct appeared blacker: and also facts relating to Charles I. seizing the four members of the Commons, which would have put that act in a fairer complexion. He has a MS. account of a conversation between James II and the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford with whom he lodged, (Dr. Ironsides of Wadham), which shows that the King viewed all opposition to his Religion as personally insulting to himself.

"It was a very interesting interview with the good old man. He *apologized* at the end for taking up so much of my time."<sup>3</sup>

And now the reader has been presented with portraits of President Routh by several different hands. It is hoped that by this time he has obtained a living acquaintance with the man: can pourtray him to himself. It will be observed that we all independently conspire in exhibiting the same features,—for the most part, in reproducing the self-same expression.

He had been all his life a book collector: watching as vigilantly the productions of the Continental press as the home market. 'I should esteem it a favour' (he wrote to a bookseller in 1801) 'if you could procure either at home or abroad any or all of the undermentioned books, as you mention your extensive foreign correspondence.' And then he specifies twenty-five recent foreign publications, the very titles of which recall a remark of Dr. Bliss that the President's library, though probably one of the most valuable in England, to a superficial observer might have seemed of small account. His habit of reading booksellers' catalogues

<sup>3</sup> From Merton Coll., Sept. 27th, 1850.

enabled him in the course of a long life to form a truly wonderful collection. It consisted of upwards of 16,000 volumes. An analysis of its structure, by the hand of an accomplished friend who has made personal acquaintance with its contents, will be found in the Appendix (A) to the present volume. But in connexion with what has last been offered, the following incident related to me (in 1856) by Dr. Jacobson, to whom it happened, is perhaps sufficiently characteristic to deserve insertion here.

Once, on entering the President's library, he observed three booksellers' catalogues standing on end open before the fire; and was presently asked,—‘Pray, sir, did you ever acquire a habit of reading booksellers' catalogues?’ He answered in the negative, admitting however that he had sometimes been guilty of the act. ‘Then, sir, if you never did acquire the habit, I would advise you to avoid it: for it consumes a great deal of time.’—(The truth is the dear old man used to insert into his books laborious references to booksellers' catalogues;—of which, as I learn from Canon Farrar of Durham, he possessed so vast a collection, annotated often by his own hand, that they fill no less than *thirty yards* of shelves. To this practice of his Peter Elmsley is thought to have playfully alluded when he spoke of the President as *ὄτι* job-ικώτατος). Some time after, being on a visit to his brother-in-law (Sir Francis Palgrave) at Hampstead, Dr. Jacobson devoted the evening to examining a catalogue of Rodd the bookseller's, which had just arrived damp from the printer. Having marked about a dozen small articles which he coveted, behold him early next morning in Newport street, presenting to Rodd his list of *desiderata*. He learns that scarcely half of the lots are any longer for sale. ‘Well, that *is* odd! why, it was only yesterday,’

&c., &c.—Then, after a pause,—‘If it is not an unfair question,—May I ask *who* has been beforehand with me?’ ‘The President of Magdalen, sir, always receives from our printer *early proof-slips of our Catalogues*; and it so happens that, two days ago,’ . . . . . Further explanation was of course needless.

The library of the President of Magdalen,—the product of a long life devoted to sacred Science,—was essentially the library of a ‘learned Divine.’ It had been formed *for use*, and contained every work which one engaged in Patristic research can require. Not a few publications of this class—(as eager students furnished with a slender exchequer know but too well)—are costly, as well as of rare occurrence. The *prix de collection*, (so the French happily phrase it), is especially felt in a library which has been formed as his was. Moreover the habit of collecting was persevered in to the very end. In 1851 (Oct. 4), he told Dr. Ogilvie,—

“I am still buying scarce and estimable books that are offered to me. Amongst others, I lately purchased a MS. History in English of the English Bishops from the first to the year 1670, when the unknown Author discontinued his work. It is a folio volume, written in a fair and legible hand.”—[Again, in 1852 (Jan. 9th)],—

“I have been lately buying more books than usual, *editiones principes*, and other varieties. This would scarcely be rational, if it was on my own account. Yet, I confess, it amuses me. But enough of myself, although I am writing to a friend.”

Moreover, he loved his books,—was acquainted with them, and appreciated them, singly. Though unsolicitous about the external attractiveness of his copies, he was at the pains, whenever he sent any to be lettered, *to design in capitals* the precise formula which he intended

to have impressed on each.<sup>4</sup> The result of so discriminating a taste, supported by a sufficient income, might well prove extraordinary. The monetary value of the President's printed books may be estimated by the fact, that Queens' College offered him for the entire collection, at the time of their receiving the Mason bequest for the increase of their library in 1847, the sum of 10,000*l.* The negotiations which ensued fell through from the single circumstance that Dr. Routh would only part with his books on the condition—(surely not an unreasonable one!)—of being allowed the use of them for the remainder of his life; an arrangement which the terms of the Mason bequest prevented the College from acceding to. By consequence, the Library became alienated from the University of Oxford. In 1852, (March 29th), 'being desirous that it might serve the purpose of promoting the glory of God through the advancement of good learning, and feeling a deep interest in the recently established University of Durham,' the President of Magdalen carried out the intention he had in the meanwhile formed of transferring his library, (so far as the printed books were concerned,) by deed of gift to the warden, masters and scholars of the northern University; and at Durham this inestimable treasure is carefully preserved at the present hour;—a remarkable indication of the freshness of spirit which at the age of ninety-seven could thus reach out with generous sympathy, and something more, to the youngest rival of our ancient Universities. Singular to relate, the deed of

<sup>4</sup> E. g.

VSSERII
OPVSC.
DVO

To be half-bound.

MVSAE
OXON
SVB
OLIVERO

To be half-bound and lettered  
on the side.

gift in question was discovered after the President's death,—“thrown, by accident apparently, into a portfolio of waste papers.”<sup>5</sup> . . . This unique collection of books fills the upper floors of the ancient (xvth century) Exchange buildings of the Prince bishops of Durham.<sup>6</sup>

Bp. Jacobson “mourned much over this transference of the President's library in its entirety to Durham, without allowing the Bodleian first to select from it some fifty or a hundred volumes as *θρέπτρα*.”<sup>7</sup> Every real student of Divinity must share his regret; and some may be aware that a far larger number of volumes would have to be claimed on behalf of Bodley. John Rigaud recalls an occasion when the President remarked in his hearing,—(he had been speaking of books of criticism on the New Testament),—‘I do not say it vauntingly, but there are *there*’ (pointing to a particular part of his library) ‘two hundred books which are not to be found in the Bodleian.’<sup>8</sup>

The reader may be glad of some further details, for which I am indebted to Professor Farrar of Durham:—

“About half of the Library is Theological (Divinity and Ecclesiastical History); the other half, secular,—the larger portion of this latter being connected with English History. In the Theological part, about a fifth (roughly speaking) relates to the Fathers; about a fifth to Dogmatic Theology proper (exclusive of Controversial Theology). The Controversial part is very extensive and almost complete. The most perfect part, a collection probably without parallel, relates to the Romish controversy, and consists especially of works of the xviith

<sup>5</sup> From Dr. Bloxam.

<sup>6</sup> From Canon Farrar.

<sup>7</sup> From Canon Gray,—July 22, 1884.

<sup>8</sup> In some of these is an entry to that effect: *e. g.* in the work “*Antonii Champnaci Angli, Sacrae Facul-*

*tatis Parisiensis Doctoris Sorbonici De Vocatione Ministrorum Tractatus*,—Paris 1618,” Routh has written “*Liber haud extat in catalogo Bibliothecae Bodleianae, de quo videndus Antonius Wood in Athenae Oxon, Tom. 1mo, voce Francis Mason.*”

century. It occupies (being works in 8vo. or 12mo.) no less than about 20 yards of shelves; the other miscellaneous controversial literature only filling about 25 yards.—In the secular part of the Library, it is interesting to observe that there is a small collection of works on Physical Science, on Topography, and on Political Economy; and a fairly large collection of materials for the history of literature. The enormous collection of materials for the history of the English nation has been above named. It should be mentioned that this comprises, besides Pamphlets hereafter described, an antiquarian library of Heraldry, Family and County histories, and the like. It was said to be the intention of Dr. Routh at the time when the first volume of Macaulay's History of England was published, to write a refutation of the statements of the celebrated third Chapter on the social and moral condition of the English Clergy at the Restoration. This portion of Dr. Routh's Library had doubtless furnished to his mind the historical materials of which he would have availed himself, had he executed his design."

The manuscript portion of his library fell into his general estate, and was dispersed in 1855.<sup>9</sup> The most valuable MSS. were purchased by Sir Thomas Phillipps. Two of these were a Cyprian of the xiith (or early in the xiiiith century), "from the Meerman Collection and probably used by Rigaltius, Fell, and Baluzius," which fetched 26*l.*; and an unpublished MS. (xii century) of Florus Magister, diaconus Lugdunensis, [A.D. 837], which sold for 63*l.* This portion of Routh's Library abounded in curiosities,—patristic, theological, antiquarian, historical. Thus, it contained the original autograph of Bishop Beveridge on the XXXIX Articles, from which the Oxford edition was published in 1840.<sup>1</sup> At one time

<sup>9</sup> It was sold by auction by Sotheby in July 1855, at prices lower than was anticipated. The Catalogue consists of 29 octavo pages and

specifies some Arabic and Persian MSS.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 41, note 4.

the President had been possessed of a collection of documentary annals of the Society of Friends, the first volume of the Records of the Oxfordshire Quarterly Meeting of the Quakers, from the establishment of their Society to the year 1746. This volume had long been missing, and till 1828 had been sought in vain. Having ascertained that it was in the possession of the President, two of their body waited on him. The account 'they have given of their interview with Dr. Routh' (so runs the Quaker minute) 'has been very satisfactory. It appears that the gratification he has derived from the perusal of the volume (which from its instructive tendency he considers creditable to the Society) had induced a wish to retain it. Notwithstanding, he obligingly offered to relinquish it, from the respect which he felt for the Society, and a willingness to render complete those records which ought to be in the possession of the meeting. As he wished to transfer it through the medium of some friends appointed by the body, William Albright, Daniel Rutter, and John Huntley are directed to wait on him for that purpose.' In 'grateful acknowledgment of his kind and liberal conduct,' the Quakers presented him with 'a few volumes of our Friends' writings, both ancient and modern,' the names of which follow.

Among Dr. Routh's MSS. were several connected with Genealogy,—a study which he was evidently very fond of. It should be added, (but indeed it is very well known) that he was exceedingly liberal in communicating his books and MSS. to scholars.

The President wanted (or thought he wanted) no assistance in finding his books; and to the last would mount his library-steps in quest of the occupants of the loftier shelves. Very curious he looked, by the way



perched up at that unusual altitude, apparently as engrossed in what he had found as if he had been reclining in his chair. Instead of ringing for Moss, his servant, he would also on occasion help himself to a folio as readily as to a smaller tome. Once (it was in February 1847) a very big book, which he had pulled out unaided, proved 'too many' for him, and grazed his shin. The surgeon (Mr. Lewes Parker, who told me the story) advised him to go to bed at once. 'No thank you, sir' (laughing); 'No thank you! If you once get me into bed, I know you will never get me out again.' 'Then, sir, you must really rest your leg on a chair.' This was promised; and a sofa, unknown before in his rooms, was introduced. Two days after, the doctor reappeared; outstripped Moss, and, coming quickly in, found his patient pushing about the library-steps. 'O sir,' (scarcely able to command his gravity,) 'this will never do. You know you promised'—'Yes, yes, I know, sir' (laughing;) 'a little more, sir, and I should have been in the right position. You see, sir, you came in so quickly!'. . . The injury might have proved dangerous, and it did occasion the President serious inconvenience for a long time. A friend (I think it was Dr. Ogilvie) called to condole. The old man, after describing the accident minutely, added very gravely in a confidential voice, 'A *worthless* volume, sir! a *worthless* volume!' This it evidently was which weighed on his spirits. Had it been Augustine or Chrysostom or Thomas Aquinas,—patience! But to be lamed by a book written by a dunce. . . .

His leg, however, was one of his weak spots: the organs which are most affected by catarrhus colds (to which he had been subject throughout his life, and from which he suffered severely) being another. In consequence, "he would not be five minutes in a room, if he

knew it, with the window open," (writes his nephew), "and he always had a fire. He told me that, as a young man, he never went from the Cloisters to the new buildings after dark without putting on a great coat." As for his leg,—he confided to Dr. Jackson in his old age that "he used to be fond of taking longish walks ;" but that on a certain occasion,—(which Dr. Jackson ascertained to have been when the President was upwards of sixty.)—having walked to Islip on one side of the Cherwell, and returned on the other, when at Marston he heard Magdalen bells begin to strike up for afternoon chapel. Disliking to be absent, he started off 'at a trot,' and arrived only just in time. In chapel he felt something trickling down his leg; and on coming out, found his stocking and shoe saturated with blood, and sent for Tuckwell. He had burst a varicose vein, which always troubled him afterwards. In fact, the consequences of that 'trot' from Marston occasioned him inconvenience to the last.<sup>2</sup> But before that incident, his nephew notes it as remarkable that although he remained for many months within the walls of the College, he would sometimes take a walk of nine miles round Oxford without apparent fatigue.

It was in 1848, when he was ninety-three years of age, that he published a fifth and last volume of his '*Reliquiae*,'—just sixty years after the issuing of the original prospectus of the work. He had already printed, in two Appendices, at the close of his fourth volume, several pieces which do not strictly fall under the same category as the '*Reliquiae*' proper; and had only excluded the Disputation held (A.D. 277) between Archelaus, Bishop of Mesopotamia and the heretic Manes, because of its bulk. (It extends over 200 octavo pages.) The publi-

<sup>2</sup> From Dr. Jackson,—Holywell, Jan. 17, 1878.

cation of this remarkable monument is found to have been part of the President's original design in 1788. On the other hand, the prospectus of 1788 specifies the following names which do not however re-appear in any of the published volumes of the *Reliquiae*:—Sextus,—Ammonius Alexandrinus,—Magnes Hierosolymitanus,—Diodorus,—SS. Anastasia and Chrysogonus. He styles this fifth volume, 'Appendix iii,' into which, besides the 'Disputation' already mentioned (first published in 1698), he introduces two tracts, one by Augustine, the other by an unknown writer, together with the creed of Aquileia. But the most interesting feature unquestionably in this concluding volume is the 'Catena,' with which it concludes. He calls it '*Testimonia de auctoritate S. Scripturae ante-Nicaena*,' and prefixes a 'Monitum,' which may be thus freely rendered:—

'According to some of our recent writers, (followers themselves of a teaching alien to that of our own Communion), the primitive Church did not hold that the Christian Faith is based on Holy Scripture, or that the Scriptures are to be regarded as the Rule of Faith. How entirely the Truth lies the other way may be easily shown by an appeal to ecclesiastical documents of the earliest ages. For the effectual refutation therefore of an opinion which in itself is fraught with perilous consequence, behold, thou hast here a collection of testimonies to the authority of Holy Scripture, gleaned out of the writings of primitive Christendom, and disposed in long and orderly series.'

Accordingly, collected from thirty-one several sources, beginning with St. Peter (2 Pet. iii. 15, 16),—St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv. 37, 38),—St. John (xiv. 26),—Clemens Romanus (c. xlvi.),—and ending with Eusebius,—about seventy-four important quotations follow. The same volume, by the way, supplies (at pp. 251-2,—a cancelled

leaf!) another interesting illustration of the President's favourite and truly Anglican method, namely, an appeal to primitive Antiquity on the subject of the Invocation of Saints. What he delivers on this subject will be found of great interest by the general reader: but English Clergymen should without fail acquaint themselves with the well-weighed sentiments contained in the precious foot-note just now referred to.

Even this, however, was not the President's latest literary effort. It had always been the Academic custom to issue something from the University Press at the installation of a new Chancellor. Accordingly, when the Earl of Derby became Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1853, it seemed to the venerable President of Magdalen a fitting occasion for producing a *strena* (so he phrased it), or auspicious offering; and there were three distinct subjects on which he had thought much, and collected something important, which, carefully edited, he foresaw would constitute an interesting pamphlet. This little work, extending to twenty-five pages, appeared in the beginning of December 1853. He was then in his ninety-ninth year. He called it '*Tres breves Tractatus:*' the first,—'*De primis episcopis;*' the second,—'*S. Petri Alexandrini episcopi fragmenta quaedam;*' the third,—'*S. Irenaei illustrata ῥήσις, in qua ecclesia Romana commemoratur.*' They are introduced by the following brief notice ('Lectori S.'), bearing date 'A.D. 1853. Oxonio ex Collegio Magdal.':—

'Inasmuch as there is perpetual discussion among us at the present day concerning Apostolical Succession, Episcopal Ordination, and the authority of the Church of Rome, I judged that I should be rendering useful service if I produced in a separate shape whatever

remarks on these subjects I had already put forth in the Annotations to my "*Reliquiae Sacrae.*" The object I had in view in thus amplifying and adding to my old materials was to illustrate how these several matters were accounted of in the beginning, in order that thus the Truth might be the more firmly established. Farewell.'

After this, follows the President's note ('*De Episcopis et Presbyteris Adnotata quaedam*') on the Council against Noetus,<sup>3</sup> as enlarged by himself on two subsequent occasions, and now amplified and added to until it attains to more than twice its original bulk. Next come four fragments from the lost work of Peter of Alexandria '*De Paschate*;' and these are followed, thirdly, by a restoration of the original text of a passage of Irenæus, (iii. 3,<sup>4</sup>—it exists only in Latin),—which is minutely discussed, and shown to lend no countenance to those pretensions which writers of the Romish communion have industriously founded upon it. He bestowed on this subject an extraordinary amount of labour, the rather because an Anglican Divine of the highest reputation for learning and orthodoxy (Dr. Wordsworth) had in a recent work<sup>5</sup> failed to fasten the true sense on [the lost original of] the central expression in the phrase,—'*Ad hanc ecclesiam, propter potentiorem principalitatem, necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam; hoc est, eos qui sunt undique fideles.*' The President (and his friend Dr. Ogilvie) were strenuously of opinion that '*recourse to,*' (not '*consent with,*') is the thing here spoken of: '*concursum non consensum,*' as the President neatly puts it. *Resort* was to be had to Rome, by the faithful

<sup>3</sup> '*Reliqq.*,' iv. 247. See pp. 526, and v. 369.

Massuet's ed.:—p. 428, ed Stieren.

<sup>5</sup> *Hippolytus and the Church of*

<sup>4</sup> It may be seen at pp. 175-6 of

*Rome, &c.* (1853),—pp. 195-204.

who lived round about, "in order to learn the tradition which had been there preserved uninterruptedly from the Apostles' time; although *not there alone*," (as Ogilvie justly points out,) "for Irenæus alleges afterwards, in the same chapter, the examples of both Smyrna and Ephesus." <sup>6</sup>

Such then was the last literary effort of "the learned Divine," of whom I have been solicitous that coming generations should both cherish the memory and be able to reproduce the image. It was, (as I have said,) designed as a "festal present" to the new Chancellor of the University,—who found in the copy which was sent for his acceptance a highly characteristic inscription. The author described himself as,—*‘Collegii Magdalenensis Praeses, possessorum priorum coheres, etsi olim suis sedibus spretâ Chartâ Magnâ expulsorum, tamen postliminio redeuntium.’* The learned Chancellor returned the compliment by addressing to the old President a copy of Greek verses; playfully assuring him that it was not without dire self-distrust:—

"I have something of the feeling [with] which in years earlier still I used to take up a copy of verses to my tutor; and I also hope that no flagrant blunders will bring the Chancellor of the University into disgrace in the eyes of its most venerable member." <sup>7</sup>

There resulted from this little publication what must have been Routh's latest literary annoyance. Dindorf had recently produced a new edition of the *‘Paschal Chronicle,’*—on the very threshold of which lie the four fragments of Peter of Alexandria already referred to. His revised text had perforce, in turn, undergone critical revision at the hands of the President: and an

<sup>6</sup> Ross,—July 18, 1853.

<sup>7</sup> From S. Leonard's,—June 25, 1853.

interview with the German was the consequence,—the unsatisfactory nature of which might have been confidently predicted. But we are not left to conjecture. The courteous old man wrote as follows to Dr. Bliss, who was entirely devoted to him, and with whom he was on the most confidential terms :—

“Professor Dindorf honoured me with a call; but in consequence of my deafness, and his broken English, his visit was not long. I made him a present of my short Tracts, for one of which he furnished the Text,—which text I have endeavoured to amend. Perhaps I have offended him,—which was far from my intention. I shall be glad to see you.”

A few days after, the President recurred to this interview (Sept. 16th, 1854.) in a letter to Dr. Ogilvie :—

“On Tuesday, my nephew and Dr. Bliss are coming to Oxford to keep my birthday . . . After scrawling short answers to my daily received epistles, I am still able in a morning to peep into books. I have lately been looking at the authors whose text required most emendation, and have left behind me my second thoughts. I have had Dindorf, a German scholar, calling on me, who seemed rather angry at my attempt to correct his evidently faulty text.”

I would fain proceed with what seems to be a very interesting letter: but,—strange as it may sound,—it is impossible to decipher what comes next. Presently, one is able to grope one’s way :—

“I have had a letter from my good friend Duncan at Bath, who is unable to move thence, as he till lately intended. I have reason to think that the Preface to the reign of James II has given great offence.—I lately purchased a MS. of a published work of Marcus Antonius De Dominis, Abp. of Spalatro, but containing at the end of it a long inedited letter to him by Morton, Bishop of Durham.—Dr. Jacobson has lately printed an edition of Bishop Sanderson’s works, and inserted six sermons

preached by the Bishop at Carfax, from a MS. which I lent him.—I have lately recovered a document which proves the villainous conduct of the Earl of Sunderland more directly than has hitherto been done.—October will soon be here, when I hope to see you again, for altho' not stronger, yet I am in a better habit of body than some time since. GOD bless you and yours !”

There is in all this—what need to say it?—none of the decrepitude of ninety-nine. Yet was it remarked by many how freely during the last year or two of his life the President alluded to his own end ; speaking of his approaching departure as one might speak of a journey which had long been in contemplation, and which must needs be undertaken very soon. “ I sometimes think of the possibility of retiring to Tylehurst for the short remainder of my life,”—he wrote to Dr. Ogilvie at the end of August 1854 : as if fully sensible that there was now indeed but a step between himself and death. Among his papers,—(but there is reason for believing that what follows belongs to an earlier date),—were found several rough drafts of his own intended epitaph, which may perhaps be thus exhibited :—

‘ O all ye who come here, in your Christian and charitable hope, wish peace and felicity, and a consummation thereof afterwards, to the soul of Martin Joseph Routh, the last Rector of the undivided parish of Tylehurst, and brother of the pious Foundress of this Church. He departed this life \_\_\_\_\_, aged \_\_\_\_\_ ; dying, as he had lived, attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all Papal and Sectarian innovations.’

But it should be stated that the writer had evidently found it impossible to satisfy himself with the opening sentence. At first he wrote,—‘ Of your charity and trust to GOD’s mercy, wish peace and increase of bliss at



CHRIST'S coming : ' and though he ran his pen through *those words*, he was loath to part with *that sentiment*. ' Of your Charity which hopeth the best, wish peace and final felicity,' presented itself as an alternative. Then, ' *Of your charity* ' began to sound questionable. ' *In your Christian charity* ' seemed better ; but this had given way to ' *charitable hope*,' when the pious writer seems to have been reminded of the impossibility of elaborating a sentence by processes like these. There perhaps never existed a scholar who found it more difficult to satisfy himself than Dr. Routh. A third and a fourth draft of the above inscription has been discovered. In one of these is found that he " lies buried in the adjoining crypt, with his wife, Eliza Agnes Blagrove of Calcot, whom the LORD grant to find mercy from the LORD in that day."

The fastidiousness of his taste in such matters was altogether extraordinary. But in fact it extended to everything he wrote for publication. It was as if he could *never* satisfy himself. Addressing his friend Ogilvie,—

" I send you " (he says) " the last corrected sheet. I should be glad to have your opinion whether the comma after '*veri*' (in the words I have added at the end) had not better be removed. Your answer would oblige me, sent at any time before one o'clock." <sup>8</sup>

It should be added that his inscriptions (and he wrote many) are for the most part singularly original and felicitous. Room has already been found for a few of them : several others will be found collected in the Appendix (B).

But a document of more importance than the President's epitaph remained incomplete until the end came.

<sup>8</sup> Nov. 1, 1853.

He had postponed to the last month of the last year of his life the business of making his will ; and inasmuch as the draft (prepared from instructions furnished a few days previous), was only sent by the lawyer to Dr. Ogilvie for the President's signature on the 20th,—that is to say, *two days before his death*, his will was perforce never signed at all. Its effect would have been to divert from the family a large part of his property to charitable institutions. The President was heard repeatedly inquiring for 'pen and ink' when it was all too late. . . . Such an incident seems more impressive than any homily. It is believed that at a much earlier period Dr. Routh had made a will, which he subsequently cancelled.

"The last time he attended in his stall at Chapel at the consecration of the Eucharist,"—(writes one of his Fellows, and as faithful a friend of the aged President as ever lived,—Dr. Bloxam.) "knowing that he could not come up to the altar, I took the elements down to him. Seeing me approach, he tottered down the steps from his seat, and knelt on the bare floor of the Chapel below, to receive the consecrated bread and wine,—'out of reverence' as he told me. It was no common sight to see the old man kneeling on the floor. I shall never forget it."

I have reserved till now some account of a friendship which, more than any other, was the solace of the latest years of the venerable President's life. The strictest intimacy subsisted between himself and Dr. Ogilvie (Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church),—a gentleman whose friendship I was so fortunate as to enjoy, and to whose sound scholarship, admirable Theological learning, and exceeding personal worth, it is pleasant to be able to bear hearty testimony. I have

been shown a large collection of letters (most of them short notes) which the President addressed to Dr. Ogilvie between the years 1847 and 1854. It is a strange thing to have to say, but it is idle to withhold the avowal,—viz. that they are, for the most part, *illegible*. Even where one succeeds in making out one or two connected sentences, there is commonly a word or two about which one feels doubtful to the last. Subjoined is a striking illustration of the inconvenience complained of. The letter which follows was addressed by the President (in his 97th year) to the Rev. John Oxlee,—author of “*Three Sermons preached at three different times, on the Power, Origin, and Succession of the Christian Hierarchy, and especially that of the Church of England*”<sup>9</sup> (1816–21),—a very remarkable performance. The learned and faithful writer was one of the many pioneers (overlooked by an impatient generation) who, up and down throughout the country, for 40 or 50 years had been preparing the way for the revival which it is customary to date from 1833. But now for the letter:—

“Magdalen College, Oxford, July 23, 1852.

“Reverend Sir,—In the course of this year I saw in the Oxford Herald, as it is called, an advertisement of your [work] on Apostolic Succession, which I sent for and read with great satisfaction, particularly that part of it which . . . . . that Jewish Presbytery and not the Hierarchy . . . . . the Christian Church. But I am surprised to find on looking at the title page, that it was not recently published by you, as the date was some years earlier.

“I hope GOD grants you the comfort of proceeding in your learned researches for the benefit of His Church. I am, Reverend Sir, with great esteem,

“Your faithful Servant,

“M. J. ROUTH.”

<sup>9</sup> York, 8vo. 1821,—pp. 94, 116 and 108.

The four or five words above omitted have defied the skill of many an expert:<sup>1</sup> but *the thing intended by the writer* is plain. The second of Oxlee's three Sermons (which is to prove "that the Christian Priesthood is a perfect Hierarchy, emanating immediately from GOD Himself,") argues "that the primitive regimen of the Church must have been a close imitation of the Jewish presbyteral bench": and seeks to establish "that the government instituted in the Church by the Apostles was a mere transcript of the Jewish presbyterate."<sup>2</sup>—No apology can be requisite for these details. Apart from the interest and importance of the subject, the proof of Routh's mental activity to the very last, and the eagerness of his disposition on a point of sacred science, fully warrants the foregoing brief episode.

It was of his confidential letters to Dr. Ogilvie that I was speaking,—a few of them sealed with his favourite impress,—IXΘYC. Trivial as most of such letters perforce must be, they rise at times to the highest standard of interest. Truly characteristic of the man is an incident which belongs to the very close of the President's life; and which, on more than one account, deserves to be recorded. It relates to the great mystery of the Sacrament of CHRIST'S Body and Blood. But I must first explain that three years before (*viz.* in 1851) Dr. Routh had held many a colloquy with Dr. Ogilvie on this subject; in consequence of which he repeatedly formulated in writing the result of his own frequent and prolonged meditations. On Feb. 16th, 1851, he writes,—

"I am reading every day a portion of Holy Scripture, and noting what makes me hesitate about its meaning.

<sup>1</sup> 'Concerns'? 'sums up'? 'secures'? :—'was constituted in'?

<sup>2</sup> Title-page, and pp. 18 and 24.

I am now able to do little besides. I told you, I believe, that I [have] been considering what was said in Scripture respecting the Sacrament of the LORD'S Supper, without any reference to succeeding writings. In confidence, I will submit to your consideration the following brief result of my humble inspection of S. John's vith chapter; the account of the other Evangelists of the institution; and of S. Paul in 1 Cor. xi and Heb. [ix], xiii:—

“Take this Bread, representing the Bread which came down from Heaven, and the Body which was crucified and broken for thee. Feed on that life-giving Sacrifice, by faithfully believing in, and thankfully remembering, the LORD'S death.”<sup>3</sup>

Later in the same year, on a fragment of paper, (the contents of which may be gathered from what will be found printed at foot),<sup>4</sup> Ogilvie has written,—

“N.B. This Paper was put into my hands by my revered friend, the President of Magdalen, in the evening of July 29th, 1851, after I had dined with him. It relates to the subject of several conversations which we had previously held; and is intended briefly to express the result of his meditations on the Holy Eucharist and the participation of CHRIST therein:—meditations, to which he had been led by views lately put forth in some

<sup>3</sup> These last words (‘Take . . . death’) I transcribe from the writer's corrected formula, wrapped round the letter.

<sup>4</sup> Feb. 16th, (and July 29, 1851, except where indicated within square brackets):—Take this [+ blessed (*Apr. 27*)] Bread [+ rightfully thine (*Apr. 27*)], representing the Bread which came down from Heaven, and the Body [+ which was (*Apr. 27*)] crucified and [—crucified and (*Apr. 27: July 29*)] broken for thee. Feed on, by thy believing, this Sacrifice for the acquisition of everlasting life, in thankful remembrance of CHRIST'S dying for thee. [*or Feed on that life-giving Sacrifice by faith-*

fully believing in, and thankfully remembering, the LORD'S death. (*uncertain date*) . . . *or Eat of that Sacrifice by thy faith in it, and thankful remembrance of CHRIST, for the acquirement of life eternal, and union with Him (Apr. 27). . . or Eat of that one Sacrifice for Sin by faithfully believing and thankfully remembering it, for the attainment of indwelling holiness and everlasting life (July 29) . . . or Feed by thy faith, and by thy thankful remembrance, on that one Sacrifice for Sin; that CHRIST may dwell in thee, and thou mayest have everlasting life (Dec. 17).*]

quarters; but according to his sound judgment and well-ordered affections, utterly irreconcilable with Holy Scripture and the sentence of Antiquity. C. A. O.”

But on the 5th June 1854, (when he was within a few months of his departure), he wrote as follows and gave the paper to the same friend, with the remark that *this* statement of his belief was the one on which his mind at last rested:—

“The Bread broken and the Wine poured out, symbols in the Eucharist of the Body and Blood of CHRIST, impart to the recipient, through his faith in the Sacrifice on the Cross, [*or* in CHRIST’S Passion for him], life spiritual,—the abidance of himself in CHRIST, and of CHRIST in him. Our SAVIOUR, interpreting His own words, saith that they are Spirit and Life: [*or* explaining His precept of eating His flesh and drinking His blood, saith that His words are ‘Spirit and Life.’”]

President Routh’s desire to give deliberate expression to his own settled convictions on this great subject is observed to have become intensified as he drew nearer to his end. Once and again did he preface his paraphrase with such words as these,—“On account of the existing differences about the Eucharist, the following is with all humility offered as a strictly Scriptural exposition of the doctrine.”

Quite in harmony with what goes before is the record which survives of what had been the President’s Easter meditations on the latest Easter of his life. “Soon after my return to Oxford after Easter 1854,” (writes Dr. Ogilvie), “my revered friend put into my hands a paper of which the following is a copy,—the result of his Easter meditations and reflections” :—

“In our own and other Liturgies, on Easter Eve and Easter Day, the occurrences of each day are related on

the same day. This has occasioned the omission of an additional proof of the truth of the Resurrection from the publicly recited relation of the event on Easter-Day.

“It is related (in the Gospel for Easter Day) that two Disciples of CHRIST, Peter and John, ‘went into the Sepulchre and saw the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself;—and’ [of the latter, it is said that he] ‘saw and believed’—that He was risen from the dead.

“The Jewish story of the body being taken away, while the Roman guard, known by all to be placed at the Sepulchre, were asleep, is thus refuted; for no persons would spend their time in a leisurely disposal of the investments, after having taken them from the body, whilst they were in danger of perishing, if the soldiers should awake. But the time which it would take to divest is much increased by what is recorded in the verses of the sixth Chapter of S. John’s Gospel, immediately preceding the verses of the xxth chapter that form the Gospel of Easter Day; and therefore not read to the congregations of our churches, on that Festival:

“‘Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight,—and they wound the Body of JESUS in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.’

“A long process would have been necessary to effect the divestment of a body thus bound in swathes and with ointments.

“It is to be regretted that, in consequence of what has been before mentioned, this additional proof is omitted.”

*Who* can read such remarks on S. John xix. 38–42, without a secret aspiration—O that *so* occupied I may pass the last Easter of my own earthly pilgrimage?

The President’s latest literary annoyance has been described above. Infinitely more serious was the sorrow of heart which the Universities’ Commission of 1854

occasioned him. On the 3rd of Aug. he complained to Dr. Ogilvie,—

“I have no one, either niece or nephew, with me. I have no friend to write my thoughts to, on the all interesting state of affairs, but yourself. Can you account for the desertion of the Bishops from the protection of the Church and University?”

The Commission fell—(as well it might)—like a dark shadow over the close of his long life; the harbinger of worse things to come,—viz. the Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, and the Dechristianizing of the University at the end of six-and-twenty years. I forbear to enlarge on this subject, or even to insert the protest of the President of Magdalen,<sup>5</sup> on the occasion of forwarding to the Commissioners, as demanded, a copy of the Statutes of his College. The reader will scarcely require from me the suggestion that it was as if with Dr. Routh the old order of things departed from the University, and the irreligious Revolution began of which it is to be feared that we have not yet seen the bitter end. But, in all this, as I have said, and as the reader sees, the President's chief earthly consolation was derived from sympathetic intercourse with his friend, Dr. Ogilvie. What need to say that his one great resource was the same which has been the stay of God's Saints in every age?

“I wish” (he says) “I was saying my prayers at Tylehurst before I go hence. But a notion that I may be in some way serviceable in the crisis that is approaching, keeps me here.”<sup>6</sup>

Let me not however end the story of such a life, with words of evil omen. “In the autumn of 1853,”<sup>7</sup> (relates

<sup>5</sup> Having delivered my own sentiments on this sad subject very plainly in another place, I pass it by here. The reader is referred to

a paper in the Appendix (E).

<sup>6</sup> June 30th, 1853.

<sup>7</sup> The President furnishes the approximate date of this visit; an-



Bishop Hobhouse,) "when I was going with the S. P. G. Deputation to attend the triennial Convention of the U. S. Church in New York, the President sent by my hand, as a present to the Presiding Bishop, the Tractate which he had just republished from the '*Reliquiae*.' He added a message,—(which however I did not deliver)—as an apology for his presumption."<sup>8</sup>

The keepsake I carried was "an evidence" (says Hobhouse) "of the deep interest which he had felt for the Church of the U. S. ever since 1783:" in which year, (as already stated),<sup>9</sup> Dr. Seabury came to England as Bishop-elect of Connecticut to seek Consecration, and was by Routh persuaded to go for that purpose to Scotland. On Hobhouse's return from America the old man immediately sent for him, and required an account of his mission. He "inquired with keenest interest of the proceedings of Convention,"—"repeated the main facts above stated,—and expressed his joy at hearing that the infant over whose birth he had watched, had grown to be so prolific a mother." "His interest in the whole business was surprisingly lively." "At the end of this amazing span of years, he finds himself transmitting a message to the President of 40 Bishops." . . . This incident (which belongs to the last days of 1853) must have brightened, like sunshine, the latest year of President Routh's protracted life.

His earthly span was brought to a close on the evening of Friday, December 22nd, 1854. For several days

nouncing to Dr. Ogilvie (Aug. 5th, 1853),—"Mr. Hobhouse is going to the great triennial meeting of the American Episcopal Church at New York."

<sup>8</sup> Letter to myself, — *Lichfield*, Nov. 28th, 1878. The next ensuing

paragraph is contemporaneously written (by Bp. Hobhouse) inside the cover of the copy of Routh's pamphlet which the author gave him on his return from America.

<sup>9</sup> See back, pp. 29-35.

he had been fully conscious that his end was approaching: and on the previous Sunday, though ill and weak, had left orders that the Provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins) should be admitted if he called; explaining that he had done so, 'Because I thought perhaps I might never see you again.' He was singularly talkative on that day (Sunday): but "a change was observed in him. Still, he had his usual party at dinner; and though he did not join his guests at table, he saw them at tea. He was more sleepy than usual then. The next day he was worse; but on Tuesday he revived so much that Bloxam lost all immediate apprehension, and the President himself said,—'I think I shall be a little longer with you, sir.'"<sup>1</sup> He requested Bloxam, who had called by the President's request, to guide his hand in signing a cheque for some charitable purpose, and to convey it to Dr. Macbride.—"He spoke" (writes Dr. Hawkins) "with animation and cheerfulness, sometimes with more than his usual felicity of expression. 'Richard Heber' (he said), 'collected more books than any other person; he had four libraries, one at his own place, Hodnet, another at Paris, another at Brussels, another at Amsterdam. His library at Hodnet sold for 53,000*l.*; and his Paris library was very good. I have the catalogue, sir, in my room. "Mr. Heber," said Porson to him, with his usual caustic humour, "you have collected a great many books: pray when do you mean to begin to read them?" But the present Dean of Christ Church, sir, a great authority, told me that he never asked Mr. Heber about a book without finding him well acquainted with it.' Thus, even in respect of a trifling matter, the speaker's nature became apparent." The Provost of Oriel (from whom I am quoting) remarks on what goes before,—

<sup>1</sup> Mozley's *Letters*, (Dec. 23, 1854),—p. 225.

“Though he enjoyed a joke, he was supremely anxious that whatever he said should be true. The very accuracy and retentiveness of his memory had probably been assisted by this constant anxiety for *Truth*. And in his later years, when it was not quite so ready and alert as formerly, it was curious to observe the working of his mind, intent to gather up again any fading recollections, and not permitting you to assist him, but recalling his thoughts, and regaining any lost clue himself.

“For some time past,” proceeds Dr. Hawkins, “he had rather lain on his chair than sat upon it; and on this occasion, in order to support himself, he grasped one arm of the chair with his right hand,—with his left, stretched over the other arm, touching or clasping mine. He said emphatically that he was ‘ready.’ On my observing that a very long life had been assigned him with very little illness and many sources of happiness,—‘Yes,’ he said, he was deeply grateful. ‘Sir, I believe everything is ordered for the best. Do not you believe that, sir?’”

Later in the day, (Tuesday, 19th Dec.), Dr. Cotton (Provost of Worcester) visited him: ‘You are come, sir,’ said the President, ‘to one that is going.’ He conversed cheerfully with Dr. Acland next morning (Wednesday): regretted that the new Museum was to be placed in the Parks; and remarked,—‘We are said to have the air in the Parks from the Highlands of Scotland. I do not know whether this is correct, sir; I think the hills in Westmoreland must intervene: but I have not inquired into the fact.’ To Dr. Jackson, his physician, (who for ten days had been unavoidably away from Oxford, and in whose absence Dr. Acland had attended the President,)—‘I will do what you desire, sir; take anything you please; but I know that it is useless. I shall go to-morrow.’ He went to his bed reluctantly on that same

night,—Wednesday, December 20th: went, for the last time. He was in a state of great prostration.

He used to sleep in the 'Founder's Chamber,'—('King Charles's room,' as he himself called it,)—the ancient apartment over the College gateway, in which no less than seven royal personages have been entertained; an old banqueting-room therefore. Dr. Jackson, paying an early visit on the morrow, which was Thursday, was informed by his patient, that "it was the first time that a *physician* had ever seen him in bed. He had been seen by a *surgeon*," (instancing Tuckwell,) "on more than one occasion." Jackson visited him a second, and a third time. On Friday (22nd December) he was clearly sinking; but at 2.30 p.m. spoke a little, and was quite sensible. He expressed a wish to see Dr. Ogilvie,—who, as he knew, had his unsigned will in his keeping,—'to-morrow;' a to-morrow he was destined never to know. It was plain to Dr. Jackson that the time for transacting business of any kind was past. 'The President' (he wrote to Dr. Bliss) 'is as ill as he can be to be alive.'

In the evening, when Esther Druce, his faithful old servant, was standing at the foot of his bed,—'Now, Esther, I seem better.' He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. She heard him repeat the LORD'S Prayer softly to himself.<sup>2</sup> Presently she proposed to give him some port wine, as the doctor had recommended. He drank it; feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and remarked that he had been 'a great deal of trouble;' adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. 'Let me make you a little more comfortable,' said the poor woman, intending to change the dressing. 'Don't trouble

<sup>2</sup> I obtained all these particulars from *her*. The truthful simplicity of her narrative was very striking.

yourself,' he replied. Those were the last words he spoke. It was near upon half-past seven in the evening. Folding his arms across his breast he became silent. It was his *Nunc dimittis*. He heaved two short sighs and all was over. . . . 'I have just seen him,' wrote Dr. Jackson. 'He lay perfectly placid, with his arms crossed just one over the other, as if asleep. May my end be like his, at a much less advanced age!'

"The representatives of my dear uncle," (wrote his nephew<sup>3</sup> on the 24th) "have decided that he shall be buried within the walls of the College.

"This decision has been come to in consequence of a *strong* and *unanimous* wish expressed by the members of the College that his remains should not be taken from them. I confess, after reading the very precise manner in which he has given directions [for his burial at Theale], I could hardly bring myself to consent to their non-fulfilment; but my Aunt concurring with the view taken by his other friends, that if he had known the grief it would occasion them to lose the last relics of their beloved and venerated Head, he would,—(as he has uniformly done on other occasions in matters relating to himself,—[the taking his portrait for instance<sup>4</sup>]),—have sacrificed his own feelings to the general wish of the [Society over which he presided],—I have at length acceded to their views."

In the beautiful chapel of the College of which he had been President for 63 years, Dr. Routh was accordingly buried (Dec. 29th, 1854) on the Friday after his decease; being followed to the grave by a vast concourse of persons, including the principal members of the University, the fellows and demies of his own college, and a troop of friends. The funeral *cortége* filled two sides of the cloisters. 'It was the most touching and impressive

<sup>3</sup> To Dr. Ogilvie. The words in square brackets are from a duplicate of the letter addressed to Dr. Bliss.

<sup>4</sup> Concerning portraits of the President, see Bloxam's *Demies*, iv. 31-4.

scene, I think, that I ever witnessed,' wrote one of the fellows a few days after. But the weather was intensely cold,—the wind blowing strong and bitter from the north-east, as Bodley's librarian (H. O. Coxe) remarked in a letter to a friend. Not a note of the organ was heard; the whole body of the choir chanting the Psalms without music. The open grave was immediately in front of the altar; and on the coffin was recorded the rare circumstance that its occupant was *in his hundredth year*.<sup>5</sup>

"I remember when our President died,"—(I am quoting the words of the most thoughtful member of the Society over which Dr. Routh presided,<sup>6</sup>)—"making the observation to myself that one is more surprised at the death of old persons than at the death of young ones. I mean that, though the laws of nature prepare one for it, when it actually takes place it is more of a downfall, and what one may call a crash, than the younger death is. There is so much more fabric to fall down.

"The old man does, by his very length of life, root himself in us; so that the longer he lives, the longer, we think, he must live; and when he dies it is a kind of violence to us.

"I do not know whether you at all recognise this aspect of the departure of a long life,"—(proceeds the same writer, addressing the same friend,)—"or whether you partake of the impression. I recollect I had it very strongly when the whole College, with all its train of past generations that survived, followed the old President to the grave. The majestic music and solemn wailings of the choir seemed to mourn over some great edifice that had fallen, and left a vast void, which looked quite strange and unaccountable to one."

There is no reason why this narrative should be further prolonged. If I have not already succeeded

<sup>5</sup> Anyone desiring a particular description of the President's funeral is referred to Bloxam's *Register*,

(The Demies.)—iv. 26-31.

<sup>6</sup> Mozley's *Letters*,—(Jan. 31, 1873): p. 300-1.

in setting before the reader a living image of the man whose name stands written above these pages,—by nothing which can now be added shall I effect the object with which I originally took up my pen. Martin Joseph Routh belonged to a class of Scholars and Divines of which specimens seem likely to become more and more rare in England as the ages roll out : but the example which he has left behind him of reverence for catholic Antiquity and inflexible attachment to the Church of his Baptism,—above all, of an ardent faith, and an absolute prostration of the intellect before the revelations of GOD'S written Word ;—*this* is for every succeeding generation.

As a literary man, he lays no claim to originality of genius, or power of imagination. His marvellous memory (so accurate and so comprehensive), his quick perception, his tenacity of purpose, his indomitable industry and calm judgment,—these stood to him in the place of genius. But here again he invariably proposed to himself a far loftier standard of critical excellence than he was capable of attaining : while yet he resolutely strove to attain it. He was a truly remarkable instance of self-culture. Humour he had, and a certain genialness of nature which greatly endeared him to those with whom he had to do. Above all he had an unfailing courteousness of mind and of manner,—courtesy based on charity,—which became in him *a power*, and prevailed. His knowledge of human nature was great, and he was skilful in dealing with men. Apt was he to form a kindly estimate of every body. Firm as a Governor, on matters of principle he was inflexible : but his administration of discipline was weakened by the tenderness of his disposition. Though of a somewhat choleric temper, his fit of passion was

soon over and there was ever a ready apology at hand. He was of a truly kind and affectionate nature. 'Given to hospitality' too he was, but wholly without ostentation. His repasts, when he entertained, were even severely simple. It should be added that in his private charities, he was prompt and munificent. As his sister's steward, he gave away very large sums to Church institutions. The deep unobtrusive piety of his spirit,—the religious calmness of his habitual temperament,—caused him to be greatly revered by those who knew him best. He was observed to fast—*from dainties*. His reverence for Antiquity was great: for Authority, far greater. He would not however have been a Non-juror. (He said so.) The abuses in Church and State of his early days, he thoroughly abhorred. He was by no means the blind *laudator temporis acti*. On the contrary. He took a hopeful view of the issue of all the movements of mind around him. He was so heartily Anglican, because *he knew*—to an extent not attainable by most men—that the English Reformation was achieved on the primitive lines, and was the nearest return to primitive Catholicity possible. It was the supreme desire of his soul to be remembered as one who "died, as he had lived, attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all Papal and Sectarian innovation." His calm delight in the Gospel: his adoring admiration of its perfections: the childlike spirit in which he sustained his soul by feeding upon its very letter to the last hour of his life:—these are a legacy for all time. And

"There are no colours in the fairest sky

So fair as these!"

One cannot, as it seems, too greatly admire the in-



domitable energy of character,—the consciousness of high and holy purpose,—which, at a period when Churchmanship was at its lowest ebb, (the last quarter of the 18th century, I mean,)—could deliberately gird itself up for such an undertaking as that which the President commenced in 1788,<sup>7</sup> as well as faithfully prosecuted throughout all the ensuing years of his life. Among his contemporaries he was unapproached for Patristic learning. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the great Bishop of Lincoln [1869–85], might reasonably experience gratification when, after reading his work on Hippolytus, the President, in his 98th year, sent him word<sup>8</sup> that he found it “the production of a writer better acquainted with primitive Antiquity than any man I supposed to exist among us.”

Then further,—The generous sympathy with which in his extreme old age he reached out hopefully to a new institution like the young Church University of Durham:—his affability to strangers, and the unwearied kindness he was prepared to lavish on such as loved sacred Science, but knew next to nothing about it:—above all, the affectionate cordiality which subsisted between himself and the Fellows of his College;—these are features of character which will endear his memory to not a few who shall come after him. And yet this was not nearly all. To the very last he was a faithful and true man,—with nothing of the timidity of age, though the experience of a long life had taught him caution. He was one of those who signed the petition to the King against the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity (Feb. 11, 1836). A fortnight later (29 Feb.), a Requisition having been addressed to the Hebdomadal Board that

<sup>7</sup> See back, pp. 38–40.

<sup>8</sup> July 30, 1853.

Hampden's Works should be brought before the Convocation of the University, the Heads divided,—20 against, and 4 for it. The minority consisted of *Routh*, Gaisford, Gilbert, and Jenkyns. He was a fearless Confessor. Had his lot fallen in times of cruel persecution, he would have been prepared to die a Martyr's death.

No worthy pictorial representation of President Routh exists,—a circumstance which is much to be regretted: for *his* was a face and a form which really did deserve commemoration by the hand of a consummate artist. His eyes beamed with intelligence: his features bore the impress of character. A general impression of his appearance is all that can now be derived from a survey of the efforts of Thompson, Pickersgill, Hartmann. The attempt to pourtray him should have been made fifty, forty, at least thirty years sooner; and then by a first-rate hand. Concerning his portraits, see above, p. 107.

There appeared in the University on the occasion of the venerable President's departure 'A CENTURY OF VERSES,'—which, it is hoped, may without impropriety be reproduced here. They are the work of one who knew him only slightly, but who revered him greatly, and to whom he had been exceedingly kind:—one on whom the stroke of domestic affliction had recently fallen heavily; and who, on returning to Oxford after the Christmas Vacation, sadly bent his steps in the direction of the President's lodgings. To go back to his own College, and write such 'a Century of Verses' as the following, was a kind of instinct of nature:—

"Grief upon grief! it seems as if each day  
Came laden with a freight of heavy news  
From East or West. My letters, fringed with black,

Bring me but sighs : and when the heart is full  
One drop will made the bitter cup o'erflow.

Grave, reverend sir ! I scarcely knew how dear  
I held thy mem'ry, till I stood before  
Thy darkened gate, and learnt thy message kind,—  
'When next he calls, he must be made come in.'  
Alas, 'twas now a message from the grave !  
There was no voice nor motion : calm the scene  
Around me, as the mem'ry of the blest.  
For still, the quiet precinct of thy home  
Seemed like some little favoured nook apart,  
Where no rough wind might enter, no harsh sound  
Make itself heard, nor chance nor change intrude.  
Waynflete's time-honoured gateway, decked about  
With kneeling Saints, and shielded from rude hands  
By the low fence which girds thy modest lawn,  
O'erhung me like a blessing ; and a few  
Faint flowers were lingering near me ; and no sound  
Broke the sweet silence, save a bird that trill'd  
Farewell to Summer from a wintry thorn.

Would I had seen thy honoured face once more !  
So loath was I to weary thee ; to tax  
Thy reverend courtesy ; and add the weight  
Even of a feather to thy pile of years,  
That still I keep aloof from one whose words  
Were ever words of kindness ; whose discourse  
Was pleasant to me as a skilful song  
Which haunts the heart and brain, and will not die.  
How could it fail be so ? for *who* like thee  
To talk of ancient times, and ancient men,  
And render back their image ? *who* like thee  
For sacred lore ? Thy speech recalled the days  
When Truth was deemed eternal : when men's eyes

Were taught to hail the everlasting hills  
 As beacons of their journey; and their hearts,  
 Not tossed as now on wretched waves of doubt,  
 Were anchored fast to that eternal shore  
 Where thou didst make, and now hast found, thine home.

And there already,—(for not mine the creed,  
 O no, not mine the cold unlovely creed  
 Which dreams of treasures lost when good men die,)—  
 Already, doubtless, on that starlit strand  
 Hast thou been welcomed with glad words, as when  
 Some voyaging barque, long time detained at sea,  
 Looms in the offing, and a thousand hearts  
 Flock to the beach, impatient for their joy.  
 There, as I think, thou wilt behold the eyes  
 And hear the voices of those ancient Saints  
 Whose few yet precious pages, once the sport  
 Of gusty winds, became thy pious care:  
 The Sardinian Melito,—Polycrates,—  
 Papias the Phrygian,—Pinytus of Crete,—  
 Julius,—and Hegesippus,—and the rest;  
 Who lived before those Seven, to whom St. John  
 Spake words of warning, gave their souls to GOD.

Calm life, that labouring in forgotten fields  
 Didst hive the sweets of each! calm happy life  
 Of learned leisure and long studious days,  
 Spent in a curious Paradise of Books;  
 How wert thou spared to witness to the sons  
 The manners and the wisdom of their sires!  
 Resembling more some marvel of the past  
 Than aught of modern fashion. Let me long  
 Cherish thy precious mem'ry! long retain  
 The image of thy venerable form  
 Stooping beneath its century of years,  
 And wrapped in solemn academic robes,

Cassock, and scarf, and buckles, bands and wig,  
 And such a face as none beheld before  
 Save in an ancient frame on College walls,  
 And heard of as 'the portrait of a grave  
 And learn'd Divine who flourished years ago.'

Yet would thy sunken eye shine bright as day  
 If haply some one touched thy favourite theme,—  
 The martyred Monarch's fortunes and his times :  
 Yet brighter, if the mem'ries of thy youth  
 Were quickened into sudden life: but most  
 'Twas joy to hear thy solemn voice descant  
 Of Fathers, Councils, and the page Divine:  
 For then thy words were precious and well weighed,  
 Oracular with wisdom. Or if men  
 And manners were thy theme,—scholars and wits,  
 The heroes of past years,—how rich thy vein!  
 Thy speech how courteous, classical, and kind!  
 Each story new because so wondrous old:  
 And each particular exactly given,  
 The name, the place, the author, yea the page,—  
 Nought was forgotten. 'But I tire you, sir,'  
 (So would he say:) 'I fear I tire you, sir?  
 'An old man, sir!'—while one's heart danced for joy.

He sleeps before the altar, where the shade  
 He loved will guard his slumbers night and day;  
 And tuneful voices o'er him, like a dirge,  
 Will float for everlasting. Fitting close  
 For such a life! His twelve long sunny hours  
 Bright to the edge of darkness: then, the calm  
 Repose of twilight, and a crown of stars."

BEATI MORTVI, QVI MORIVNTVR IN DOMINO.

## (II). HUGH JAMES ROSE:

*THE RESTORER OF THE OLD PATHS.*

[A. D. 1795–1838.]

*‘Who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother.’*

**M**ANKIND show themselves strangely forgetful of their chiefest benefactors. The name above written, besides being a boast and a praise, was reckoned a tower of strength by Churchmen of a generation which has already well nigh passed away. Pronounced now in the hearing of those who have been in the Ministry ten, fifteen, twenty years, it is discovered to be unknown to them. And yet this was the man who, sixty years ago, at a time of universal gloom, panic, and despondency, rallied the faint-hearted as with a trumpet blast;—awoke the sleepers;—aroused the sluggish;—led on to glory the van of the Church’s army. It shall be my endeavour, however feebly, to repair the omission of half a century of years, (for Hugh James Rose died in 1838); the rather, because his only brother was also mine. But *his* was a life which deserves to have been written by some far abler hand. Moreover, it should have been written long ago.

Not unaware am I what it was that originally deterred the Rev. John Miller of Worcester College, (another sometime celebrated, but now scarcely remembered name, to whom all the materials for writing Mr. Rose’s life had

been entrusted),—from accomplishing his task. The discovery was speedily made that to write it *adequately* would be to write the History of the Church of England during the same brief but eventful period; and such an ample Memoir was expected at the hands of the Biographer. Many words on this part of the subject are unnecessary. The events were all too recent in which Mr. Rose had played a prominent part, for he was “taken away in the midst of his days.” Under inconveniently reversed conditions the selfsame problem now solicits *me*. But besides that I enjoy access to the same written evidence, I have lived continuously with those who revered Mr. Rose’s memory supremely, and whose discourse was perpetually of *him*. I will therefore do my best to relate, at least in outline, the story of his important life. Long have I been troubled by the conviction that it would be a shame if I were never to make the attempt; and an opportunity has at last unexpectedly arrived.

A singular contrast will the present biography be observed to present to that which immediately precedes it. Routh’s was the longest of the Twelve Lives here recorded; Rose’s, the shortest. He was yet unborn when Routh saw his 39th birthday, and Routh survived him sixteen years. Rose, driven from place to place in quest of health, succumbed at last in a foreign land to the malady with which he had wrestled in agony throughout eighteen years of intellectual warfare. Routh,—who until after he had entered his 100th year had never been seen by a physician in bed,—passed 83 calm studious years within the walls of the College from which he had never wandered. He died in his nest. Both alike bore unflinching witness to the same Divine truths; but they served their Master in vastly different ways, and their

pathways in life never met. I have already sought to embalm the memory of Martin Joseph Routh. It is of HUGH JAMES ROSE that I am to speak now.

And first,—He was lineally descended from one of the oldest of Scottish houses ; his grandfather, Hugh Rose of New Mill, Aberdeenshire,—(who by the way narrowly escaped hanging after the field of Culloden, for all the Roses were on the Prince's side,)—being a cadet of the Roses of Kilravock.<sup>1</sup> Dr. William Rose of Chiswick, the translator of Sallust and friend of Johnson, was this gentleman's brother. Samuel Rose therefore, his son, the friend and correspondent of the poet Cowper, was Hugh James Rose's second cousin.

HUGH JAMES,—elder son of the Rev. William Rose [*b.* 1766, *d.* 1844] and Susanna his wife [*b.* 1762, *d.* 1839],—was born in the parsonage house of Little Horsted, in the county of Sussex, where his father was at that time Curate,—on the 9th of June 1795. His young nurse, who had never before had the care of an infant, is remembered to have delighted in the child greatly and to have taught him the alphabet before he could speak :—

“In a lobby of the house we inhabited at Uckfield, to which place we removed when he was about a year old,” (writes his Mother,) “there hung some maps and charts of History in which were many large letters. Martha Summers used to show him the letters, until the baby—if you asked him where any particular letter was—would look at the chart, and if held up to it, would put his little finger on the letter required.”

For a prolonged period, during which (owing to indisposition) his Mother was unable to have him with her,—“his Father took him into his school to keep him out of the way of mischief. When I proposed to take him

<sup>1</sup> See the ‘*Genealogical deduction of the Family of Rose of Kilravock,*’ —1848, (printed by the Spalding Club), 4to.



again,—‘No,’ (said Mr. Rose) ‘he is learning the Latin grammar. He wanted to read so much English every day, that, not having time to hear him, I gave him a Latin grammar to employ him.’ Before he was four years old he had mastered it. I have often heard him say he could not remember the time when he did *not* know the Latin grammar. How he learned to read at all, I am unable to say. I suppose his maid helped him. I recollect one summer morning, (he then slept in our room),—knowing he was awake and yet not hearing him,—his Father asked—‘What are you doing?’ ‘Reading Knox’s *Elegant Extracts*.’ ‘You can’t understand what you are reading?’ ‘O but I can, Papa,’ and he told us what it was. He was then about four years old.

“Sent, a few weeks after to Seaford, for the benefit of sea air and bathing, his great amusement was to read the newspaper and the Arabian Nights to some ladies there. They said it was not like the reading of a child, but really a pleasure to listen to.—I recollect his once asking his Father for a book, when the only one at hand was a volume of French plays. In order to keep him quiet, his Father said—‘Read *Le Cid*.’ Two or three hours after, he had finished it. ‘You cannot have read the play?’ ‘Yes, I have;’ and he instantly repeated the plot, and then construed every sentence his Father pointed out. To me he never seemed to *read* a book; but to cast his eye over the page and to know its contents.”

From Little Horsted then, the Rev. Wm. Rose removed to Uckfield, about two miles off, a chapelry of the parish of Buxted. His change of abode was chiefly occasioned by his desire to increase the number of his pupils. These now grew into a considerable school which he grafted on a small parochial foundation endowed by a former rector of Buxted, Dr. Saunders. Mr. Rose afterwards became curate of Uckfield, under the then rector of Buxted, Archd. D’Oyly; and here his only other (surviving) child (Henry John) was born, 3rd January, 1800.

Both sons alike inherited from their Father, besides a singularly calm and equable temperament, the same inflexibly upright and guileless nature;—from their Mother, the same masculine good sense, clear understanding, and strength of purpose. They grew up, until they went to College, under the parental roof,—severed from one another by no other barrier but that formidable span of five years of early life. I am here to speak exclusively of Hugh James Rose; but I propose not to lay down my pen until (however briefly) I have separately commemorated the singular goodness, the rare gifts and graces, of Henry John, his younger brother,—who, by his marriage with my sister, became an elder brother to me. Yes, and the best of brothers.<sup>2</sup>

A few other incidents remembered in connexion with Hugh's boyhood are not without interest. Foremost in respect of date is the friendship of Dr. E. D. Clarke, the accomplished traveller [*b.* 1769, *d.* 1822], whose grandfather and father had been successively rectors of Buxted, and whose widowed mother continued to live at Uckfield with her family. A mind intelligent and appreciative as his, joined as it was to a disposition singularly generous and enthusiastic, could not fail to be attracted by the youthful promise of such an one as Hugh James Rose, who was all the while pursuing his studies with rare diligence under his father's roof. Notwithstanding their great disparity of years, a strong attachment sprang up between them, which only ended with Dr. E. D. Clarke's death in 1822. But it commenced a long way back; for Clarke is remembered to have taught the child, when only four years of age, to repeat the Greek alphabet. "To be heard say his *Geek*" was thenceforth a prime satisfaction to the youth-

<sup>2</sup> See below, page 287.

ful Hellenist. The preceptor's endeavour to instil in the same quarter at the same tender age a taste for fossils and mineralogy, by showing him choice specimens in a glass case, broke down calamitously. To the philosopher's discomfiture a preference was candidly avowed for the look of the sugar-plums in the window of the village 'shop' . . . Dr. Clarke evidently delighted in the child, and must have had his full share in developing his powers.

The calamitous health from which Hugh suffered so direfully later on in life had its beginning when he was five years old. An attack of croup, though effectually subdued, left him liable to frequent inflammation of the lungs. Always patient under suffering, it is remembered that he was perfectly satisfied while able to read and amuse himself. When too ill for this, he would urge his maid (if his mother was not with him) to read to him: and so excellent was his memory that he retained all he heard. During a prolonged confinement to the house, some one suggested to the child collecting impressions of seals. The armorial bearings on several of these set him on the study of Heraldry,—which his parents encouraged by procuring for him the best books they could on the subject. Blazoning coats-of-arms was a delight to him,—till a neighbouring gentleman, weary of the study of Chemistry, sent him all his retorts, crucibles, &c. Hugh at once transferred his homage to the new science,—which he cultivated with assiduity and success. "We indulged him in these pursuits" (writes his Mother) "as he was never able to join in the active sports of other boys." It may be added that he acquired early in life great proficiency in the use of his pencil. A water-colour drawing of the interior of Buxted church survives to attest his youthful skill. "Yes, *that* was our

family pew!"—remarked the late Bp. of Lincoln with a sad smile, when I once showed him the representation of his Father's church. Poetry was already one of his delights; a taste which grew with his growth and never forsook him.

Besides such instances of mental activity and extraordinary precocity of intellect, the fond Mother treasured up many an interesting trait indicative of her son's singular loveliness of character: as, his considerateness for the feelings of others,—his anxiety to relieve suffering and to mitigate distress,—his entire dutifulness to his parents. No young man's heart ever pointed more faithfully to "home," as the scene of his greatest enjoyment,—the haven of his fondest hopes. The "Commandment with promise" was written indelibly on his inmost nature. To the very end of his life it was his supreme delight to repair back to his Father and his Mother.

But, as hinted already, his health became early a source of anxiety to his parents. Especially from the age of 11 to 14 his state was such, (he had in fact outgrown his strength,) that the best medical advice became a necessity. In a happy hour Mrs. Rose resorted to the admirable Dr. John Sims, who became to Hugh James Rose much more than a physician. His house<sup>3</sup> was looked upon by the youthful student as a second home; while, between the children of Dr. Sims and himself, there sprung up a warm friendship,—but in fact it was love, "love stronger than death." Rose revered and loved Dr. Sims with something of filial piety, and was cherished by that accomplished physician with almost parental tenderness.

Better deserving of commemoration perhaps than any other incident of this period of his life, is the friendship

<sup>3</sup> At that time, 67 Upper Guildford Street.

Hugh Rose enjoyed with the family of John, first Earl of Sheffield, a nobleman of excellent character and first-rate abilities. Owing to the proximity of Uckfield to Sheffield Place, (but indeed it was for a better reason,) from very early days Hugh had attracted the Earl's notice and become a favourite with him. At the age of fourteen he was in consequence invited to take up his residence for the Midsummer holidays at Sheffield Place, in order to read with Lord Sheffield's little son, George. The old peer showed his discernment; for not only were Rose's classical and literary attainments already those of a much older person,—(his translation of Simonides' '*Danaë*' written before this time reads like the production of one-and-twenty,)—but his pure sentiments and lofty example were beyond price. The *honorarium* with which his services were rewarded, he dutifully forced on his Mother's acceptance,—who relates that she invested it for his benefit in an excellent watch. For many succeeding vacations he was an inmate of Sheffield Place,—indeed he spent all his leisure time there.

"I shall offer to return" (he wrote to his parents in July 1812) "for a week before George goes to school, just to put him in training. More than this I *cannot* do . . . The loss of this month will throw me grievously back, or at least will give me double fag for a long time. Another month, I should hardly recover before college time. Only *I* can know the additional fatigue of mind and vexation of spirit produced to me by a loss of time." [Next day (27th July), he wrote,]—"I am sure, when you consider that I cannot study at all here, and of how much consequence it is to me to lose nothing in my learning, since everything depends on my own exertions,—you will see that I cannot, consistently with any rational ideas of progress in my studies, consent to stay longer, even were I asked. Eight or nine weeks idleness, I should scarcely recover before I go to Cambridge."

At the close of the ensuing month (24 August 1812) Hugh James was entered as a member of Trinity College, Cambridge: and went up to reside in the October term of 1813,—being then 18 years of age. His tutor was Dr. Monk, afterwards Bp. of Gloucester and Bristol, who proved his constant friend, and was the great encourager of his studies. In the next year (1814) he gained the first Bell's Scholarship, and in 1815 was elected Scholar of his College. The tidings were conveyed to his Father in this characteristic letter:—

“Cambridge, April 8th, 1815.

“Dear sir,—I could bite my thumbs! This is Saturday night and there is no such thing as throwing a letter at you, so as to hit you before Tuesday. I suffered last night's post to slip through my fingers,—else could I have told you a piece of *News*. Now perhaps it is “*no News*.” But your son has got all that he wished to get in consequence of his perilous journey into the midst of the fever. *He is one of the Scholars of Trinity*. They brought the list to me, and I read *his* name there: so, joy to you all!”—(A deal of general gossip follows. The letter ends,)—“χαῖρε, which does not mean *farewell*, but *hail!* E. D. CLARKE.”

That the subject of the present Memoir should have drawn to himself the most intellectual of his Cambridge contemporaries was inevitable. That he became a devoted student does not require to be told. He also made a great figure in the Cambridge ‘Union.’ But in fact I may not linger over this interesting period of Hugh's life. From a boy he had been a prodigious reader, and cherished, as a very young man, a burning desire to acquaint himself with every department of polite learning. It was a thirst for knowledge, of which ordinary spirits seem scarcely to have a notion. To the writers of antiquity he chiefly devoted himself, and not a few trustworthy tokens survive of his exhaustive method

of study. His copies of the classics, interleaved and laboriously annotated in Latin by his own hand throughout, witness eloquently to the extent of his reading, and the accuracy with which he read. So considerable and excellent are the critical helps now-a-days provided for beginners that it sounds fabulous to be told that, 80 years ago, if a student coveted for himself exacter and fuller information than the ordinary schoolboy Greek or Latin grammar furnished, his only resource was (like Ehud) to manufacture the weapon for his individual use with his own hands. One is the less surprised, after all this, to learn that so early as in the spring of the year in which he went up to Cambridge, Rose addressed C. J. Blomfield (whom the public only knew as yet as a scholar) on the subject of his edition of '*The Seven against Thebes*,' which had just appeared: offering critical suggestions and pointing out inaccuracies. Blomfield took the remarks of his youthful critic, (as might be expected,) in very good part,—admitted the mistakes,—encouraged him to write to him again freely,<sup>4</sup>—and on learning six months later that Rose was proposing to go up to Cambridge, "rejoiced to hear that Alma Mater was about to have so promising a son."<sup>5</sup> When two years had elapsed, and Hugh James was but 20 years of age, C. J. Blomfield (Sept. 6th, 1815) addressed him as follows:—

"I shall always have pleasure in hearing from you on these subjects. There are not more than five people in England who really understand or care about these things; and I am glad to perceive that you are going to be a sixth. Let me exhort you not to lay aside your classical pursuits as soon as you have taken your degree."

It will have been shortly after Mr. Rose's lamented decease (in 1838) that his aged Mother, being entreated

<sup>4</sup> Dunton,—March 17th, 1813.

<sup>5</sup> Dunton,—Oct. 5th.

to commit to writing a few recollections of this period of her son's life, penned the memorial page from which I have already once and again quoted. She relates that "he was a weekly correspondent during the whole of his residence at Cambridge. His college vacations were our delight:—

"He was much beloved by his Father's pupils: much regretted by them when he left home. He made himself very pleasant to them, and selected from them the friends of his after life. As a token how tenderly he loved them,—The servant coming in one day when we were at dinner and telling us suddenly that young Chatfield, who had left us some time before for Cambridge, was dead; he fell forward on the table, and fainted."

"I recollect once saying to Lady Louisa Clinton,—(who was gratifying his fond Mother by her praise of him and his gentlemanly manners,)—'I think, for his manners, he is indebted to the society he meets *here*,' (i. e. Sheffield Place.) 'No,' she answered, 'he came here with manners as perfect as if he had lived in a Court all his life; and what I particularly admire is *this*,—His conduct towards my Father, who is not famed for his patience. But he bears with contradiction from your son,—who always treats him with due respect, but contrives to maintain his own opinions without giving the smallest offence. He does this by his good sense and good feeling.'"

Immediately after his Ordination (Jan. 4th, 1819), the aged Earl appointed Mr. Rose his domestic Chaplain.

At Cambridge, he was joint author of a *jeu d'esprit* which occasioned much merriment in the University. The mock examination-paper referred to attained more enduring celebrity than usually falls to the lot of such effusions, having been transferred to the '*Annual Register*' for 1816. It is noticed here as affording evidence of that vein of humour which seems never to be wanting from minds of the highest order.



In 1817 Rose took his B.A. Degree: his name appearing in the Tripos as fourteenth wrangler of the year. His great powers would have inevitably won for him much higher mathematical honours had he been willing to do as so many far less highly gifted men than himself have done, viz. sacrifice everything to his place in the honour list. The mischievous tendency of an exclusive devotion of the mind to Mathematical science finds frequent expression in his writings, and was one of his most deliberate convictions. Thoroughly persuaded of the danger of such exclusive study, he had the courage to act accordingly, and to lay his foundations on a broader and securer basis. Scholarship with him amounted to a passion. He cultivated the acquaintance of a far greater number of the writers of antiquity than are prescribed for, or indeed are supposed to come within the purview of, the University curriculum. It was no matter of surprise to find that his classical success was complete, for he was declared first Chancellor's medallist of the year. (The classical Tripos it will be recollected was not established until some years later.) To him also was awarded in 1818 the first Members' prize for a dissertation in Latin prose, of which the subject was a comparison of the Greek and Roman historians,—among whom Rose awarded the palm to Thucydides and to the Greeks. He had already (1817) distinguished himself by the publication of some learned "Remarks on the first Chapter of the Bishop of Llandaff's [Marsh's] *Horae Pelasgicæ*," in which he shewed cause against some of the propositions of that prelate, and still stronger against some of the conclusions of Dr. Jameson, in his '*Hermes Scythicus*.'

In the ensuing October (1818) he was, to his infinite disgust, an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship at Trinity, and it was out of his power ever to sit again.

By the result, it was the College rather than he that lost an accession of honour. Relinquishing University residence at once, and giving up his pupils, Rose transferred himself to the family of John, fourth Duke of Athole, in order to become private tutor to Lord Charles Murray, the Duke's son. His pupil's illness however brought this engagement so speedily to a close that he was at liberty to receive Deacon's Orders (Dec. 20th) at the hands of Bp. Howley, at Fulham ; and to accept the Curacy of Buxted, March 16th in the ensuing year,—1819. His Mother relates that,—

“from the time he could speak, he always said he would be a clergyman ‘like Papa.’ I remember seeing him one Sunday put on his Father's gown, stand up on a chair and speak with great energy over the back of it to his brother and cousins.”

So true is it that ‘the child is father to the man.’ At a very early period Divinity held the highest place in his regard: and it is remembered that throughout his College career, he had been girding himself up to what was shortly to become the one business of his life. The examining Chaplain declared with astonishment that Mr. Rose's papers (for Priest's Orders) displayed the knowledge and attainments of a man of forty.

His affections had in the meantime been drawn to a young lady who, in 1816, had been on a visit to his Parents,—Anna Cuyler Mair, youngest daughter of Capt. Peter Mair of the Hill House, Richmond, Yorkshire ; and this attachment, ripening with his return to Uckfield, effected a change in his immediate plan of life. “I am sure I shall not do for an old bachelor,” (he had written to his Mother at the age of fifteen from Sheffield Place) ;—“for if I have not some one to whom I may communicate my happy and my unhappy sensations, I lose half the

pleasure that the former might impart, while the weight of the latter seems doubled." He was united to Miss Mair in 1819 (June 24th), and found in her the most devoted and helpful of wives.<sup>6</sup>—In the days of her widowhood, after an interval of some twenty-five years from the period of which we are speaking, I knew this lady intimately: and now find it impossible to withhold the tribute of a few words of loving remembrance. She was less demonstrative of her feelings than any woman I have ever known; but her affections were wondrous deep and strong. Constitutionally reserved too she was; but she could throw this off entirely when she felt *sure* of the person she was addressing. Her understanding was excellent: her piety ardent and humble. All her instincts were good. She adored as well as revered her husband, over whom she watched with unwearied devotion until in a foreign land she closed his eyes in death, while yet in the zenith of his reputation and of his powers,—cut off by disease midway in his career of earnest, holy zeal for his Master's service. She returned at once, with love's true instinct, to the darkened home of his parents, and did a daughter's part by them to the last hour of their lives.—Let us go back.

Hugh James Rose's Rectors were successively Dr. D'Oyly, Rector of Lambeth, and Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity: both of whom became his fast friends and eager patrons. At Christmas, 1818, he removed to the neighbouring village of Maresfield, carrying with him the pupils whom he had begun to take at Uckfield, but retaining his curacy. Here he continued, with his labours divided between parish and pupils, (who were chiefly young men of rank,) until he was presented by Abp.

<sup>6</sup> The only issue of this marriage was a son, born in 1821, who lived but a few days.

Manners Sutton to the Vicarage of Horsham. He was ordained Priest (Dec. 19th, 1819) by Bishop Law, at St. James', Piccadilly; and in the ensuing year (1820), published, with his name, a pamphlet, bearing the title of "*A critical examination of that part of Mr. Bentham's Church-of-Englandism which relates to the Church Catechism.*" Bentham's pedantic scurrilities, which have long since been forgotten, scarcely deserved the honour of such notice.—In October, 1821, there appeared in the '*Quarterly Review*' a powerful and justly severe article from Rose's pen, on Hone's '*Apocryphal New Testament*;' concerning which, in December, Mr. Gifford (the editor) wrote to him as follows:—

"I have seen Hone's Advertisements, and he probably means to publish something. Your Article has evidently stung him to the quick; and I am happy to inform you that it has given very great satisfaction to the Clergy in general." (The writer mentions Dean Ireland as his authority.) "Hone has had the impudence to address a letter to me, requesting to know the writer of the Article. I answered him as he deserved."

At the end of a few months (April, 1822), Mr. Gifford sent him a second encouraging message:—

"I had felt some anxiety about Belsham's translation, and mentioned to one or two of my friends how happy I should be to get it well reviewed. Your letter is peculiarly acceptable to me, and I receive your kind offer with pleasure. May the result be as important as that of your former paper, which has completely destroyed the sale of the spurious Gospels."

Gratifying it is to be able to add on the authority of the publisher, that Hone himself afterwards bitterly repented of his detestable publication.—About the same time Mr. Rose contributed to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a little tract, included in its

catalogue of books intended for the counteraction of infidel writings, with the title, "The Folly and Danger of Reading Irreligious Publications."—At the close of 1821, the Curate of Uckfield found himself established in the Vicarage of Horsham.

A large and important sphere of labour thus opened on him, and he threw himself into his new duties with the zeal and earnestness which characterized all he did. He enlarged the church accommodation for the poor,—made the schools more efficient,—addressed himself to organizing the parish. His teaching made a profound impression on the people. There had prevailed much irreligion in the place with which the Vicar proceeded to battle: not however by having recourse to strange methods of excitement and the now fashionable process of "Home Missions," but by the earnestness and power of his simple and affectionate Addresses. To those persuasive teachings, hundreds of the humbler sort long after eagerly attributed their first impressions of religion. An eye-witness of his labours, who evidently knew him well, writes as follows concerning his ministerial work at this time:—

"It would be an insult to the memory of so great and good a servant of CHRIST, to say that he was an *attractive* preacher; though his preaching not only captivated all hearts, but was the admiration of all who had either the taste to discern, or the virtue to honour, excellence in that most difficult and rare of all sacred accomplishments,—the art of speaking with power and intelligibility to a congregation composed of the various grades of society. Perhaps no preacher was ever more free from the ambition of making proselytes to himself than Mr. Rose was; and no man probably ever made more than he did, or in a more legitimate way. Spurious eloquence he had none. All glitter he shrunk from, in the pulpit and in his mode of living, as unworthy of the

sacred mission upon which he had been sent forth, and of the self-denying character of Christianity. Nothing could be more dignified than his appearance and manner, when clothed in the robes, and engaged in the offices, of his profession. In the tones of his voice there was even much to favour the peculiar and impressive form in which his ideas were conveyed to the ears of his audience.”<sup>7</sup>

It scarcely needs to be added that the religious tone of Horsham under such a Vicar exhibited a marked change. The attendance at the ordinary services and at the Sacrament increased largely. He published for the use of his Parishioners (in 1828) a Form of Family Prayer for Morning and Evening. But Rose carried with him that “thorn in the flesh” which rendered his public ministrations an abiding distress to himself. The Church was large, and to one suffering from asthma was trying both in the desk and the pulpit in a high degree. Maresfield (where, perhaps, decided asthma first appeared) had ill agreed with him; but Horsham, from the low and damp situation of the vicarage, proved still worse; so that, between the labours of his parish and his pupils, it was found, by the end of a second year (1823), that a complete change of air and scene,—foreign travel in short,—had become little short of a necessity. “His pupils,” I say,—for he had two curates to maintain: to dispense with pupils was therefore impossible.

Never by overworked parish priest has such refreshment been turned to better account than on the present occasion. Rose’s whole heart was in his Master’s service, and his footsteps were directed in the first instance to a region where “Protestantism” was to be seen bearing

<sup>7</sup> From the *Brighton Gazette*, *Brit. Magazine*, for the same month, 17th Feb. 1839,—quoted in the p. 227.

its bitterest fruits. Little as yet was known about the matter here in England, for "'tis sixty years since."

It was the phenomenon of German Protestantism, as the system was to be seen at work in Prussia, which shocked his piety, aroused his worst fears, exercised his intellect. A rationalizing school, of which the very characteristic was the absolute rejection of a Divine Revelation, dominated at that time in Prussia, and furnished the subject of these pages with materials for raising his voice in solemn warning to his countrymen, at a time when in high places the fires of faith and love were burning very low. The travellers, who had left England in May 1824, having visited Bavaria, Austria and Italy, returned home at the end of a twelvemonth exactly.—It deserves to be mentioned in passing that at Rome, impressed with the need of more systematic ministrations to the English visiting that capital than were as yet provided in the house of Mrs. Stark,—Hugh James Rose made himself personally responsible (with Lord Harrowby, and Sir James Clark,) for the maintenance at Rome of an English Chaplain: and at the same time secured for the English congregation those very commodious (if not strictly ecclesiastical) quarters near the *Porta del popolo* which continued until yesterday to be the scene of the daily worship of the English residents. At Rome also it was that Rose cemented that intimate friendship with Bp. Hobart which he was accustomed to regard as one of the greatest privileges of his life.

The Discourses on "*the state of the Protestant Religion in Germany*," having been delivered at Cambridge in May 1825, in the discharge of his duty as Select Preacher, were published by their Author in the ensuing September, and made a great impression. A warning voice

they also proved to those many unstable spirits here at home who, half unconsciously it may be, had become infected with the *virus* of infidelity; and who in divers quarters were ventilating wretched crotchets of their own on the Right of private judgment,—Articles of Faith,—a fixed form of Liturgy. The strangest circumstance in connexion with the publication of these Discourses was that the opposition to them proceeded from—Dr. Pusey. In the year of his appointment to the Professorship of Hebrew (1828), appeared his “*Historical inquiry into the probable causes of the rationalist character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany.*”<sup>8</sup> Rose replied in 1829, in a second and enlarged edition of his ‘*Discourses*’ with an Appendix: to which Pusey rejoined in 1830 by publishing a “Second part” of his former work, “containing an explanation of the views misconceived by Mr. Rose, and further illustrations.” It is needless to add another word on the subject of this controversy, which has long since lost all its interest.<sup>9</sup> Pusey’s religious views underwent a serious change about the same time; and shortly after, his two learned and interesting volumes were by himself withdrawn from circulation. The result of this controversy benefited the Church chiefly in that it helped to bring Rose prominently before the public (outside his own University) as a fearless champion of Catholic Truth.

He had however already fully established his reputation as an able maintainer of Apostolic Order and vindicator of half forgotten Church Principles by his Four Sermons preached at Cambridge in April 1826,—“*On the Commission and consequent Duties of the Clergy.*” Written without any idea of publication, these Sermons

<sup>8</sup> “To which is prefixed a letter from Professor Sack, translated from

the German.” 8vo.

<sup>9</sup> See *infra*, pp. 248-52.



were deemed so important by those who heard them, that their Author was persuaded in 1828 to give them to the public with a considerable apparatus of "Notes." A second edition was called for in 1831, when the volume was enlarged from 180 to upwards of 300 pages.<sup>1</sup>

Addressed in the first instance to those who were about to become Ministers in the Church of CHRIST, these Sermons,—more than anything else which proceeded from the same faithful pen,—served to stir up men's minds and effectually to put the Clergy in remembrance of those ancient Truths which the Clergy least of all can afford to forget. Never at any time has the Church of GOD been without faithful men so to witness to a forgetful and a careless generation: and the first quarter of the present century (when the outlook, it must be confessed, was dismal indeed,) presents no exception to the gracious rule. *He* would be rendering a good service to the Church who should collect, and ever so briefly annotate, the names of those who bore their testimony bravely in that time of general discouragement. We are speaking just now of Sermons preached in the year 1826. In 1827 Keble published "*The Christian Year.*" His acknowledgment of Rose's volume published in 1828 will be read with interest:—

"Fairford, Gloucestershire, 29 Sept. 1828.

"Dear sir,—I am deeply ashamed to be so tardy, but, believe me, I am not the less sincere, in offering you my best acknowledgements for your kindness in sending me your Sermons on the Duties of the Clergy. I say nothing of your too partial mention of my little publication in one of your notes;<sup>2</sup> but you perhaps will give

<sup>1</sup> The 'Advertisement to the first edition' is dated 'Horsham, May 19, 1828,'—to the second edition,

'Hadleigh, Suffolk, September 26, 1831.'

<sup>2</sup> Page 176 [=p. 162 ed. 1831.]

me credit for an Author's feelings in thinking the more. But I had rather tell you of the delight (I hope not unimproving) with which I have read your animating appeals, and mean to read them over and over again; and of the satisfaction it has afforded me to find my own notions and criticisms, on some favourite subjects, exactly coinciding with yours. Let me venture particularly to thank you for that part of the fourth sermon, in which you point out the effect of Christian Knowledge in elevating the minds as well as correcting the hearts of labouring people: (p. 83-85,) for the recommendation of Miller's 'Bampton Lectures': and for the hint about village preaching in p. 169."

It was in 1826, at the Cambridge 'Commencement,' that Mr. Rose preached a Sermon often reprinted afterwards, which made its author famous, entitled,—"*The tendency of prevalent opinions about Knowledge considered.*"

We have already been reminded that the infirm health which constrained Mr. Rose in 1824 to have recourse to foreign travel resulted in good to himself and the Church. A similar reflection is forced upon us by the discovery that, in 1825, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Regius Professorship of Greek at Cambridge,—when the lot fell to Scholefield. Reasonably might so excellent a Greek scholar as Rose aspire to an office which he would have so greatly adorned, and which his passion for sacred Science would have inevitably turned to good account for the criticism of the N. T. But the duties of the Regius Professorship of Greek, had he been elected to that Chair, must inevitably have made exorbitant demands on the time of one whose heart was given to Divinity: must have drawn him to some extent into secular reading: must have interfered in short with what Rose sincerely desired to make the one great business of his life. Previously to going abroad,

(that is, some time in 1823,) he had seen through the press his '*Inscriptiones Graecae Vetustissimae*,'—a work however which was not published until his return from the Continent in 1825. The second of those very ancient inscriptions ("*Inscriptio Burgoniana*") he came to our house in Brunswick Square to see, in November of the same year. A letter from him to my Father, (dated 'Horsham, Nov. 3, 1825') lies before me, describing a similar (Panathenaic) amphora which General Koller had shown him at Naples. His pen-and-ink drawing from memory of that object is surprisingly accurate. "On the top of each column should be a cock," he remarks, "but that is beyond my graphic powers."—While on the subject of Greek, it may be here mentioned that in the first days of 1829, Rose produced his edition of Parkhurst's "*Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament*,"—a work which I take leave to say will retain its value to the end: notwithstanding the labours of Schleusner and of Wahl in the same line,—and notwithstanding the Hebrew deficiencies of Parkhurst himself. The bracketed portions are all by Rose: and these are invariably conspicuous for that excellent judgment, sound scholarship, and sterling sense,—not to say that healthy Divinity—which characterized everything that proceeded from his pen. One does but wish that he had contributed more; but his hands were always full, his health was always feeble, and he was constrained to give to this great work the margins only of his time.

Belonging to this period of Rose's life, and apt to the subject already presented to the reader's attention, is the following letter of Abp. Howley, then Bishop of London. His remarks on the best way of studying S. Paul's Epistles strike me as being so truly admirable

—so likely to be of real service to students of the inspired page,—that no apology shall be offered for introducing them here. The learned prelate seems to be replying to some inquiries of Rose on the subject: <sup>3</sup>—

“June 28, 1829.

“My dear Sir,—I do not know how your time can be employed with greater advantage to yourself than in selecting the notes of the best Commentators on the Epistles, weighing their comparative merits, and fully considering the accordance of their several interpretations with your own notions of the meaning of the sacred text. To do this with effect, you should acquire a very familiar acquaintance with the originals; and a readiness in referring by memory to the passages which treat on similar subjects. You should go through them, at some times, with accurate attention to every particular sentence and word; and at others, should read them with a view to the general scope of the argument, the connection of parts, and the main design of the writer. I would advise you to look with attention at Erasmus’s paraphrase, and the explanations of the several Greek commentators.—In this way, by taking your time, and frequently meditating on these invaluable works, you will fix in your mind an inexhaustible store of *original* theological knowledge, and may produce a work which will supersede the compilation of Rosenmüller, and the ponderous and ill digested commentaries of Macknight. A really valuable work of this kind is not to be produced in haste. It must be the fruit of labour continued for years; and if properly executed, would confer the highest credit on the author, and be of unspeakable use to the young student. No man is a true Theologian who does not understand the Epistles; and we learn from the various errors of sectaries how easily their sense is misconceived and distorted by unstable and illiterate men.

<sup>3</sup> I may mention that H. J. R.’s interleaved travelling copy of the N. T., (it was presented to me by his widow,) bears on the fly-leaf

the date of the same year (1829). The Epistles are largely annotated in this copy.

“Indeed, I much approve of your plan, which even if not fully accomplished, will repay your labour at every step,—conducting you by degrees, with a sure footing and a firm step, to the heights of Theological knowledge. For myself, I can say that almost all I know of Divinity is derived from repeated perusals of the New Testament in the original language, and in the method I have recommended to you.

“I remain, my dear sir, with sincere regard,

“Truly yours,

W. LONDON.”

The most eventful as well as most anxious period of his life was that which began with the year 1829,—the first of the four years during which he held simultaneously the offices of ‘Christian Advocate’ and of Select Preacher at Cambridge. Those were years of great intellectual activity, during which he partially resided at the University, and delivered (namely, in 1830 and 1831,) those grand “Eight Sermons” which made his name everywhere known and revered.

There is but one opinion concerning Mr. Rose’s power and success as a public Teacher. Not only was his matter in the highest degree important and weighty, but his delivery was earnest and impressive beyond example; his grand ecclesiastical presence contributing not slightly to give effect to all he said. There were with him none of the arts—still less any of the *tricks*—of oratory. He eschewed action, was perfectly natural in his manner, and his solemn voice, exercised with manifest effort, testified but too plainly to the broken health and exhausted natural powers with which he was resolutely contending. In spite of bodily infirmity, his whole soul seemed to find utterance in the words he delivered. Supremely conscious of the importance of his message, he was evidently making it his one object

to convey to his auditory the same certainty of conviction which he himself enjoyed.

The auditory at Great-St.-Mary's, the University Church,—(I have been assured of this as well by some who, at the time referred to, occupied the undergraduates' gallery, as by some of the loftiest consideration who were present,)—set a higher value on his discourses,—attended them in greater numbers, and listened to them with more marked attention,—than in the case of any other teacher of his time. “He was the first preacher who ever really impressed me,” says one who from 1833 to 1837 was an undergraduate. “His words seemed to *take hold* of you.”<sup>4</sup>—Others have remarked to me that the air of authority with which he spoke suited well his dignified aspect and commanding figure, and was in strict keeping with the solemnity of his deportment. But beyond all things men are found to have been impressed by his faithful and fearless witness. He was the brave and uncompromising *Apostle of Truth*. ‘Principles’ to be maintained in their integrity against craven counsels of expediency and the base truckling of an ungodly age, ever ready to surrender what is unpopular,—such was the frequent keynote of his discourses in public. He was pleading for some half-forgotten, but vital ancient verity; or vindicating some neglected fundamental of the faith. Else, he was stimulating his hearers to ‘the duty of opposing evil’; or he was insisting on ‘Man’s need of a sanctifying purpose’; or he was exposing the ‘Effects of sensuality on the moral and intellectual frame.’ On one such occasion,—(as the Rev. George Williams, who was present, told me,)—the subject of his discourse being *the duty of contending for the Truth*,—a violent thunderstorm came on. Once and

<sup>4</sup> From the Rev. H. Raymond Smythies.

again, at the close of a long and impassioned paragraph, a loud crash of thunder was heard, followed by "a sound as of abundance of rain." "It was really" (added my informant with deep emotion) "as if high Heaven, by its artillery, were bearing witness to the faithfulness of the solemn message which the preacher, as an ambassador from the skies, was delivering to a careless generation."

Some weeks after I had written the foregoing sentences the Rev. H. R. Luard, Registrar of the University, obligingly sent me from Cambridge what follows. "I found the enclosed" (so he wrote) "among Mr. Bradshaw's papers. (You may like to see it:—

"Even deeper than Simeon's influence was that of Hugh James Rose,—the man who, of all Cambridge men of that time, was the leading spirit in the great Church revival. George Williams often afterwards spoke of the effect his words had upon him, as well as upon others. There is one sermon in particular (*'On the duty of maintaining the Truth,'*<sup>5</sup>) which was preached before the University on Whitsunday, 1834,—which no one can now read without seeing how they stamped themselves upon him and helped to form his character. Two paragraphs from this sermon will show what I mean:—

'If one were asked to state shortly the substance of this *one* great direction and command as to the method of propagating the Truth,<sup>6</sup> it would seem to be that the Truth should be proclaimed *at all events*, without fear and *at any sacrifice*; the only caution being that it should be proclaimed without unnecessary and useless offence,—without any courting of persecution. It is a noble lesson against worldly tactics and Politics, that simply and boldly to speak the Truth,—is esteemed direction and guidance enough.

<sup>5</sup> 'Published by desire of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses,'—pp. 26.

<sup>6</sup> The preacher's text was S. Matth. x. 27,—*'What I tell you in*

*darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops.'* Mr. Bradshaw quotes from p. 8 of the Sermon.

‘Short therefore of the fanaticism so guarded against, the first duty of a Christian to Christian Truth, is to proclaim and maintain it at all times, and in all places,—against all opposition;—in spite of all persons,—in spite of Public Opinion,—in spite of the fashion of the day,—in spite of changed and changing circumstances,—in spite of expediency, real or fancied,—in spite of all the usual cry of bigotry, and intolerance, and ignorance.’<sup>7</sup>

I pass on with the remark that while all that was noblest in the University responded eagerly to the message of the Preacher, his fearless addresses provoked the sneers of the less earnest, the opposition of the less loyal sort. *Where* will not base compromise find its advocates? And *when* will the faithful proclaimer of GOD’S Truth cease to incur the cordial hate of the *anti-Church* party? . . . The younger men, at all events, who were then (as they are now) the hope of either University, received the preacher’s lessons into an ‘honest and good heart,’ and with the divinely predicted result. One such undergraduate hearer was George Selwyn, the Apostle of New Zealand. Another was Bp. Patteson. Another was Bp. Abraham; and Sir William Martin was another. “I could hardly express my husband’s regard and reverence for Mr. Rose too strongly,”—writes

<sup>7</sup> Obvious it was to assume that Mr. Bradshaw’s statement, and the anecdote of my own which went immediately before, relate to one and the same occasion. I have endeavoured to verify both, by inquiries at Cambridge; and learn that the late Rev. J. Romilly, in his MS. Diary, (Whitsunday, May 18, 1834,) writes as follows:—“Going out of [S. Botolph’s] Church, a heavy storm of rain. So we stood a long while, a dense mass, in the porch.—At 2 we went to S. Mary’s

to hear Rose, whose text was ‘*What ye hear in the ear that preach ye on the housetops.*’ It was an intemperate, uncompromising, High Church sermon. The language was very beautiful and eloquent, and the delivery admirable: but I think a more inflammatory party Sermon has hardly been preached since the days of Sacheverel.”—I owe this extract from his uncle’s diary, to the courtesy of G. B. Allen, esq.,—to whom the Rev. H. R. Luard obligingly referred me.



Bp. Selwyn's widow. "He often said that to him he owed more than to most others; ascribing results to him who had sowed the seed."<sup>8</sup> In a sermon preached before the University in 1854, Selwyn himself bore the same testimony. Patteson and Sir William Martin, when the thickness of the globe was interposed between them and England, recalled the wisdom and truth of Rose's teaching concerning the quasi-miraculous progress of the Gospel in the world, considering the difficulties which it had to encounter. Abraham could reproduce phrases of his on 'the Truth,' and remembered walking and talking with men about the sermon afterwards,—a rare occurrence at that time. Not until that Day when the great Head of the Church shall come to "take account of His servants," will be known all that was effected by Rose's teaching at Cambridge from the University pulpit.

Those who have bestowed attention on such matters will not be surprised to be assured that Hugh Rose's public reading of Scripture—(an act which Hooker in a famous place declares to be "*Preaching*,"<sup>9</sup>)—partook of the same weighty and impressive character. A very competent judge once assured me that his reading of the liiird of Isaiah in a village Church in Sussex so affected him, that at the end of many years he was able to recall his grand intonation, and the solemnity with which he delivered those awful words. Something similar the same friend related to me concerning the way he had heard Mr. Rose read the parable of the Prodigal son. . . . The subject of impressive reading having once cropped up in Exeter College common-room,—(we were a small

<sup>8</sup> Letter to me,—'Lichfield, Nov. 26, 1886.'

<sup>9</sup> *Eccl. Polity*, Book V. xxi. 4.

party sitting round the fire after dinner),—I mentioned the substance of what immediately precedes; when one of the Fellows (the Rev. Henry Low) to the surprise of us all, in the quaintest manner, and with no little emotion, thrust out his legs on the hearth-rug and,—with an ejaculation expressive of his entire assent to what I had been saying,—broke out somewhat as follows:—“Never heard him read but once; and shall never forget it as long as I live. *It was the Ten Commandments.* Never heard anything like it. Never!” . . . I remarked to the speaker that it is difficult to read the Ten Commandments with any special propriety; and asked him what it was that had so struck him. “O” (exclaimed Low), “it was as if Mr. Rose had been personally commissioned to deliver the decalogue to the congregation.”

The beginning of the year 1830 witnessed his severance from Horsham. To the great joy of his friends, he had been appointed by the Archbishop to the important parish of Hadleigh in Suffolk.

“If the situation is such as to enable you to reside there with safety to your health,” (wrote his friend and patron) “I shall rejoice in having been able to give you an advantageous exchange. But if you cannot reside, I should consider it as more advisable that you should wait till something falls in a better situation.”<sup>1</sup>

This cure had every external attraction, and was entered on by Rose with much zeal. He rebuilt the parsonage, so as to restore to use “an ancient gateway and tower, which had probably stood there from the time of Rowland Taylor.”<sup>2</sup> Fully were the hopes of his friends shared by himself that the new locality would suit him better, prolong his days, and afford him scope

<sup>1</sup> The Abp. to H. J. R.,—  
‘*Shirley, Croydon*, Jan. 4, 1830.’

<sup>2</sup> Churton’s *Memoir of Watson*,  
—i. 307.

for the display of his powers which were now conspicuous to all. Unhappily, such hopes were doomed to utter disappointment. In the meantime, in 1829-30-31-32 appeared his 'Christian Advocate' publications for those four years, which will be found described at foot of page.<sup>3</sup>

Here also room must be found for a brief reference to Rose's important edition of Bp. Middleton's great work on '*The Doctrine of the Greek Article applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the N. T.*,'—'with Prefatory Observations and Notes,' by himself. It belongs (according to Miller) to the year 1831. The only editions with which I am acquainted bear date 1833 and 1841. The book is too well known to require any commendation of mine; but I desire to record the Editor's generous anxiety to find out privately whether 50*l.* (i.e. half of the sum which he received from the publisher) was likely to be acceptable to the Bishop's widow.

The next year (1831) was made memorable to the subject of these pages and to the Church by the inception of the '*British Magazine.*' Mr. Rose had long been deeply impressed with the absolute necessity of establishing some monthly organ for the dissemination of sound Church views:—not a quarterly collection of Essays, (like the '*British Critic*' or the '*Christian Remembrancer*'), but a Magazine of general Ecclesiastical

<sup>3</sup> 1829, "*Christianity always Progressive*"—(sent forth as the Christian Advocate's publication for the year, but embodying the substance of his discourses as Select Preacher in 1828.)—1830, "*Brief Remarks on the dispositions towards Christianity generated by prevailing*

*Opinions and Pursuits.*"—1831, "*Notices of the Mosaic Law: with some account of the Opinions of recent French writers concerning it.*"—1832, "*The Gospel an abiding system: with some remarks on the 'New Christianity' of the St. Simonians.*"

intelligence,—of which the main object should be the defence of the Church, her institutions, her doctrines. He had consulted the most thoughtful and trustworthy of his friends and had uniformly received from them words of encouragement. The need of such a medium of communication had in fact for some time forced itself on the attention of thoughtful men among the Clergy,—as Churton, in his ‘*Memoir of Watson*,’<sup>4</sup> shows.

“I am sure” (wrote Bishop Blomfield)<sup>5</sup> “that it ought to give intelligence of all religious proceedings in and out of the Church; that it should deal but sparingly with Reviews; and that its tone should be, though firm and decided, yet gentle . . . . If *you* can take it in hand, there will be an end of the difficulty.”

Joshua Watson, with intense sympathy for his friend, while he encouraged the enterprise, dissuaded him in the strongest terms from becoming its Editor. His brother Henry once described to me the circumstances,—(but it is so many years ago that I can only relate them generally.)—under which Hugh Rose was induced to take the decisive step. He was on a visit at his Father’s modest vicarage of Glynde, (near Lewes, in Sussex,) when to his surprise one afternoon he received a visit from a London publisher, whose purpose in searching him out in that remote locality was to announce his willingness to undertake the commercial responsibility of a monthly religious journal, provided only that Mr. Rose would consent to become its Editor. Its main object was to be *that* already defined; yet must not the Magazine be exclusively Theological. It was to embrace topics connected with public improvement. Cordially hating periodical literature, Rose was about the last person to be solicited on such a behalf with any prospect of success. But the

<sup>4</sup> Pages 276 to 281.

<sup>5</sup> 12 Aug. 1831.

publisher knew very well what he was about, and the kind of man he was addressing. He succeeded in overcoming the doubts and scruples—(they were neither slight nor few)—with which his project was encountered. But in fact he had an ally in the juncture of which he had availed himself to make his proposal, which effectually bore down opposition.

The times were critical in the highest degree. There was a great and admitted want of some medium of communication between the Clergy and the outside world, as well as with one another. For it will be remembered that in 1831 none of those multitudinous organs which at present flood every bookseller's counter and encumber our library-tables, were in existence. Faithful men were not wanting to whom the cause of the Church was very dear; but these too often lived in practical isolation. There prevailed also throughout the period (1830-4) a terrible faintheartedness which is too often the prelude and the token of a lost cause:—

“We are dying of timidity, and the dread of responsibility,” (wrote Mr. Newman a little later). “The Bishops must come forward; else, it is intolerable that all sorts of nonsense should be thrown out by Churchmen on the side of innovation, without the Bishops saying a word, and yet it should not be allowed us to agitate on the other side.”<sup>6</sup>

Even more ominous was the seeming *apathy* which men exhibited, even when vital interests were at stake:—

“I suppose there can be no doubt,” wrote Keble from Fairford (21 Feb. 1833), “that the die for a separation is now cast. The most frightful thing to me is the apparent apathy of most of the Clergy even, both in Oxford and here in the country.”

<sup>6</sup> J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—Jan. 1, 1834.

Even when the Bill for the suppression of half the Episcopate of the Church of Ireland was passing through Parliament, (writes William Palmer,) the same apathy prevailed. Sadly was the want felt of the faithful spirit which should fearlessly proclaim itself ready to contend for the Truth: the bold articulate cry which should arouse the sleepers, rally the wavering, invigorate the weak.

It was clear to Mr. Rose that the overture which had come to him thus unexpectedly might be converted into a great opportunity for good. Here would at all events be a rallying point for the friends of the Church, a mouthpiece for the enunciation of Church principles, and an organ for their dissemination. He foresaw too that the Clergy might be thus induced to communicate the information which would benefit their common cause, if they could but be got to take the thing up in a generous, trustful spirit. "The practical question is, whether those members and ministers of the Church, and those laymen who have a sincere interest in its welfare, and who think that a periodical work like this will tend to promote that interest, will attend to the call that is now made to them." So wrote the Editor in 1831-2. "One great evil I fear admits of no remedy" (he added a full year afterwards);—"namely, that I cannot devote all my time to it. I have a large parish of 3500 people, my health is dreadfully broken, and I cannot give up entirely my own reading. The only thing to be said on the other side is that I happen to have a large acquaintance among the Clergy." It was a great thing to him to find that men of excellent judgment thought well of the undertaking. In brief, it became *the* Church organ of the period,—numbered among its contributors the most able churchmen of the

day,—and proved a mighty instrument for good. On the 1st March 1832, the first number of ‘*The British Magazine*’<sup>7</sup> appeared.

The following letter from Hugh James Rose to his friend Joshua Watson respecting the Magazine when it was not yet half a year old, will be perused with interest:—

“I hope that *on the whole* the ‘British Magazine’ satisfies you. I feel that I could make it much better if I could give my time to it, and I would willingly give it up to somebody who could. But till it is more fully established, I know by experience that the more valuable contributors and Clergy will not communicate with a person whom they do not know, or know something about. There is one sad evil attending it just now which nothing can overcome,—and that is, the state of the times, which makes one hopeless, humanly speaking, of doing good; and so leaves only the languid movement arising from the impetus given in former and better days; or, at best, imposes that hard task for human constancy,—the doing from a sense of duty what you feel a moral certainty will be *unsuccessful*. GOD, in His *justice*, we must say, may well destroy our Church. The spirit of unbelief even may spread to an extent, the very thought of which shocks and appals the heart: and such *seems*, at least, to our little wisdom the present tendency of things. We, of a surety, in this our day, at the best can hope only for a series of dreadful and difficult, even if ultimately successful, struggles against it. And these are thoughts which tend, in a degree that I could hardly have fancied before experience, to deaden the active spirit of exertion in defence of secularities however valuable, (or rather invaluable,) as *means*. There is no rest for the sole of the foot, no reposeing point for the

<sup>7</sup> —“and Monthly Register of Religious and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, and Documents respecting the state of

the Poor, progress of Education, etc.”—The first number is prefaced by the Editor’s ‘Address,’—pp. 10.

wearied spirit, till it has passed over this dark and stormy ocean of thoughts, and remembered that the fate and fortune of the various branches of the *visible* Church of CHRIST are things on which the Book of GOD'S wisdom gives but a dim and obscure light, seeming even to foretell a general apostasy;—but that this does not affect the hopes and prospects, nor diminish the aids, of the believer. His hopes do not fail with a failing Church; and it is in *that* remembrance that he must seek the strength and resolution (as far as in himself and his own thoughts he is to seek them) necessary to discharge his duties towards it to the utmost while it retains its existence; and to witness its fall, if it is to fall, not indeed without the bitterest regret, but yet without dismay. But enough of this. These are thoughts which are familiar to you. Perhaps it is because I know this, that I have written thus, and relieved myself, without, I trust, annoying you.”<sup>8</sup>

And now it is high time that a pause should be made in order that the reader may be definitely introduced to what was the alarming position of affairs in the Church of England at the period which we have already reached. Without clear notions on this subject, he cannot possibly appreciate the characters which group themselves round the central figure of the present narrative: nor indeed can he understand *why* the men should express themselves, and should act, as they are observed to do. I must myself have recourse to the pages of one<sup>9</sup> who had personal experience of those gloomy times, if I would

<sup>8</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—dated ‘Glynde, Lewes, July 30, 1832.’

<sup>9</sup> Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester College,—in a volume which will prove an important contribution to English Church history,—‘*A narrative of events connected*

*with the publication of the Tracts for the Times, with an Introduction and Supplement extending to the present time.*’—Rivingtons, 1883, (pp. 293). I have also availed myself of an article contributed by the same friend to the *Contemporary Review*, (C. R.) for May, 1883.



report this matter faithfully. We shall find it our wisdom in fact, with him, to go back a little.

Enormous material prosperity had engendered overweening pride in the nation, and a shameful forgetfulness of GOD, the giver:—

X “Allusions to GOD’s being and providence became distasteful to the English parliament: were voted ill-bred and superstitious: were made the subjects of ridicule. Men were ashamed any longer to say Family-prayers, or to invoke the blessing of GOD upon the food which He alone had provided. The mention of His Name was tabooed in polite circles. In proportion as Religion openly declined, a human element made progress under the name of Philosophy and Science,—which knew of nothing except what is of human origin. The supernatural was made to disappear. The consequence was, that society began to demand the exclusion of the supernatural from the Christian system, on the pretence of wishing to make it more widely acceptable. Did they not consider that to exclude the *supernatural* is to destroy *Christianity*, to proclaim it an imposture and a lie?”<sup>1</sup>

Few men now living have before them the condition of the Church itself as it was some sixty years, and more, ago. Her fortunes had sunk to the lowest ebb. Hope itself was nearly extinguished. The Church’s days seemed numbered:—

“A Revolution had taken place in the relations of Church and State. Political Revolution had followed, and society and Christianity along with it seemed in danger of subversion. Reversing the policy which for three centuries had intimately connected the Church with the State,—a policy which had been handed down from the introduction of Christianity,—the Government of that day had made up its mind to ally itself with the Church’s foes.

<sup>1</sup> Palmer’s ‘Narrative,’ &c. p. 21.

Long, I suppose, before this!  
Mamma! Do you know that the — — actually ha

“We can now look back from the vantage ground of time upon the agitating contests from 1812 to 1829, connected with the grant of ‘Emancipation.’ We can smile at the notion that men could have been so deeply moved by such a question as that of the grant of political power to Roman Catholics. There are, however, two sides to most questions; and in this case, a very serious alternative presented itself to the minds of Churchmen. They saw that the grant of political power to the Church of Rome meant the use of that political power against the Church of England. They were convinced by the teaching of ages, that the exaltation of the former meant the injury, perhaps the destruction of the latter. Experience has unfortunately shown that they were right, and that those who ridiculed their fears were no prophets.”<sup>2</sup>

In the meantime, a school of men arose, (the Clergy themselves contributing some of its most dangerous elements,) whose conceit led them to imagine that they were competent to reform every institution and to amend the whole world:—

“The press groaned beneath the perpetual issue of pamphlets, treatises, discourses,—all bent on the reformation and correction of the Church, from head to foot. To open one of these disquisitions,—which undertook at a week’s notice to present a spick-and-span new creation, in which imperfection was to be unknown,—you might suppose that the Church of England was a mass of corruption, folly, and bigotry. Everything was wrong, and required a radical change. Nothing could be hoped for, except after the expulsion of Bishops from the House of Lords,—the overthrow of Chapters,—the abolition of Religion in the Universities,—the radical reform of the Worship and the Doctrine of the Church in a liberal direction. The Prayer-Book was to be divested of its antique rubbish,—swept clean of the supernaturalism which had descended to it from the

<sup>2</sup> Palmer in the ‘*Contemporary Review*,’ p. 637.

Middle Ages,—relieved of those continual professions of belief in the Trinity, the Deity of CHRIST, the belief in Divine Providence, and other points which so greatly troubled the delicate consciences of those Christians who were anxious to fraternize with Unitarianism and Infidelity. The Church of England of the future was to become a congeries of sects, at utter variance with each other in doctrine and discipline, each preserving its distinctive peculiarities,—with the single exception of the present Church of England; which, by authority of Parliament, and without any reference to the wishes of its Bishops, Clergy, or People, was to be arbitrarily remodelled and vitally changed.”<sup>3</sup> “Such was the disorganization of the public mind, that Dr. Arnold of Rugby ventured to propose, that all denominations should be united by Act of Parliament with the Church of England, on the principle of retaining all their distinctive errors and absurdities.”<sup>4</sup>

“What claims special notice in all these proposed changes was the spirit of *irreverence* which was widely characteristic of the period, together with the prevailing *want of principle*. All who have written on the events of that time, have noticed the extreme and dangerous unsettlement of opinion which manifested itself about the year 1830,—the era when the Reform mania was at its height, and when ‘Reform’ was decided to be the panacea for every human ill. In the midst of this revolutionary turmoil, the Church and Christianity were in danger of being swept from their old foundations, and replaced upon the philosophic basis of the nineteenth century.”<sup>5</sup>

Such a deplorable state of things—(what need to say it?)—was not arrived at without protest and remonstrance. The circumstance is too much lost sight of by those who have discussed the events of the period. To read of the great Church Revival of 1833 as it presents itself

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 639.<sup>4</sup> Palmer’s ‘*Narrative*,’ p. 99.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 29.

to the imagination of certain writers, one would suppose that in their account the publication of the earliest of the '*Tracts for the Times*' had the magical effect of kindling into glory the dead embers of an all-but-extinct Church. The plain truth is that the smouldering materials for the cheerful blaze which followed the efforts made in 1832-3-4 had been accumulating unobserved for many years: had been the residuum of the altar-fires of a long succession of holy and earnest men. Not only here in England had there been many to bear faithful and fearless witness, but the great American Church had done her full part in "preparing the way." Bp. Hobart of Connecticut [1775-1831],—Bp. Doane of New Jersey [1799-1859],—Bp. Whittingham of Maryland [1805-1879],—are the names which more readily present themselves; but there were in truth many others,—names which will not go unremembered or unrecorded "in that Day." The result was at first unperceived, but it was very real, and only waited the arrival of the occasion to make itself distinctly felt and seen. As at another famous occasion of national apostasy, GOD was found to have "reserved to Himself seven thousand" who had retained their hold on Catholic Truth amid every discouragement. A very facile proceeding truly it is to speak in a patronising way of "the old fashioned piety" of such men as those whose names will be found collected at the foot of the present page.<sup>6</sup> Would to GOD

<sup>6</sup> Thomas Randolph [1701-83]: Thomas Townson [1715-92]: George Horne [1730-92]: William Jones (of Nayland) [1726-1800]: Samuel Horsley [1733-1806]: William Stevens [1732-1807]: John Randolph [1749-1813]: William Cleaver [1742-1815]: John Frere [1740-1807]: John Shepherd [1759-1805]:

Thomas F. Middleton [1769-1822]: John Bowdler [1754-1823]: Charles Daubeny [1744-1827]: Reginald Heber [1783-1826]: Charles Lloyd [1784-1829]: Alexander Knox [1758-1831]: John Jebb [1775-1833]: John Davison [1777-1834]: Thomas Sikes [1766-1834]: Richard Laurence [1760-1839]: William

that we had among us at the present day a little more of that 'old-fashioned' thing,—a little less of that spurious novelty which is "Catholic" in nothing but in name. *Church feeling was EVOKED, not CREATED, by the Movement of 1833.*

Undeniable however it is that at the juncture of which we speak the outlook was the gloomiest imaginable. The Church was weak and divided:—

"There was no means of offering an effectual resistance to the spreading evil of unsettlement and infidelity. The lines of religion needed to be restored and deepened. Principle had to be infused where there was none to fall back upon. It was in vain to appeal to principles which were not understood. There was no foundation, or an uncertain one, on which to build."<sup>7</sup>

"At the beginning of the summer of 1833, the Church in England and Wales seemed destined to immediate desolation and ruin. We had seen in 1828, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts cutting away from the Church of England one of its ancient bulwarks, and evidencing a disposition to make concession to the clamour of its enemies. In the next year,—the *fatal* year 1829,—we had seen this principle fully carried out, by the concession of what is called '*Roman Catholic Emancipation*'; a measure which scattered to the winds public principle, public morality, public confidence, and dispersed a party, which, had it possessed courage to adhere to its old and popular principles, and to act on them with manly energy, would have stemmed the torrent of Revolution, and averted the awful crisis which was at

Van Mildert [1765-1836]: William Howley [1765-1848]: Christopher Wordsworth [1774-1846]: H. H. Norris [1771-1851]: Martin J. Routh [1755-1854]: John Oxlee [1779-1854]: John Kaye [1783-1853]: Joshua Watson [1771-1855]: C. J. Blomfield [1786-1857]: Hugh James Rose [1795-1838].

And more recently, John Miller:—John Keble:—W. H. Mill:—William Palmer of Worcester:—Benjamin Harrison:—Christopher Wordsworth. But 'the time would fail me,' were any thing like a complete enumeration to be attempted.

<sup>7</sup> Palmer's '*Narrative*,' p. 30.

hand.”<sup>8</sup> “In the year after passing this measure, which was to hold out the olive branch to contending parties, the Irish peasantry entered into a conspiracy to despoil the clergy of their tithes. The alliance with the Papal priesthood, formed in the vain hope of conciliating Irish discontent and closing the agitating career of O’Connell, who had been permitted for so many years to keep that country on the verge of rebellion, had rapidly borne fruit. Whoever ventured to levy tithes was doomed to death. Several of the Clergy were accordingly murdered, and the rest reduced to starvation. The end of the Church had come sooner than was expected. The Clergy would have no remedy except to escape to England.

“The withdrawal of all support from Church institutions: the open and violent demands for the legal abolition of the Irish Church: the transfer of Irish education from Church management to other hands; all indicated the change which was rapidly passing over the relations of Church and State.”

In the meantime, the lesson which English statesmen had given in 1829 in remodelling Constitutions, speedily bore bitter fruits. Their policy had recoiled upon themselves:—

“England at once found itself in a revolutionary vortex. The Reform Bill was resisted. It was enforced, and carried by threats of rebellion. The mob rose and burned down the Castle of Nottingham, the owner of which had made himself obnoxious. The palace of the Bishop of Bristol was burned by the mob. Bishops were liable to insult and violence if they appeared in the streets. They were recommended by Lord Grey to ‘set their house in order.’ At Oxford the inhabitants were in alarm, for it was understood that the Unionists, 100,000 strong, were about to march from Birmingham and raze the colleges. In London great bodies of revolutionists were under regular military training, preparatory to an outbreak in the event of the Reform Bill being

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 96.

rejected; and it was a matter of uncertainty whether the House of Lords or the Crown would survive the crisis, and whether the next year might not find England a Republic. When the new parliament met, its character was apparently revolutionary. The House of Commons was prepared for any course of action however dangerous. There was an increasing attack upon the Church of England in every direction, and few indeed, and weak, were the voices which in timid deprecation were raised on its behalf. . . . The press, with a few exceptions, was ranged on the side of revolution and hostility to the Church. So violently were men's passions excited, that an inconsiderable event might, like a spark applied to a barrel of gunpowder, have led to a fatal explosion."<sup>9</sup> . . .

It was at such a juncture then in the state of public affairs, secular and religious, that in his father's humble parsonage, on a breezy slope of the Sussex downs, Hugh James Rose determined to try what could be effected by the aid of a monthly journal towards reviving the hopes and rekindling the aspirations of English Churchmen. It was a bold venture of Faith—*pro Ecclesiâ DEI*.

"The climax was reached in the beginning of 1833. The most startling illustration of the new attitude of the State and of Parliament towards the Church of England, and of the character of measures which had now become possible under the pretence of Reform, was at that time afforded when the Ministry of the day introduced their *Bill for the Extinction of ten Bishoprics and two Archbishoprics in Ireland*, and pressed it through Parliament. Churchmen were told that they had reason to be thankful that the entire Episcopate had not been swept away, with the exception of four, or even one Bishop; that they were to consider themselves fortunate in being allowed to retain Bishops, or Clergy, or Churches at all.

"This Act of the Government it was which brought matters to a crisis. Its result was the Oxford movement,

<sup>9</sup> Palmer in the '*Contemporary Review*,' p. 638-9.

—which, however some may have sought to explain it, really sprang from necessity; the need felt by various minds, agreeing in their essential feeling towards the Church of England and its principles. It became evident to them at once that something required to be done, in order to meet dangers which had become tangible, and which threatened to become intolerable.”<sup>1</sup>

“The necessity of associating in defence of the Church had already suggested itself to many minds. In a letter dated Hadleigh, February 1, 1833, Mr. Rose wrote,—‘That something is requisite, is certain. The only thing is, that whatever is done ought to be *quickly* done: for the danger is immediate, and I should have little fear if I thought that we could stand for ten or fifteen years as we are.’ ”<sup>2</sup>

It will become more and more apparent, as we proceed, that if *to any one man* is to be assigned the honour of having originated the great Catholic Revival of our times, *that man* was Hugh James Rose. For my own part, I am inclined to think that it fares with such movements as it fares with rivers. Their true source, their actual fountain-head, is remote, is insignificant. A confluence of brooks produces in time a stream,—into which many tributaries discharge themselves. The channel deepens,—widens,—receives somewhere a considerable accession of waters. And now, behold, it has become a mighty river! . . . So was it with the great Catholic Revival of which we speak. But it remains true, for all that, that amid the forms which crowd around us and the voices which make themselves heard above the ‘hurley burley,’ when the history of a great work is to be deliberately committed to writing, *one* authoritative voice, *one* commanding figure, becomes conspicuous beyond the rest: and posterity will recognize the fact that it was HUGH JAMES ROSE who was the true moving

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 639-41.

<sup>2</sup> Palmer’s ‘*Narrative*,’ p. 101.



cause of that stirring of the waters which made an indelible impress on the Church of England between fifty and sixty years ago, and which it is customary to date from the Autumn of 1833. It was he who so early as the year 1822,<sup>3</sup> had pointed out to the Clergy "*Internal Union*" as "the best safeguard against the dangers of the Church." In 1825, as we have seen, from the University pulpit at Cambridge, he had directed attention to the state of German Protestantism,—a spectacle of warning to the Church of England. But it was by his soul-stirring discourses on the Commission of the Clergy, preached before the same University in 1826, that he chiefly recalled men's attention to those great Church principles which had all but universally fallen into neglect, if not oblivion. *His* eagle eye was the first to discern the coming danger, and his commanding intellect was incessantly occupied with the problem of how it was to be effectually dealt with. By the earnest tone and by the sterling soundness of his writings he had won the respect and confidence, as well as the admiration of the Church. He was already the trusted ally of not a few of the faithful laity also. Now therefore, when the sky grew darkest and most threatening (1829–1831) and the muttering thunder was filling men's souls with a terrible anticipation of the coming storm,] all eyes were instinctively turned to *him* as the fittest to lead and to guide. The Bishops should have taken the initiative, and put themselves at the head of the movement: but not one of them stirred, and no one dared approach them. The diocesan organisation to which the genius of

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Rose's *first* published Sermon (1 Cor. iii. 8, 9) bears date Sept. 30th, 1821, and was "preached at the parish church of Brighthelmston, in aid of the funds of the

Lewes Deanery Committee of the S.P.C.K." It breathes the self-same earnest spirit as his later and better known discourses.

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, some twenty years later, imparted such efficient flexibility, as yet existed only in theory. Let it in fairness be confessed that the traditional cumbrous exclusiveness of their exalted station, not to say the suspicions under which they laboured as a body, disqualified our then Bishops from the kind of action which at the close of the first quarter of the present century had become a necessity. Thus it happened that a standard-bearer had to be sought for elsewhere ; and, as we have said, the man on whom Churchmen fixed their hopes was HUGH JAMES ROSE.

The same year which witnessed the establishment of his Magazine had been already rendered memorable by the publication of William Palmer's "*Origines Liturgicæ, or Antiquities of the English Ritual, with a Dissertation on Primitive Liturgies*,"—a work too well known to need description here. But a forgetful generation may require to be told that it marks an epoch: for those volumes gave the first impulse to inquiries of which the Church is reaping the beneficial results at the present hour. A careless age may also with advantage have it pointed out that the '*Origines*' are not so much a reminder that almost every "form of sound words" which we employ has been transmitted to us from the remotest antiquity, as a witness that the sentiments and principles which those time-honoured words embody have descended to us from the primitive age. By Palmer's '*Origines*,' in short, men were taught that our Book of Common Prayer is a testimony to our fidelity to the great principles which have descended to us from the Apostles,—a record of 'one Faith' never to be forsaken,—a guide amidst the perplexities and uncertainties of human opinion. The author writes of himself as follows:—

“From Hugh James Rose, soon after the publication of my book in 1832, I received a communication asking my aid as a contributor to the ‘*British Magazine*.’ I accordingly contributed a series of articles in reply to the truculent attacks of the political dissenters; which, by means of a large mass of evidence derived from dissenting publications, directed public attention to the small number, the difficulties, and declining state of the dissenting interest.

“Rose, with whom of all men living I most deeply sympathized, and in whom I placed the most entire confidence, (as far as confidence in man is allowable), was in his time a bright and shining light of the Church of England. He had been Christian Advocate of the University of Cambridge. He was the most powerful and most followed preacher there: a profound scholar, an eloquent orator, a deep thinker, and an admirable theologian. When we add to this, accomplishments the most varied, judgment the most enlightened, and manners the charm of which were universally felt, we have a combination which has been rarely if ever excelled in the Church. The only drawback was declining health. This highly gifted and admirable man was a victim to perpetual suffering, which in a brief space consigned him to the sick chamber and to death. Even when I first knew him, his tall, bending, and attenuated form, and aquiline features—which, amidst their intellectual and commanding character, gave evidences of deep suffering—indicated but too truly the sad presence of decline. But in society, that grave, and even sad and solemn expression, gave way at once to the radiance of intellect, benevolence, and wit. Had this noble man lived, he would have been the greatest ornament and the most trusted leader of his Church.”<sup>4</sup>

Palmer himself [b. 1803] was a younger man. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he enjoyed one considerable advantage over the Divines with whom he shortly found himself associated, viz. that he had studied the claims to

<sup>4</sup> Palmer in the ‘*Contemporary Review*,’ p. 644.

Catholicity of the Churches of England and of Rome a vast deal more carefully than they had. The '*Origines*' had been commenced in 1826. He went to reside at Oxford in 1828, became a member of Worcester College, and devoted himself exclusively to the study of Divinity. The appearance of his work in 1832 brought him at once into intimate intercourse with Rose,—who entertained the highest opinion of his learning, judgment, and orthodoxy. At *his* solicitation it was that Rose visited Oxford in the summer of 1832,—not a little influenced doubtless by anxiety to enlist under his banner, as editor of the '*British Magazine*,' the services of the chief men of promise in that University. Besides Dr. Pusey, Mr. Newman (as the reader is aware) was known to him already. John Miller was another of his most esteemed friends. Froude, Harrison, Perceval, Williams, and many others were drawn more or less into relation with him about this time. Palmer writes of that visit,—

“It was indeed the greatest pleasure that could well be imagined to have your company at Oxford, and we shall always remember it with delight. It is a matter of rejoicing indeed, when those whose objects and views are in perfect unison, and on whose exertions under Providence such precious interests may depend, are brought to know and value each other, and are thus enabled to band themselves into an united phalanx against their enemies. I know your visit to Oxford will have been very useful in this respect, and I shall only add that every one seemed to feel pleasure in seeing you, and expressed the greatest value and respect. This I know, and I could also mention some persons to whom your conversation and sentiments gave the most heartfelt satisfaction.”<sup>5</sup>

Individuals were found to remonstrate with Mr. Rose for seeking help at this time exclusively from Oxford:—

<sup>5</sup> Leamington,—July 18th, 1832.

“I am a little perplexed” (he writes) “by Archdeacon Thorpe’s account of Oxford,—at least if he looks at it with a Churchman’s eye. *I get no help whatever* from Cambridge. What help could I get equal to Keble, Miller, Palmer, Newman, Froude, Hook, Ogilvie? I love Cambridge to my heart: but Divinity is not her tower of strength just now.”<sup>6</sup>

Another frequent contributor to the ‘*British Magazine*’ at this time was the Author of the ‘*Christian Year*.’ “I am delighted,” he wrote, (26 Feb. 1833), “to think that persons so well qualified to judge as yourself and Mr. Watson account those hasty thoughts of mine to be not without a chance of doing some good in so noble a cause.” From some corrections which the writer proposes, it is found that the paper referred to is one of a series on ‘*Church Reform*’ (pp. 360–78) signed “K.” Five sonnets too are his (at pp. 273–4), and another on “Oxford from Bagley, at 8 o’clock in the morning,” (at p. 422.) On the ensuing 24 April, enclosing a paper on ‘*Church Reform*’ (which appears at p. 726–34), Keble writes,—

“If *you* feel dissatisfied with what you have written, what ought *I* to feel! but I don’t allow you to be a fair judge, especially now that I fear you are unwell. All I know is that others whom I meet with don’t find fault with you, and that I am more and more convinced of the importance and usefulness of the Magazine . . . . I don’t wonder that *you* are more tired than your readers of this eternal *Church Reform* subject. But what can one do? Whilst Grey and Co. go on, we must go on too, as we may. And I must say, without bandying compliments, that your way of putting these matters appears to me more readable, more lively without pertness, and more likely to do good, than anybody’s else whom I have fallen in with. Please therefore not to leave off; except you find it too worrying for your health . . . . Will you

<sup>6</sup> To Joshua Watson,—Hadleigh, June 19th, 1833.

excuse my mentioning to you one word which vexes me in every number of yours? 'Notices of the *Olden Time*.' I don't know why, but I suppose from some odd association, that phrase sounds to me affected. Don't alter it, please, unless you find that other ears are like mine in this respect."

In his next letter (May 13th, 1833), Keble writes,—  
"Would not '*Antiquarian Notices*' suit your purpose well enough? It would, I think, include such remarks on language as you speak of, quite as correctly as the present title, to which I so hypercritically objected. I certainly shall be glad when it is changed.

"Talking of Titles, I cannot at once reconcile myself to Newman's '*Lyra Apostolica*.' I am sure it will not give the idea he intends. But perhaps he depends on being able to get people to associate his meaning with the phrase. If he can do so, well and good."

This allusion to the '*Lyra*,'—of which however the first four poems did not appear in the *British Magazine* till the month of June 1833 (at pp. 656-7)—reminds me that I am proceeding too fast. As early as the year 1830, in connexion with his friend and colleague at Lambeth, Archd. W. R. Lyall, (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), Mr. Rose had undertaken to edit the '*Theological Library*,' which was to consist of a series of manual volumes on various subjects, but which might all be included under that common title. The first volume contained the '*Life of Wiclif*' by Le Bas.<sup>7</sup> Rose himself was to have contributed a '*Life of Martin Luther*.' The publication extended eventually to fifteen volumes.<sup>8</sup> This undertaking it was which first brought him into personal relations with John Henry Newman,—a name inseparably identified with the great Church movement which immediately followed, and of which I am now to speak.

<sup>7</sup> Published Dec. 22, 1831.

ii.) was published Feb. 6th, 1839.

<sup>8</sup> The last volume (Evans' '*Bio-  
graphy of the Early Church*,' vol.

I am indebted for these details to  
Mr. F. H. Rivington.

It must have been in the beginning of 1831 that Rose invited Mr. Newman,—(for, in introducing him into this narrative, I must be allowed to designate him by his old familiar name),—to furnish a History of the principal Councils. Newman's reply ~~shall~~ be given in full. ~~It was as follows:—~~ v  
LS

“ Oriel College, March 28, 1831.

“ Sir,—I have allowed myself to delay my answer to your obliging letter from a sense of the importance of the undertaking to which you invite me. I am apprehensive that a work on the Councils will require a more extensive research into Ecclesiastical History than I can hope to complete in the time to be assigned me for writing it. Otherwise, I am well disposed towards it. You do not mention the number of Councils you intend should be included in the History. May I trouble you to give me a description of the kind of work you desire? and what books you especially refer to in your letter as the sources of information? and what time you can grant me?

“ I fear I should not be able to give my mind fully to the subject till the autumn, though I wish to commence operations sooner. If I undertook it, it would be on the understanding that it was to be but introductory to the subject which Mr. Jenkyns mentioned to you,—*the Articles*.

“ I had considered a work on ‘the Articles’ might be useful, on the following plan. First, a defence of Articles:—then, the history of our own:—then, an explanation of them founded on the historical view:—then, a Dissertation on the sources of proof, *e.g.* Revelation or Nature, the Bible or the Church, the Old or New Testament &c.:—then, some account of the terms used in Theology as a Science,—*e.g.* ‘Trinity,’ ‘Person,’ ‘Merits of CHRIST,’ ‘Grace,’ ‘Regeneration,’ &c. And lastly, some general view of Christian doctrines, to be proved from Scripture, and referred to their proper places in the Articles. It seems to me much better thus to collect the subjects of the Articles under heads, than to explain and prove each

separately,—with a view both to clearness of statement and fulness in the proof from Scripture.

“Will you consider it out of place in one so little known as myself, to add that,—though I am most desirous you should be put into full possession of my views, and at all times wish to profit by the suggestions of others, and am not aware I differ in any material point from our standard writers,—yet, intending to take upon myself the entire responsibility of everything I write, I should be unwilling to allow any alteration without the concurrence of my own judgment: and, if the change required were great, should cheerfully acquiesce in my MS. being declined, rather than consent to suppress or modify any part of it I deemed of importance? In saying this, perhaps I am raising actual difficulties in my wish to avoid possible prospective ones: yet, in a matter of this kind, I deem it best to use as much openness as possible, begging your indulgence towards it, and being entirely disposed to welcome in turn any frank statement of your own sentiments which you may find it necessary to communicate to me.

“I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,

“JOHN H. NEWMAN.”

The generous earnestness of the writer was the cause that he scarcely appreciated the extent and largeness of his subject. By September 12th, its vastness was evidently overpowering him. At the end of ten months, however, by severe industry and not without injury to his health, he had brought his labours to a close and proposed that their title should be ‘*Notices of the Principal Councils of the Primitive Church in illustration of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.*’ Not until 1833 did the volume appear, and then as an independent publication, as well as under an entirely different title,—‘*The Arians of the Fourth Century*’;—the delay having been occasioned by Hurrell Froude’s journey to the south of Europe, in which Newman



accompanied him. This proved Newman's great work,—the work by which he will be chiefly remembered.<sup>9</sup> It was ready for publication however, as already stated, by the month of August 1832; in which month, by the way, the author ran over from Brighton to see Rose, who was then on a visit at his father's vicarage, Glynde near Lewes,—himself in broken health. A letter which he received from Newman later in the year will be read with interest on more accounts than one:—

“Oriol College, Nov. 26th, 1832.

“My dear sir,—Your account of your health has caused me very great concern. I sincerely wish you could get away for some months,—or rather I wish I could take the liberty of urging you so to do. Is it not possible for an Editor so to arrange his prospective business as to intrust it to others for a few months? Any use you could make of myself among others (on my return) to accomplish so desirable an object, shall be yours. I know indeed how valuable personal superintendence is, and on this account feel bound always to pray for the increased personal influence of one whose continuance in active exertion is of such moment to the Church; yet it is far the lesser of the two evils to suspend exertion than to lose the power of making it.

“You must not suppose that Froude and I are running away as truants for mere pleasure. He goes for his health, having a consumptive tendency which alarms his friends. I have been for years suffering from duties too many for me, and take the opportunity of recruiting myself for further service: but it makes me ashamed almost to go, when I see persons labouring who are more indisposed.

“We propose, if you will let us, on our return, to systematize a Poetry department for you,—which I am

<sup>9</sup> “Let me take this occasion of offering my grateful thanks to Mr. Newman for his invaluable work on Arianism, which will take its

permanent stand in our literature.”  
—Rose's ‘*Apology for the Study of Divinity*’ [see below, p. 185], 1834, —p. 41.

sanguine will be above the ordinary run of such exhibitions, and may be useful. We shall ask for 2 pages in each No., and shall insert in that space 4 brief compositions, each bringing out forcibly *one* idea. You will smile at our planning such details, before you have heard a word about it: but if it interferes with any plan of yours, of course we shall take a negative from you very lightly. Our object is, to bring out certain truths and facts, moral, ecclesiastical, and religious, simply and forcibly,—with greater freedom and clearness than in ‘*The Christian Year.*’ I will not go on to say, with greater poetry. If it answered on trial, we should be content to carry it on *ad infinitum*. It might be called ‘*Lyra Apostolica.*’

“When you see or write to Archd. Lyall, will you thank him for me for a very kind letter, which I did not answer for fear of troubling him? He made me the desirable offer to form a personal acquaintance with him, half asking me down to see him. I hope some time or other I may enjoy the benefit he proposes, though my journey prevents my doing so now.”

The friends set out in December 1832. . . . “I came to Rome from Naples,” writes Mr. Newman; who (in the pages of the ‘*British Magazine*’<sup>1</sup>) presented his countrymen, on his return, with his impressions of the place and its Religion. He begins by describing, with his usual felicity of phrase, his feelings on first approaching Rome. “Let me think awhile” (he proceeds) “on the subject thus given me”:—

“It cannot be denied that Rome is one of the four monsters of Daniel’s vision. Do Christian travellers keep this enough in mind? I think not. . . . But further, Rome is put on a level with Babylon, in Scripture; nay it is worse than it. The vengeance has fallen on Babylon, and it is no more. On Rome, too, plagues have come; but it survives. What does this circumstance imply? that further judgments are in store? I fear it does. Rome, the mightiest monster, has as yet

<sup>1</sup> Vol. v (Jan. 1834),—pp. 1–11. See below, p. 197.

escaped on easier terms than Babylon. Surely, it has not drunk out the LORD'S cup of fury, nor expiated the curse! And then, again, the fearful Apocalypse occurs to my mind. Amid the obscurities of that holy book, one doctrine is clear enough,—the ungodliness of Rome; and further, its destined destruction. *That* destruction has not yet overtaken it; therefore it is in store. I am approaching a doomed city."

This is terrible reading truly, though it be scripturally true. We are surprised to be presently assured that,—

"In the book of Revelation, the sorceress upon the seven hills is not the *Church* of Rome, as is often taken for granted, but Rome itself,—that bad spirit which, in its former shape, was the animating principle of the Fourth Monarchy, and now has learned by experience a deeper cunning." "If any one thinks this a refined distinction," (proceeds the pious writer) "difficult to enter into, and useless if understood, I admit it is most difficult, but not useless."

The question however at once arises,—(we ask it respectfully,)—But is it logically *possible*? We are invited to believe that "the animating spirit of the Fourth Monarchy" is also, *as far as Rome is concerned*, the animating spirit of the Fifth and last. But the Fifth and last Kingdom is confessedly 'the Kingdom of GOD,'—*the Christian Church*,—of which the animating spirit is GOD. When therefore the same writer asserts that,

"not in good only, but in evil also, the old spirit has revived; and the monster of Daniel's vision, untamed by its former judgments, *has seized upon Christianity* as the new instrument of its impieties, and awaits a second and final woe from GOD'S hand";<sup>2</sup>—

what else does he assert but that *the Church of Rome*—forsaken by the Holy Spirit of GOD—is under the

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 124 and 123.

usurped dominion of Satan; and therefore, *as a Church*, awaits a tremendous doom? All doubt on this subject is in fact removed by what we shall hear from him by and by.<sup>3</sup>

In his "*Apologia*,"<sup>4</sup> Mr. Newman writes,—“Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignor (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the *Collegio Inglese* shortly before we left Rome.” To which, Froude adds the startling intelligence that their object had been to ascertain on what terms they might be admitted to Communion with Rome, and that they had been surprised to learn that an acceptance of the Decrees of the Council of Trent was a necessary preliminary.<sup>5</sup> To ourselves, the only matter of surprise is that two such learned Anglicans should have thought it worth their while definitely to make such an inquiry. It is gratifying at all events (as a friend of theirs well remarks) to know that Froude’s opinions were only in the course of formation; and that in the following year, when approaching death, he expressed himself as follows:—

“If I was to assign my reason for belonging to the Church of England in preference to any other religious community, it would be simply this,—That she has retained an apostolical Clergy and exacts no sinful terms of communion: whereas on the one hand, the Romanists, though retaining an apostolical Clergy, *do* exact sinful terms of communion: and, on the

<sup>3</sup> See below, p. 264-5.

<sup>4</sup> Page 97.

<sup>5</sup> “We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences; and we found to our dismay that not one step would be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as

a whole.” (Froude’s ‘*Remains*,’ pp. 304-7).—“I say nothing here of her intense hatred of us,” wrote Newman at this very time: “and the iron temper with which she resists all proposals of ever so little concession.” (‘*British Magazine*,’ vol. v. p. 131.)

other, no other religious community has retained such Clergy." <sup>6</sup>

His language at least establishes that this bold and adventurous reasoner, whose sole object was Truth, wherever it might be found, was to the last a faithful adherent of the Church of England. At the period referred to however Mr. Newman, with entire sincerity, would have expressed himself in the same terms. It was from Rome, in the meantime, that he sent the first number of the '*Lyra Apostolica*' to England, accompanied by the following letter:—

"Rome, March 16th, 1833.

"My dear sir,—I send two numbers of the '*Lyra*,' which if you think them worthy, may be inserted respectively in the Magazine for May and June. But if you prefer waiting till we come home, well and good."

"I will make two requests: first, that no poetry from other correspondents should follow the '*Lyra*' so closely as to seem to come under its title. Next, (which your better judgment may decline granting,) that you would put a line of notice before every number of the '*Lyra*' to signify that 'The Editor is not responsible for the opinions contained in it.' This would set us at liberty to speak freely, which might be inexpedient in a known person such as yourself. The motto is part of Achilles' speech on returning to the battle. If you think that beginning with *γροίεν δ'* is harsh and unprecedented, pray put *γνώσεσθ'*, though this is flat: or omit it altogether, or substitute another.

"We were very sorry to see at Malta an announcement in the paper that you had resigned the Christian Advocateship. Is this from ill health? anyhow it is grievous.

"We have received great civilities from M. Bunsen, who is a most amiable and accomplished person.

"How pleased we should be to get a peep at the '*British Magazine*' here, and see the state of feeling in

<sup>6</sup> Froude to Perceval, Sep. 9, (p. 41) of Perceval's '*Letter to Dr. Arnold*' &c. 1841. 1834. I quote from the Appendix

the Church upon that cursed spoliation bill which the Papers give us notice of!

"With Froude's best regards and good wishes, ever yours very truly  
"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"We intend being in England by the middle of June."<sup>7</sup>

It was the 9th of July before Newman (who had lingered behind his companion) set foot in England. "When I got home from abroad," (he writes), "I found that already a movement had commenced in opposition to the specific danger which at that time was threatening" the Church. "Several zealous and able men had united their counsels, and were in correspondence with each other."<sup>8</sup> As already explained, the sacrilegious Bill for the suppression of half the Episcopate of the Church of Ireland which was then being eagerly pressed through Parliament, had brought matters to a crisis. Newman reached Oxford at what proved to himself a critical moment: for on the very next Sunday after his arrival (July 14th, 1833) Keble preached from the University pulpit his famous Assize Sermon, which was published at once under the title '*National Apostasy.*' This, in Newman's case, was like the application of a spark to a train of gunpowder. Throughout his travels, but especially as he drew nearer home, he had been visited with strange spiritual impressions that a great work was awaiting him in England. "I began to think that I had a mission."<sup>9</sup> He walked back to

<sup>7</sup> Immediately follows, written in the same beautiful handwriting, No. I,—(1) *The Course of Truth*: (2) *The Greek Fathers*: (3) *David numbering the people*: (4) *The Saint and the Hero* . . . Also, No. II,—(1) *The Church of Rome*: (2) ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΜΙΜΗΤΗΣ: (3) *Moses seeing the Land*: (4) *The Pains of Memory.*

These poems are to be found in vol. iii. p. 656-7 (June)—and (with the *Commune Doctorum* by Isaac Williams prefixed) in vol. iv. p. 24-5 (July) of the '*British Magazine*' for 1833.

<sup>8</sup> *Apologia*,—p. 103-4.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*—pp. 99-100.

Oriel from St. Mary's,—deeply moved by what he had heard, (though indeed the sermon in question is by no means extraordinary), and “ever considered and kept the day, as the start of the religious movement of 1833.” For ‘religious,’ read *Tractarian* in the foregoing sentence, and the statement is historically correct. But the *religious* movement, as we have seen, had made its beginning “not with observation” several years before. I chiefly avail myself of Mr. Newman’s truthful reminiscences of this period, because he pays at the outset a graceful tribute to the subject of these pages, and furnishes us with another portrait of the man as he appeared in the eyes of those who from personal intercourse were alone competent to describe him. After enumerating “Mr. Keble, Hurrell Froude, Mr. William Palmer of Worcester College, Mr. Arthur Perceval, and Mr. Hugh Rose,” the writer proceeds as follows:—

“To mention Mr. Hugh Rose’s name is to kindle in the minds of those who knew him, a host of pleasant and affectionate remembrances. He was the man above all others fitted by his cast of mind and literary powers to make a stand, if a stand could be made, against the calamity of the times. He was gifted with a high and large mind, and a true sensibility of what was great and beautiful; he wrote with warmth and energy; and he had a cool head and cautious judgment. He spent his strength and shortened his life, *pro Ecclesiâ DEI*, as he understood that sovereign idea. Some years earlier he had been the first to give warning, I think from the University pulpit at Cambridge, of the perils to England which lay in the biblical and theological speculations of Germany. The Reform agitation followed, and the Whig government came into power. . . . He feared that by the Whig party a door would be opened in England to the most grievous of heresies, which never could be closed again. In order under such grave circumstances to unite Churchmen together, and to make a front against the

coming danger, he had in 1832 commenced the '*British Magazine*,' and in the same year he came to Oxford in the summer term, in order to beat up for writers for his publication. On that occasion I became known to him through Mr. Palmer. His reputation and position came in aid of his obvious fitness, in point of character and intellect, to become the centre of an ecclesiastical movement."<sup>1</sup>

I was unwilling to interrupt this retrospect: but we have to resume our narrative at the period immediately antecedent to Mr. Newman's return from his travels: and I again prefer to avail myself of the statements of an eye-witness and chief actor in the scene to be described,—William Palmer:

"When the month of June 1833 arrived, those friends who had been in correspondence upon the prospects of the Church, from Surrey, Suffolk, Hampshire and Oxford, felt that the time had come for personal conference and comparison of views upon the all-important subject which occupied their thoughts. The suggestion for a meeting presented itself contemporaneously to several minds; and Rose took the initiative by inviting Froude, Perceval, Keble, Newman, myself, and those who thought with us, to a conference at Hadleigh Rectory, to meet in the latter part of July. We met there on July 25 for the transaction of business. Those present were, *Hugh James Rose, Richard Hurrell Froude, Arthur P. Perceval, and myself.* Keble had been expected to be present, but he did not appear."

His reply to Rose's invitation—dated 'Fairford, 16th July 1833,'—follows:

"My dear Friend,—Mr. Palmer has communicated to me your kind and tempting invitation, which I heartily wish it was in my power to accept. Believe me, few schemes would be more pleasant to me, if I was in a condition to indulge in schemes at all. But my Father's great age

<sup>1</sup> *Apologia*,—pp. 104-5.



and failing health, and the circumstance that he has no one to be with him in my absence but my sister, who is never well, make me quite a home-bird,—unless when I can get my brother or some of his family to take my place: and then I am bound to be working at Hooker, who hangs on hand sadly on account of these my engagements. Nevertheless I would put by every thing and come to you, if I could persuade myself that I could be of much use in discussions such as you and our friends are meditating: but I know my own deficiency in ecclesiastical learning so well as to be quite prepared to *hear* or *read* with great profit what might pass on such an occasion, but very unequal to *suggest* or *argue* points at the time. And this is really the plain truth, and makes me tolerably sure that altho' I should deeply regret missing such a visit as you offer me, *your counsels* will have no great loss."

Keble therefore was not one of those who attended the Hadleigh Conference. Neither was Newman present. It was in fact but a fortnight since he had returned from the Continent. But it is evident from what he has stated in print on the subject,<sup>2</sup> that he was bent on independent action. "We, however," (writes Palmer), "met to do what we might towards the defence of the Church." In anticipation of their visit on the morrow, Mr. Rose remarks (in a letter to Joshua Watson),—"Le Bas is with me for a day or two. The Oxford friends have begged to bring down Mr. Copeland, as a good man and true. Would that you were here to moderate and guide us!"<sup>3</sup>

It is remembered, (and is not likely to be soon forgotten), that the friends met in the chamber over the entrance of the old tower built by Archdeacon Pykenham in 1495,—having one large window over the doorway,—and two windows at right angles looking the

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*,—pp. 107-112.

<sup>3</sup> July 23rd, 1833.

other direction. I may add that the late Archbishop of Dublin (R. C. Trench) at the period referred to was Rose's Curate.<sup>4</sup>

"I remember very well the room at Hadleigh Rectory where our Conference was held in 1833,"—(writes William Palmer, in reply to a request of mine many years after that he would favour me with his reminiscences of what took place on the occasion referred to):—

"It was in the back of the house, looking towards the garden. I think it was Rose's study. Here we met after breakfast for some hours each day for three days, sitting round the room. Each in succession spoke on the dangers of the Church and the remedies suggested; after which, we all expressed opinions. The publication of Tracts and other works was much dwelt on, but we could not settle any details. All, I believe, felt the seriousness of this,—the first attempt to combine for the preservation of great essential principles. I know I was myself impressed with the importance of what we were about, but on the whole the result was disappointing: it did not lead to the practical agreement we needed. We had to adjourn the whole matter to Oxford."

At Oxford therefore, on their return, the friends (with Newman and Keble) took counsel together;—Froude (a man of splendid abilities and real genius, but sadly wanting in judgment and of fatal indiscretion,<sup>5</sup>) rendering the good cause the greatest disservice in his power by speaking of the Hadleigh Conference in a letter to a friend as "*the conspiracy*": which letter was soon afterwards published. Undeniable however it is that the Hadleigh Conference had given definite form and substance to the idea of *united action*,—which had only been adumbrated by Rose's visit to Oxford in the summer

<sup>4</sup> The foregoing details are supplied by the Very Rev. E. Spooner, Rector of Hadleigh,—who adds that Trench "wrote to ask for particu-

lars to refresh his memory, just before his death."

<sup>5</sup> See Churton's '*Memoir*,'—ii. 139-41.

of the preceding year.<sup>6</sup> They spoke of themselves, among themselves, as "*the Society.*"<sup>7</sup> Not that the Oxford friends were altogether able to agree as to the method to be pursued. Palmer was for strictly corporate efforts: Newman, for individual and separate action. "No great work" (he says) "was done by a system; whereas systems rise out of individual exertions. Luther was an individual."<sup>8</sup>

It was the Long Vacation of 1833, and the friends met at Oriel,—to which College they almost all belonged. Before the 3rd of September, Newman had put forth the first three of the Series which soon became famous as the "*Tracts for the Times.*"<sup>9</sup> These were followed before the close of the year by seventeen others,—of which seven were by Newman,—two by John and one by Thomas Keble,—two by Benjamin Harrison,—and one apiece by J. W. Bowden, R. H. Froude, Alfred Menzies, E. B. Pusey. One (No. 15) was a joint composition and has a peculiar history.<sup>1</sup> Something more will have to be said concerning these 'Tracts' by and by [pp. 194–226.]

While however the efforts of Churchmen at the period we have reached are being reviewed, it requires to be stated, that at Palmer's instance, an Association was resolved upon to maintain pure and inviolate the Doctrines, Services and Discipline of the Church of England; and an 'Appeal to Churchmen' (also from his pen) to unite with that object, met with an instantaneous and hearty response from all quarters. An Address to the Primate was drawn up; which, by the beginning of 1834, had

<sup>6</sup> See above,—p. 162.

<sup>7</sup> See J. B. Mozley's *Letters*,—pp. 33, 34, 36, 37.

<sup>8</sup> *Apologia*,—p. 111. See below, p. 198.

<sup>9</sup> Mozley's *Letters*,—pp. 33, 34.

<sup>1</sup> See Newman's *Apologia*,—pp. 115–6. The reader is also referred to the *Appendix* (D).

been signed by 8000 Clergy,—the greatest combination hitherto known in the Church of England. A strong desire was now expressed by lay churchmen to take part in the movement. This was formulated by Joshua Watson :<sup>2</sup> and the result was, that—

“From every part of England, every town and city, there arose an united, strong, emphatic declaration of loyalty to the Church of England. The national feeling, long pent up, depressed, despondent, had at length obtained freedom to pour forth; and the effect was amazing. The Church suddenly came to life. . . . To its astonishment, it found itself the object of warm popular affection and universal devotion. Its enemies were silenced.”<sup>3</sup>

This preliminary chapter in the history of the Oxford movement has been somewhat overlooked by those who have undertaken to describe its origin and progress. Quite plain is it that the heart of the Church of England was still sound. Churchmanship (it deserves to be repeated) was *evoked*—not *created*—by these appeals. The fact is unmistakable, and is very much to be noted. All that was henceforth needed was sound guidance on genuine Anglican lines, and a strong continuous impulse from head-quarters. Beyond all things, (as I venture to think,) the stimulus of a ‘final School of Theology’ which was withheld from Oxford until 1869, should then have been applied. But to return.

Little can the friends who met in conference at Hadleigh have imagined on what a painful tenure their entertainer was holding his life :—

“I have been up three nights,” (he wrote to Joshua Watson on the 19th June). “I should not mention this, but on many occasions I am so *jaded* by want of rest that I really believe I write in a sad careless and dejected

<sup>2</sup> Churton’s ‘*Memoir*,’—ii. 33-4.

<sup>3</sup> Palmer in the *C. R.*, (May, 1883), p. 653-4.

way. It is really only the *body* which guides the pen in such cases, and to this I hope you will impute it.”<sup>4</sup>

As little can the friends have known that the deplorable state of his health had already constrained him to surrender in intention the pleasant Rectory-house in which they were among the last to enjoy his hospitality. His friend Lyall had been down to visit him, had witnessed his sufferings, and had persuaded him to consent to some plan of exchange. In July, Rose writes,—

“It is difficult to say how much I regret the loss of Hadleigh. No place which I have ever seen as a clerical residence had the same character or the same attraction from the memory of predecessors, as this: and there is no country place where one could be more useful both to the parish and the neighbourhood. But I have not had one day’s health, and hardly one night’s rest, since I came in the beginning of January. I am tongue-tied and hand-tied, doing nothing in my parish, and so exhausted by sitting up at night that I can hardly read or write in the day. There was therefore no possibility of refusing such kindness, or passing such an opportunity which seemed providential. If it should please God that I can be of service by being in health, I shall rejoice indeed. And if otherwise, I shall at least know that I have tried what I could try. . . . My wife,” (he adds in a post-script) “who loves this place exceedingly, behaves like a heroine about it.”<sup>5</sup>

It is due to the excellent woman thus referred to, that I should transcribe the words with which Palmer dismisses his recollections of the Hadleigh Conference:—

“Mrs. Rose, whom I knew, seemed to be admirably suited to be a help meet for him. Her excellent sense, firmness of character, and unfailing affection, were his great support during the sad years of suffering which he

<sup>4</sup> From Hadleigh, 1833.

<sup>5</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson, from Hadleigh, 5 July, 1833.

had to endure. What a flood of memories and thoughts too deep for expression must have been in that woman's mind !”

The essential feature of the plan which Archdeacon Lyall had designed for the relief of Mr. Rose's health involved exchange for a considerable London cure. This part of the scheme (which was the feature which chiefly recommended it to Rose's acceptance, and which his physician greatly applauded,) was doomed to disappointment. Thus driven away from Hadleigh,—without plans for the future, but with a profound conviction (the words are his own) that “all was for the best,” and “more than contented to go where he might be at all useful,”—Rose resigned his valuable preferment in Suffolk, accepting in exchange the small cures of Fairstead in Essex, and S. Thomas's, Southwark. The latter he retained till his death. The reluctance with which he submitted to these repeated enforced migrations,—so fatal to that repose of mind which beyond all things he craved for himself as the condition of toiling successfully in his Master's service,—is more easily imagined than described. Of a truth, the phenomena of this mortal life of ours, always a mystery, are sometimes felt to be beyond measure perplexing. Some satisfaction in the meantime it may well have been to him, at this juncture, to be addressed as follows by an attached and deservedly honoured neighbour,—(rector of Whatfield, the adjoining parish to Hadleigh,)—the Rev. F. Calvert Wheatfield<sup>6</sup> :—

“You have the satisfaction in leaving Hadleigh of knowing that you have deputed an old friend to represent you : that in providing that parish with an incumbent, you have thrown your mantle upon a worthy successor, who is of ‘the School of the Prophets ;’ and

<sup>6</sup> The letter is dated Oct. 16, 1833.

that you have earned there and in the neighbourhood as much esteem and more regrets than any reasonable man would wish for."

Rose however was not kept long in doubt as to the further service for which his Master designed him. The University of Durham, a new foundation, was at that moment struggling into existence. Liberally endowed out of the ample resources of the see, its object was to secure for the Northern counties educational advantages corresponding to those for which the youth of England had hitherto been constrained to resort either to Oxford or to Cambridge. It was further wished that Durham University might become a school for the special education of the Clergy. The scheme had been elaborated by the provident wisdom and munificence of William Van Mildert, the illustrious prelate who, happily for the new University, was at that time [1826-1836] set over the See of Durham. But all was as yet in an inchoate state. Two years later Van Mildert was still aiming at the annexation of prebendal stalls to Academical Offices, and hoping to obtain a royal Charter for his University, —which however was not obtained until the year after his death, viz. in 1837. His watchful eye and appreciative judgment had in the meantime marked out Hugh James Rose as the one man in England who was fittest by his sound theological learning and orthodoxy, —the breadth of his views and the ardour of his disposition,—to set an impress on Durham as a School of Divinity, if he might but be persuaded to become the first to occupy the professorial Chair. Accordingly, the Bishop had already caused overtures to be made to him through their common friend—Joshua Watson. To the latter, on the 19th June, Rose had replied as follows :—

“With respect to Durham, I feel the full kindness of your letter, and I have every inclination to the post which a hope of usefulness could give, and which the connexion with such an Institution, such a Cathedral, such a Bishop, and with books, could cause to *me* who like all such things. But still, I know too what embarrassment to myself and others I might cause and how much and constantly my infirmities must, in that case, be considered and brought forward. This would be wrong, degrading and bad. I now know what I have to endure. And one sacrifice will be all, and will save farther necessity of worrying people with tales of illness and representations of infirmity.”<sup>7</sup>

There was, in the meantime, but one opinion on the part of those whose voice in such a matter was entitled to most deference, as to what, for the Church’s sake, was most desirable. The Archbishop made no secret of his distress that there should be any difficulty in the way of his accepting the Divinity Professorship at Durham:—

“It would in my opinion” (he writes) “be of the greatest advantage to the infant institution to have the credit of your name in that office; not to mention the still more important advantage which the students would derive from such an instructor.”<sup>8</sup>

Thus in short it came to pass that, at the end of several weeks, Mr. Rose, anxious though he was to be spared the responsibility, yielded to the earnest solicitations of the excellent Northern Prelate. He was in fact left without alternative. This appears from what he wrote to Joshua Watson on the 27th of September. The Bishop of London, having objected to the scheme, had addressed some inquiries on the subject to the Bishop of Durham:—

“He has received in return really an affecting letter,

<sup>7</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—  
dated Hadleigh, 19 June, 1833.

<sup>8</sup> The Abp. to H. J. R.,—‘*Lambeth, Sept. 17, 1833.*’



describing his own anxiety in such terms as could not be resisted, and setting a value on my going there far beyond what justice warranted." "At last therefore," proceeds Rose, "all my plans for the long space of three months seem settled. Hadleigh I left finally on Wednesday,—with what a sorrowful heart, I cannot tell you; though (true to the end) it dismissed me with a violent fit of asthma. Syren-like it looked pleasanter than ever while it stabbed me. It is a sad blow and break up altogether, on which I have no heart to dwell."<sup>9</sup>

No one with a human heart can read such words,—wrung out of such an one as Hugh James Rose,—without experiencing a pang of the liveliest sympathy. We have already heard his estimate of his delightful home. To its exquisite beauty, grandeur even, all who have visited the locality bear testimony. Behold him driven forth from it, after three years of painful occupancy, by an invisible Hand! . . . A further extract from the same letter will not be unacceptable:—

"Having by law four or five months my own, I have placed them at the Bp. of D.'s disposal; and contrary to my expectation, he has accepted this wretched proposal, and I am going. I am sorry to go, because I fear that I am unfit; but seeing the sacrifices the Bishop makes, and his present wretched state from Mrs. Van Mildert's fresh attack, I would not fail for any consideration. The house at S. Thomas's must be painted and this will be done while we are gone. Whether I shall return after the first term, and go for six weeks in April, or stay on at once till March, I must leave to circumstances. At all events, I shall (D.V.) be in London part of the Spring. And this is a great comfort to me. For I cannot say how much in these critical times I want to talk to you, nor how anxiously I look forward to seeing you again.

"I 'read in' at S. Thomas's on Sunday; and shall,

<sup>9</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—dated Fairstead, 27 Sept., 1833.

I believe, be at Addington from the next Tuesday or Wednesday till Friday,—returning here on Saturday, and starting for Durham very soon, for I must have a week's quiet talk with Thorpe. I fear sadly that there is *no plan*. He says that they await my arrival in order to settle most important matters as to the *Theological Degrees*. Of all this I know nothing,—nay, do not even know what he means, and only know that in a former letter, he said that everything was left undecided for me. Now, however fine it is to legislate, it is also very nervous. O that I could take you down with me! Might not Durham be made a grand Theological School, where, even after the Universities, they who could afford it might go for a year or two? Think of this, and tell me any thing which strikes you.”<sup>1</sup>

The following extract from a letter addressed a few days later to Newman will be read with interest:—

“You have perhaps heard from others that I am in future to divide my time between a cure of about 250 people in Essex, and a very small one in London, where however I think some sphere of usefulness among the medical men seems to offer itself. However this may be, very small cures are the only fit ones for me just now. Whether it may ever please GOD to restore me to a capacity for more active exertion again remains to be seen, with patience.

“Till my house at S. Thomas's is ready for me, I am going down to Durham, at the Bishop's earnest request, to do what I can towards laying a good foundation there. The prospect has its bright and its dark side also. There are many difficulties; but I have views which, if they could be realized, would make Durham a stronghold for the Church. How ardently do I wish that my health had been such as to have enabled me to take the appointment permanently! These things however are ordered for the best.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—  
Fairstead, 27 Sept. 1833.

<sup>2</sup> H. J. R. to J. H. N.—[Fair-  
stead] Oct. 1, 1833.

Under such circumstances then, and with such aspirations, Hugh James Rose repaired to Durham in order to keep the Michaelmas Term of 1833. He reached the scene of his destined labours in the latter part of October. Some may care to be told that the house he occupied was that adjoining to the gateway of the Close (in Durham called "College") on the North side; and that his study was the room on the right of the entrance-hall. The Lectures for the Students in Divinity were given in private, catechetically, day by day,—on the Exegesis of the New Testament. On Sunday evenings, Mr. Rose gave a general Lecture addressed to the whole University. His drawing-room, where he received his pupils after lectures on Sunday evenings, was the right hand of the two rooms facing a visitor who entered the hall.<sup>3</sup>

The Dean and Chapter having decided that each Professor in the University should deliver besides a public Lecture in the course of every Term, Rose took for the subject of his own inaugural Address, '*An Apology for the Study of Divinity*'; delivering it in Bp. Cosin's Library. This was afterwards published. Far more brilliant and effective however was his terminal Divinity Lecture for the ensuing Lent Term, which he delivered to the same auditory, and from the same place, April 15, 1834. This second Lecture is entitled '*The Study of Church History recommended.*' It is indeed an admirable composition, and should be placed in the hands of every candidate for the Ministry. Newman writes concerning it,—

"I have just been reading the second Durham Lecture on the study of Church History. It is one of the most enthusiastic compositions I ever met with, and en-

<sup>3</sup> From my friend, Professor A. S. Farrar, Canon of Durham.

thusiasm we know is catching. I trust it will carry away, as well as inform and convince, a great many readers. It is scarcely becoming to say all this; but I have been talking of it to every friend I come near, and cannot refrain unburdening myself to you in the number."<sup>4</sup>

To the "exquisite peroration" of this heart-stirring production, the Rev. John Miller used freely to invite attention. After quoting it in full, he points out that "not even this deep tone of heart-felt earnestness and loftiness of view could save the writer from the sensitive attacks of party-spirit. The lecturer had pronounced an unfavourable opinion of Milner, as a Church historian. This was presently denounced as a designed attack in gross upon an entire body of men and principles, and as a manifesto on the part of the new University of Durham to such effect. It is needless to revive forgotten names, and to rekindle the ashes of a spent volcano; but the extreme sensitiveness thus indicated was a curious (and to Mr. Rose, at the moment, a rather painful) indication of human infirmity." I venture to add that it is a fortunate circumstance that neither Jortin nor Mosheim found living patrons; for the lecturer denounced them both, but especially the former and the school of which he was a chief exponent, in terms of unmeasured condemnation<sup>5</sup>:—

"I could hardly describe a good Church historian better than by saying that he ought to be exactly what Jortin *was not*." With characteristic warmth Rose portrays and condemns "that most unwholesome tone of mind which is disposed to consider anything which is not commonplace as extravagant; everything bold, as rash; everything generous, as foolish; everything like inflexible adherence to principle, as bigotry and violence.

<sup>4</sup> J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—Oriël, June 2nd, 1834.

<sup>5</sup> Pp. 40 to 60.

To fight for principles, in the eyes of such persons,"— (he is speaking of typical Divines of the last century,)—"can arise only from madness or wickedness; and they use the weapon of ridicule or censure accordingly." He adds,—“If we wish for any proofs of this, and of the harm done by it, let us look to the notions entertained as to Church Government in the present day, which are to be ascribed wholly to these writers.”<sup>6</sup>

Had these two terminal Lectures been all the visible fruit of this venture of faith and enterprise of love, (for only in some such light can Mr. Rose's brief occupancy of the Divinity Chair at Durham be regarded,) it might not be said that he had attached himself to the new University in vain. But he achieved a vast deal more. Towards the close of February 1834, he writes (from “College, Durham,”)—

“I have been here nearly six months, and have now so arranged matters as to courses of lectures, etc., that twenty-four out of the twenty-six Prelates have agreed to accept the full education here, (i. e. three years before B.A., and two at Divinity,) or a B.A. degree from the older Universities with our Divinity lectures.”

Such would have been his prospects of more than ordinary efficiency in this new and honourable post, had health allowed of his retaining it. But though he found, contrary to expectation, that the air of Durham agreed with him at least as well as any he had lately tried, it was impossible for him to undertake the quantity of required labour, with any hope of continued power to discharge his duties to his own satisfaction.<sup>7</sup>

“They overwork me here,” (he wrote to Joshua Watson in the same month of February 1834), “for while my brother Professor has two Lectures a week,

<sup>6</sup> P. 52.

<sup>7</sup> From the Rev. J. Miller's brief *Memoir*.'

I have seven days' lectures, and the Sunday evening lecture is a very distressing and weary one." The consequence was, that in February, Rose was looking forward to a southward journey with much eagerness. Every discouragement notwithstanding, out of his very modest salary, (it was but £500 a year, and no house had been attached to *his* Divinity Chair,)—"I have induced the Bishop" (he writes) "to fix an Assistant on me; and have urged Thorpe to make it open to the Bishop and Chapter to call on me to find Assistants, if things prosper." . . . The prospect of being of use in educating a considerable body of the younger clergy, was what determined him to persevere, if it were possible, at Durham. A certain measure of improved health he looked upon as "creating an obligation in conscience." But the measure of health of which he spoke thus hopefully would, by any one else, have been called grievous bodily infirmity. On his way to London, he paid a short visit to a friend, and was forced to pass the whole night sitting upright in a chair,—wholly unable to endure a recumbent posture in bed.

To the same friend (writing from London about the end of March) he pleaded as an excuse for not having written sooner, an attack of asthma which had disabled him ever since, and which nothing but a fortnight's residence in the smoke of London had availed to relieve. His whole life may be truly described as one persistent endeavour, "in much patience, in weariness and painfulness," to approve himself a faithful servant of his Divine Master. He wrote to Newman (from "College, Durham," March 10th, 1834).—"I leave this beautiful place with great regret; uncertain as it is whether I shall ever return." The end of the matter was, that he finally announced his determination not to accept the pro-

fessorship, and he visited Durham no more; his brother, the Rev. Henry John Rose, then Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, having attended there for him in the summer term of 1834. And thus his connexion with the north ended.

One of the most gratifying incidents in his life was his appointment, (in February, 1834,) while yet at Durham, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Since October 1829, he had stood in the same relation to the Bishop of London. Hence, Blomfield writes,—

“You will render more service to the Church, as things are, in the character of his Grace's Chaplain, than you could do as mine: and therefore I freely relinquish you, with a view to the Church's good, and yours—not mine.”<sup>8</sup>

That this was no sudden choice, the reader is already aware. It was in fact the result of friendly relations which had subsisted for upwards of sixteen years. Dr. Howley's first letters to him are dated 1818, while Bishop of London. Rose thus found himself brought into close intimacy with one of the wisest prelates who ever graced the throne of Augustine. Because Dr. Howley was no author,—was neither famous as a preacher, nor impressive when he spoke in public,—he has left a name with which churchmen of the present generation are only slenderly, if at all acquainted. But those who knew him best, bear eager testimony to a singularly lofty as well as lovely and attractive character. Lord Aberdeen, who had seen as much of the world as any statesman, declared “that after forty years of intimate acquaintance, he had found less of human infirmity in the Archbishop, than in any man, without exception, he had ever known.”<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> C. J. B. to H. J. R., 17 Feb. 1834.

<sup>9</sup> Churton's *Memoir of J. Watson*, —ii. 262.

There was an exquisite tenderness in all his domestic relations. A man of genuine yet most unobtrusive piety, he stayed his heart upon his GOD, and enjoyed the covenanted reward of "perfect peace."<sup>1</sup> His calm and admirable judgment,—clear understanding,—fine tact,—never forsook him. Singularly conscientious in the exercise of his patronage, Abp. Howley was besides a great discerner and rewarder of merit: he instinctively attracted to himself good and learned men: was a munificent encourager of sacred learning in others, as well as a great proficient in such lore himself.<sup>2</sup> It will be remembered that from 1809 to 1813, he had been Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. His special claim to the Church's gratitude is founded on the fact that he presided wisely at the helm during a season of extraordinary trial to the Church, and under the Divine blessing piloted the good ship safely through the storm, at a time "when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on her." Guarded in his utterances, of necessity he was, (for indeed, his exalted station recommended an amount of caution which to a common observer might easily have been mistaken for timidity); yet was he by no means deficient in moral courage. On a certain occasion "when there was reason to fear a calamitous nomination for a vacant bishopric, the Archbishop told Joshua Watson that he had fully made up his mind, if such nomination were made, *to refuse to consecrate*. He would sooner sacrifice fortune, office, and even life."<sup>3</sup> Even his acceptance of the dedication of the '*Library of the Catholic Fathers*,'—of which Newman, Pusey and Keble were the responsible Editors,—at the end of all the controversy of the anxious year

<sup>1</sup> Is. xxvi. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See above,—pp. 138-9.

<sup>3</sup> Churton's *Memoir*,—ii. 261-2.

The person alluded to was of course Dr. Thomas Arnold.



1836, was a spirited and faithful act. Rose then wrote to Pusey,—

“I have quietly ascertained from the Archbishop that he would very gladly accept the dedication of your work, with the plan of which he is much pleased. I think you must alter the last word of the dedication. ‘Grace,’ *per se* is a very awkward word. Perhaps a few words might be altered in the Prospectus. What relates to deciding on controversies without discussion, will be misunderstood—without a few words to guard it.

“The more I think of it, the better I am pleased. For the ordinary men to read the large and Christian views of the Gospel which they will find in the Fathers, will be of great consequence. The only objection I have, is, that it will be a *coup-de-grace* to all Greek among Divinity students. It is very hard for a Chaplain to extort any from them now. A *few* used to think of reading the Fathers in Greek. But if they can get them in English, adieu to Greek in this labour-hating age.

“Yours ever very truly,  
“Addington, Oct. 8, [1836]. “H. J. R.”

“Excuse this scrawl: but as I have had 27 letters to-day, I am really not up to anything better or clearer.”

“Mr. Rose’s friends” (writes the excellent Rev. John Miller) “cannot easily forget the delight with which, in moments of unrestrained intercourse, he would expatiate in terms of heartfelt gratitude on the blessings to which a good and gracious Providence had introduced him,—by thus bringing him into intimate acquaintance with all that was most dignified in station, most engaging in private life: the near observance of a deep and unaffected piety with which none could be conversant without being the better for it; and the tender and unvarying kindness which in sickness and in health ever made Lambeth and Addington more than a home to him.”

Hugh Rose spoke to his brother Henry with enthusiasm

of the pleasure and profit he had derived from occasionally reading a portion of S. Paul's Epistles with the Archbishop during some of their short journeys together. The following letter from his Grace, written about this time, exhibits in an interesting manner the oneness of sentiment which prevailed between them. It refers to Rose's Visitation Sermon preached at Chelmsford (July 25, 1834),—'*Christians the Light of the World.*' From page 18 onwards, the subject of *Excitement in Religion* is discussed<sup>4</sup>: on which Archbishop Howley remarks,—

"I have read your Visitation Sermon with great pleasure: you have taken the elevated ground of true Christian Philosophy,—of that Philosophy which exalts and invigorates the principles and the understanding, and warms and delights the heart. I entirely agree in your general view of the duty of individuals and communities, and of the system of excitement by which we endeavour to advance good works; a practice which, with little consistency, is more peculiarly adopted by men who are ready to condemn all resort to secondary motives, for the purpose of quickening diligence or awakening attention to Truth.

"I have not either time or strength for entering into discussion on any of these matters in writing; but conceiving them to be of the greatest importance, I should like to talk them over with you with your Sermon in my hand, and with reference to other points immediately connected with the propositions asserted in it<sup>5</sup>."

I gladly avail myself here of a passage in the brief Memoir of Mr. Rose which the Rev. John Miller contributed to the pages of the '*British Magazine*':—

"The succeeding year, 1835, seems to have been, on the whole, one of comparative bodily quiet, though

<sup>4</sup> This is pointed out to me by the accomplished and obliging sub-librarian of the Bodleian, F. Madan, esq.

<sup>5</sup> Abp. Howley to H. J. R.,—'*Addington, Sept. 6, 1834.*'

bringing little or no reprieve from constant exertion in other ways; for many painful public questions variously affecting the prospects of the Church, some of them connected with Government measures, and others with proceedings of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, allowed no mental rest to Mr. Rose . . . . During this year, nevertheless, he seems to have obtained a three months' respite from his more absolutely wearing toils, at his father's vicarage in Sussex; from whence the following lively picture of his state and feelings cannot fail to be read with interest. It may be recollected that the summer and autumn of that year were, in general, remarkably fine:—

“Well, after all, loving the country as I do, and daily bemoaning myself because I cannot live in it, I doubt whether, even if I did live in it, or any country divine of you all, loving the country as much as you may, can enjoy it half as much as I, now a regular London parson, have done this very evening, Saturday, July 4. My father's vicarage is in the midst of our Sussex hills, and the perfect quiet of the out-of-the-way village, the extreme gentleness of the *form* and *outline* of the downs, as well as of their *swell* and fall, were always delightful; but now, coming in contrast with all the remembrance of the borough of Southwark imprinted by familiar converse of the last six months, I can hardly express the pleasure which they give me. But how singular it is, on suddenly coming to a scene of this kind, to observe the storm and tempest of remembrances of old times which it conjures up; and how the events and feelings of past years drive one another on, almost with a drawn sword, the one not tolerating the other's stay but for an instant!’

“In his next letter Mr. Rose says:—

“I am delighted at your confessing your delinquencies, at the very moment when I was thinking of writing to confess mine. With me, I believe it is, if not old age, at least decline. I answer to the *whip* as I did formerly, but I do not *volunteer* exertions.’

“It is too plain that he himself perceived his health to be departing from him now continually more and more! Still, as already said, this year (1835) was one of comparative external quiet.”

I have proceeded with my personal narrative up to this place, unwilling to distract the reader's attention: but we may no longer lose sight of the progress of that great Ecclesiastical movement which, as we have seen, Rose had been largely instrumental in originating, and which had reached a memorable epoch when we referred to it last. With this view, we must go back a little,—go back to Oxford and to the Long Vacation of 1833.<sup>6</sup>

It will be recollected that Mr. Newman and his friends were at that time eagerly prosecuting their noble design to arouse Churchmen to a sense of their danger,—to remind them of certain neglected or forgotten fundamental truths,—to convince them of the Church's inherent privileges and glorious destiny. Of the twenty “*Tracts for the Times*” which appeared in quick succession between September 9th and the end of the year 1833, a few words have been already offered. Before penning the first of these, Mr. Newman (in a letter dated August 16th) had written to Mr. Rose as follows:—

“I have been writing some sketches of history from the Fathers, and send you four of them. Should you think they will suit your Magazine, you are welcome to them: and may call upon me for as many more as you please.—As to the subject of ‘*Canonical Obedience*,’ I fear it lies out of my line. It is either a point of *English Ecclesiastical History* (I suppose), or of *Casuistry*. Froude sends a number of his ‘*Becket*.’ And I have transcribed the ‘*Lyra Apostolica*’ for *October*.”

Thus began that interesting series of papers (they were at first called “*Letters*”) which appeared in suc-

<sup>6</sup> See back, p. 174 to p. 177.

cessive numbers of the '*British Magazine*,' and which were eventually (viz. in 1840) collected into a little volume by their accomplished Author, and published under the title of "*The Church of the Fathers.*" The first of this series appeared in October 1833.<sup>7</sup> Rose thought very highly of them. In April 1835, he writes from Lambeth:—

"First, I rejoice more than I can easily say, at the renewal of the '*Church of the Fathers.*' Secondly, I shall be in great despair if the '*Lyra*' is silent, as I think it the best part of the Magazine. Thirdly, I wish you would send me in very short space, what is to be said against your detestable (proposed) change of Statute."<sup>8</sup>

Again, in September of the same year:—

"It is a shame to ask you for more papers on the Fathers, but I am so satisfied of the *great* good they have done that I shall truly rejoice if you can resume them."<sup>9</sup>

And in the ensuing December:—

"I am persuaded from all I hear that your '*Church of the Fathers*' has done more good than almost any thing which has come forth of late—and heartily do I wish it could go on. Your '*Home Thoughts*' will be put in type directly."<sup>1</sup>

These later notices however belong to a subsequent period. *Only four* of the 'Tracts' had appeared<sup>2</sup> when Rose, on the very eve of his departure for Durham, sent the Author of the first three the following encouraging letter,—dated 'Fairstead, Oct. 14th' [1833]:—

<sup>7</sup> *Brit. Mag.*,—vol. iv. p. 421.

<sup>8</sup> H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—April 21, 1835.

<sup>9</sup> Waldershare,—Sept. 28, 1835.

<sup>1</sup> S. Thomas's,—Dec. 10, 1835.

<sup>2</sup> Their subjects were,—(No. 1) *Thoughts on the Ministerial Com-*

*mission, respectfully addressed to the Clergy*:—(No. 2) *The Catholic Church*:—(No. 3) *Thoughts respectfully addressed to the Clergy on Alterations in the Liturgy*:—(No. 4) *Adherence to the Apostolical Succession the safest course.*

“My dear Newman,—I wish I had time or strength to answer all your most interesting Letters.—(1) I say that, as far as my opinion goes, your Tracts are excellent, and *not too strong*. They will, I think, tell better, if *separate*. And I should perhaps, in reprinting them, alter a phrase or two. For example p. 3,—‘gave us the HOLY GHOST,’ should either be omitted, or explained in its *full* sense.<sup>3</sup> As a *single* phrase, it is not understood, as I have generally [observed?], but is either explained *below* its real meaning, or supposed to mean on the other hand what it does not.

“(2) Your ‘*trash*’ is so admirable that I should have kept it in spite of all you say, and used it in my next ‘No.’; only that you have left blanks which I have no books to enable me to fill up. *Pray* go on with this, and if you can let me have this very chapter very soon. The *order* of your travels hardly signifies,—and the chapter on Rome will strike people very much.

“(3) I go along entirely with every word as to the Liturgy, the Burial Service, and alterations in them.<sup>4</sup>

“(4) With respect to what is *advisable* for your Association *to do* at the present moment, it is very hard to say. I cannot but think that a *general* Declaration of the Clergy in opposition to Whately’s horrid speech, and statement of the opinion of some 3 or 400 Clergy, would do great good; and if judiciously drawn up might be very generally signed. Could not your Association take this quietly in hand? I wish Froude would communicate confidentially with Lyall at Hadleigh, (saying it is at my request,) on this matter. I mean to work the thing in the North.

“Your ‘*Ambrose*’ paper I have not yet had time to look at, but I take it with me.<sup>5</sup> Once every week a parcel is to be sent down to Durham from 250 Regent Street.

“I can [add] no more. For with all my concerns pressing on me at this moment, just on the eve of a long journey, I have some difficulty in snatching a minute.

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to ‘*Tract No. 1.*’ —ch. ii. (That paper appeared in

<sup>4</sup> The reference is to ‘*Tract No. 3.*’ the November No. of the *Brit.*

<sup>5</sup> See the *Church of the Fathers*, *Mag.*, vol. iv. p. 540.)

I start to-morrow for Durham, where I hope to be on Saturday, or Monday.

“*Pray* let me hear again there what you are doing and how I can help you. I shall on the whole be more quiet there, if I am at all well, and may be more useful. The great matter is how to circulate your Tracts.—I have thought it very advisable to tell a *great man* who has written to complain of the Article on the Election of Bishops,<sup>6</sup> that there is a very large number of persons who hold such opinions and are ready to avow them. It is really well that this should be known. It will frighten some great men and strengthen others.

“Ever yours, H. J. ROSE.”

The ‘trash’ (in paragraph 2,) is Newman’s designation of the first number of his “*Home thoughts abroad*” which appeared in January and February, 1834.<sup>7</sup> The second and *last* number of “*Home thoughts*” was not published till March and April 1836,<sup>8</sup>—the March instalment being prefaced by a commendatory and somewhat remarkable Editorial note. Shortly after (Nov. 23, 1833), Newman writes:—

“I am in all sorts of scrapes with my Tracts,—abused in every quarter, (amid some cheering criticisms), and I doubt not with considerable reason. No one person can hit off the exact truth, much less exact propriety: yet individual exertions have a force about them, which perishes in the hands of a Committee. So I must be forced to suffer criticism, in order to tend towards effecting certain ends,—and take blows and wounds as in a battle;—only, alas! they are not generally considered so honourable as scars. If I can but get half-a-dozen friends to give me an opening, I do not care. Turrill’s is our depôt. You may get them all there, and make

<sup>6</sup> The reference, I presume, is to a Letter signed ‘F’ [Froude?] on the “*Appointment of Bishops by the State,*”—which appeared in Sept., 1833 (*Brit. Mag.*, iv. 290).

<sup>7</sup> *Brit. Mag.*, vol. v. pp. 1 to 11, and pp. 121 to 131. See above, p. 168–9.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ix. pp. 237 and 357. —At foot of p. 237 occurs the note by Rose, referred to in the text.

what use of them you please, *with whatever corrections you like*: for, as much as possible, we desire to avoid the pretence of authorship. I have spoken all along as if I were the only writer,—which I am not; but seem to be the chief, and am the Editor.

“Palmer’s Address is milk and water. However, it effects three points:—it teaches the Clergy to reflect and combine: it strengthens the Archbishop against his opponents: and it brings out the Church as a body and power distinct from the State. How the plan of Associations goes on, I hardly know. In some parts it succeeds capitally; but I am not sanguine as to the good of any formal bodies,—and I cannot relish moving without our Bishops. I wished to secure in each neighbourhood (i. e. two or three in a county) some energetic man who would be in correspondence with the rest elsewhere; and would be an organ of communication with his immediate neighbours. Thus, we might pick our men, and throw and keep the power in our own hands. However it is a matter of practicabilities,—and I have not the means or experience to do more than theorize about it.”<sup>9</sup> (So far, Mr. Newman.)

From Durham, at the end of less than a fortnight, writing to Newman, Rose says:—

“I am very glad to hear that you are decided to go on with the Tracts. I can see no other way; and the giving them up, which Palmer advertised me of, quite put me out and perplexed me,—as I told him in a letter sent two days ago. We are justified in circulating Tracts in defence of that which we have sworn to maintain; and we are bound, if necessary, to do it. Nor do I care how few at first support them. If they are right and just and true, they will make their way, by GOD’S blessing.”<sup>1</sup>

Some communications to the “*British Magazine*” from the excellent Isaac Williams are thus referred to by the

<sup>9</sup> J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—Nov. 23rd, 1833. In illustration of this letter, see above, p. 177. Also, cf.

Newman’s ‘*Apologia*,’—pp. 110–2.

<sup>1</sup> H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—from ‘*College, Durham*,’ Dec. 5, 1833.



Editor. Characteristic enough is the acknowledgment of the criticism. The two passages may as well be set down in close succession:—

“May I beg you to thank Mr. Williams most heartily for his papers, which every one likes? I wish I knew him well enough to advise him to do himself more justice by finishing his Poems more.”<sup>2</sup> (So, Rose.)

“Thanks for your note about Williams. He is a careless fellow and wants *rowing*, and I am glad I have your authority for doing so. The worst is, he smiles and confesses it. I wish you knew him.”<sup>3</sup> (So, Newman.)

On New Year's Day, 1834, the Editor of the '*Tracts for the Times*' writes thus loyally to Mr. Rose at Durham:—

“Not a day passes, at least not two days, without my complaining at your absence from us; if it were only for this reason,—that you would settle half a hundred amicable differences between Palmer and myself. Never had I such proof of the necessity of the Episcopal system, or such bitter thoughts about the present widowed state of our Church,—the members of which are surely as sheep without shepherds. Had you been near us, you should have had sovereign control and direction of whatever was done, as far as I was concerned. If I differed, still I would have submitted,—if only on the selfish principle, that union is a first condition of success. And if I do not exactly give you now the same supreme management of our conduct, it is only because you are distant, because you have not followed us into, and cannot duly enter into, our present position, (however many words I may use in explanation;) and cannot be consulted on an emergency. Often have Palmer and I, both of us, thought of writing to you,—but a decision was necessary before your answer could come.”

It is indeed for every reason deeply to be deplored that, at so critical a period of the Church's history, the

<sup>2</sup> H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—'*Durham*,' Dec. 29, 1833.

<sup>3</sup> J. H. N. to H. J. R.,—'*Oriel College*,' Jan. 1, 1834.

only man in England who was competent to guide the movement should have been so entirely severed from the head-quarters of intellectual activity. We are speaking of fifty years ago. To be residing at Durham *then* was like residing in Shetland *now*. In explanation of the interval which had occurred between Tract No. 4, (dated 21 Sept.) and No. 6 (dated 29 Oct.), Mr. Newman writes concerning the "*Tracts for the Times*" as follows:—

"Their history is this. We began them at the end of August; stopped them at Palmer's wish, who wanted an *Association*, and feared *them*: began them again at your encouragement at the end of October, and are now continuing them with all our might."<sup>4</sup>

And continue them they *did*. By the end of 1834, thirty more of the Tracts had been published. Of these, eleven were reprints only: (7 from Bp. Wilson's writings, 3 from Bp. Cosin, 1 from Bp. Beveridge): the remaining nineteen were the work of Newman (8),—Perceval (3),—Thomas Keble (2),—Benjamin Harrison (2),—John William Bowden (2),—C. P. Eden (1),—John Keble (1). All had been well done so far. Neither indeed was any fault to be found with the work of 1835,—which witnessed the publication of twenty-one more Tracts (Nos. 47 to 67). Seven, in fact, of these were but reprints (as before) from the writings of our older Divines (Bps. Wilson and Bull). Of the rest, Keble was responsible for 4: Froude and Pusey,—for 2: Newman, Harrison, Wilson, Bowden,—for 1 each: 2 are of unknown authorship. But then of these, at least 5 had been written in the previous year; and the rest bear date in the first half of 1835. This, I suppose, explains why Rose, writing to Newman from S. Thomas's, 10th Dec. 1835, says,—

"I hear you are going to stop your issue of Oxford

<sup>4</sup> As before,—Jan. 1, 1834.

Tracts. When you have decided on doing so, let me know, as I wish to write a paper on them,—tolerably *strong*, as to the stupid folly which could not understand or value them.”

Thus heartily did Rose stand up for the Tracts, at the period of their commencement. But, as his letters show, he was all this time bent on something of a loftier kind,—something at once more systematic and more enduring. Accordingly, in more than one letter he urges upon Newman his sense of the paramount necessity of producing some great work on Ecclesiastical History. Hear him, in a further extract from the letter last quoted:—

“But now as to the great matter,—Church History, Church History, Church History. I confess that this weighs on my mind with the weight of a *duty*—not from any notion of *capacity* or *capability*—but from a sense of the dreadful mischief daily done from want of it, and the duty of doing all that can be done to supply the want. I have told Maitland my conviction, after thinking of the thing more carefully, that Fleury, as it is, would be too long; and that, without suppressing a detail or a word which would give *light* or *life* to the narrative, very many *words* (surplusage) may be abridged. He says, in reply, that the book could not then be thought of or appealed to as the old, standard work. This is true. But then we could not have a Translation, —with such additional *notes*, *corrections*, &c. as would be necessary,—under 40 octavo volumes, as far as I can see. This would never do as a work to be almost *required* of every Divinity student. One might insist on his reading 18 or 20; and into this compass I think Fleury might be brought, without injury to his *vitality* or readableness. In short, what *can be* done effectually to correct present ignorance and prevent future, is the question,—not what one would like or wish.

“The present translation is, I fear, dreadfully bad, but we could perhaps find translators without much difficulty. Would it then be impossible to find 6 or 8 persons

who would portion out this work, and from a sense of duty and hope of doing good, undertake—some to verify every reference (this would not be so bad as it seems, for Fleury generally relies on Tillemont, and Tillemont gives the references); and others to read the works not used by Fleury, and to look at other modern Church Historians in order to see what views are taken by different writers? I can only say for myself that I am ready for one to enlist and begin at once. It seems to me that there would be one or two difficulties only: and those, such as must press on any work of the kind undertaken by more than one person,—as, difference of opinion on some few topics. (The *working* rules might be drawn up very easily.) For example, as to the *Disciplina Arcani*. But there I think, and in all such cases, one easy rule would do. Let the Editor for that part, state *all the facts* of the case in a manner so full and careful as to satisfy all his *collaborateurs*,—and then state also the two different views taken. I know not that anything would be much better than this. There is little fear that people will not take a strong opinion enough on most points: and where good and learned men differ, (the difference not being one of principle, but of judgment on facts.) is there any harm in a suspended opinion? I feel my own necessarily suspended from ignorance in so many cases, (and in some at least not from my own fault), that I am not sensible of this being a very great evil. Then again, if there was difference as to the character of a particular person (Hildebrand was mentioned) and his views, yet surely two persons differing about them, might be satisfied with the same account, i. e. *that* account being drawn up not by a partisan of either, but by one, who being aware that men equally capable of judging differed, was anxious to state every act *fairly* and *fully*. I at least have often felt and said ‘I do not agree with such a view, but the writer is so fair and honest in stating the opinion and views of those from whom he differs, that I have no objection to make.’

“Forgive all this long letter. The matter is very near my heart. ‘The night is far spent,’ and my own deep

feeling is, 'What have I done? What am I doing in *the* cause,—what account can I give of time and opportunities, if all are allowed to pass by without my doing even the little which by *strenuous* efforts I might?' This indeed does not apply to others. But here is a sad and mischievous deficiency producing daily and fearful evil: and it wants many to combine and remedy it.

"Ever yours, H. J. R.

"I have kept this for 2 days from a misgiving whether I was right as to Tillemont. I *think* so, but have not looked at him for years, and cannot go to Lambeth to look. Can you not come and see us this vacation?"<sup>5</sup>

What precedes was written in December 1835. Rose had been long insisting on the great need of producing an Ecclesiastical History. Thus, in the month of September, he had urged the same topic on Newman's attention:—

"The one thing to be kept in mind is, that every day lost is mischievous. The second, that under these circumstances we cannot do what we *would*, but must submit to do what we *can*. We *must*, I fear, attend to this, for we see now and shall see every day more, (as the circumstances of the time call more loudly for knowledge of the past, if there is to be wisdom in our counsels, or acts,) the mischief of our present destitute condition on this great point. Waddington's 2nd edition is, I fear, getting into large circulation. But to talk of *original* works of any length and *rapid* production in the same breath is absurd."<sup>6</sup>

In writing to Pusey about the same time (September 8th), Rose expresses a sentiment closely resembling something in the foregoing letter, which it seems to me impossible to read without emotion. Surely his words

<sup>5</sup> H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—S. 28th, 1835. The reference is to Thomas's, Dec. 10th, 1835. Dean Waddington's '*History of the*

<sup>6</sup> As before,—Waldershare, Sept. *Church.*'

are destined to awake a mournful echo in every thoughtful heart!

“As life goes on, how humbling and depressing it is to think what means and opportunities have been granted to one for being an instrument in GOD’S hand,—and how they have been neglected! how life is wearing away without presenting—(not, GOD knows, as a matter of *pride* or *merit*, but of comfort and consolation,)—the remembrance of good even attempted, far less done; how it has been wasted on things of no account, to say the best, and too often on things far worse. Would to GOD, that when the last hour comes, such remembrances may not haunt it.”<sup>7</sup>

In the meantime the reader will be inquiring for Newman’s reply to Rose’s letter given above: and it is a real pleasure to transcribe the loyal terms in which he responded to the importunity of his chief:—

“My dear Rose,—As to the Church History, I for one shall be ready to undertake it according to my ability, and am at your service. I never should stickle (I think) for any but Catholic truths, therefore you need not fear I should fidget about the *Disciplina Arcani* . . .

“As to characters, I think that would be a difficulty: yet it may be avoided by keeping to Fleury, and to facts.

“We can do nothing without an Editor. I will readily submit to any one you name,—though I had much rather it should be yourself, if your time permits. I do not mean you should formally be Editor, but should be referee and should have power of suppressing matter, and should apportion out our work for us.

“Further we should have, first of all, tables of authorities drawn up: e.g. a man taking the 10th century would feel indebted to Mr. Maitland if he would tell him where to go, &c.

“I cannot rely on my French enough either to translate or abridge. I am pleased to hear you think the

<sup>7</sup> H. J. R. to E. B. P.,—‘*Glynde by Lewes*,’ Sept. 8, 1835.

'*Church of the Fathers*' useful. The first leisure I have, I will attempt some more. We are not quite certain whether to continue or suspend the Tracts. I am ready to correct the type of the '*Home Thoughts*' at any time."<sup>8</sup>

And thus we are brought back to the subject of the '*Tracts for the Times*:' and the interruption already adverted to in their production,—viz. throughout all the latter half of the year 1835.<sup>9</sup>

But at this point, a distinct change came over the complexion of the work. It was partly external. The first 66 of the Tracts,—(1833-34-35),—averaged 9 pages each: the last tract which appeared in 1835 (No. 67) extended to 400 pages. This was in fact Pusey's *volume* on Baptism,—which had the miserable effect of giving a party name to what ought to have been, and at the outset actually was, a Catholic movement. The pious author of the Tract in question (in reply to certain observations of H. J. R.) explained that he "regarded it as in itself *incomplete*, and that it ought to be followed by a fuller consideration of 'Absolution' and the 'Holy Eucharist,' as far as they are means, or tend to assure us, of forgiveness of sins. And this I hope to do hereafter, if GOD permit."<sup>1</sup> It was however the *altered spirit* of the subsequent Tracts which effectually distinguished them from their predecessors. The first which appeared in the ensuing year (No. 71, dated Jan. 1st, 1836) was by Newman,—"*against Romanism*, (No. 1)." And this Tract it was which effectually inaugurated a new epoch. I gladly avail myself here of the remarks of a learned and faithful Divine (the Ven. Benjamin Harrison),—himself a

<sup>8</sup> J. H. N. to H. J. R.—*Oriel*,  
Dec. 15, 1835.

<sup>1</sup> E. B. P. to H. J. R.—*Ch. Ch.*  
Mar. 22, 1836.

<sup>9</sup> See above,—p. 198 to 201.

contributor to the Tracts,—who is at once a competent and an impartial witness on this subject:—

“A re-opening of the controversy between the two Churches had been pointed to with far-sighted clearness long before, by a learned Prelate who at that time [1816–20] ably filled the office of Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. ‘If we mistake not the signs of the times,’ (said Bishop Kaye, of Lincoln,) ‘the period is not far distant when the whole controversy between the English and Romish Churches will be revived, and all the points in dispute again brought under review.’ And he observed, speaking with special reference to one main point at issue, that it was ‘most essential that they who stand forth as the defenders of the Church of England should take a correct and rational view of the subject,—the view, in short, which was taken by our Divines at the Reformation;’ and in regard to which, ‘we in the present day,’ (said his Lordship,) ‘must tread in their footsteps, and imitate their moderation, if we intend to combat our Roman Catholic adversaries with success.’ But when at length the controversy came, some of those who might have been supposed to be best prepared for it, spoke of it as having ‘overtaken’ them ‘like a summer’s cloud’ [the first words of Tract No. 71]; and whilst the line of defence marked out at that time [1836], was strong and unassailable, so far as it represented faithfully that which had been taken of old by the chief Reformers and great Divines of the Church of England, it was far otherwise in regard to certain modifications and concessions which,—honestly, no doubt, but, as the event proved, unwisely,—were thought necessary to meet the requirements of the day.”<sup>2</sup>

It is not needful further to transcribe Archdeacon Harrison’s remarks on Mr. Newman’s proposed method of handling “*The Controversy with the Romanists.*” The

<sup>2</sup> *Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Maidstone, May 1851,—pp. 23–4.*



second Tract "*against Romanism*" (No. 72) had for its subject '*Prayers for the Dead.*' Tract 75 (pp. 207) was a partial Translation of '*the Roman Breviary.*' Enough, it is thought, has been said to explain the following correspondence,—in which, for obvious reasons, Hugh James Rose shall be the chief speaker. No one can affect surprise at being told that he had already taken serious alarm at the course affairs were pursuing at Oxford,—the altered tone of the '*Tracts for the Times.*' An essential change had in fact come over the spirit of the movement. Rose's earliest words of serious remonstrance were addressed to Dr. Pusey:—

"You must deeply feel our great misfortune in the Church of England,—the total want of any *substantive* School of Divinity. We have nothing which deserves the name of a School among us; but we have, in that lamentable absence, one large active agitating *Party*, bound together, not (as a School) by common views founded on learning, but by common vulgar mischievous *feelings* based in ignorance. And to oppose this, what have we?

"Nothing but individual and isolated efforts of solitary students, and the somewhat low tone of the mass. There is no value for deep learning or for thorough knowledge of Antiquity; and still less for those great Catholic principles on which alone (under GOD'S blessing) reliance can be placed. There are no heads to guide, no strong hand to rule us. We are like sheep without a shepherd. The very magnitude of the evil has produced something of a reaction and *feeling after* a better state of things. Too many indeed fall into the hands of the party, because they feel their own weakness; and in a painful sense of it, feel also that they want *some* tangible leaders, and guides, and rallying points. But some who cannot embrace the doctrines of the party, *yearn* after the older and sounder views 'if haply they might find them.' The first real ground of hope which has been *visible* has been the existence of a body of men at

Oxford, with many close friends through the country, whose characters and reputation stood high; whose learning could not be doubted; and who have fearlessly stood forward *in combination* to speak the old truths together, and thus to give confidence and hope to the individuals who in various parts of the country had from time to time 'in much fear and trembling' ventured to proclaim the same truths after their strength, or their feebleness.

"Considering the *immense* importance of strengthening and propagating the impression made by these truths, and of consolidating into one body, (which may be respectable and even formidable by its strength,) those who hold them,—so that the young men may have a distinct and visible light before them, towards which and by which to move,—I can hardly describe my own sense of the importance of your movements just now. If you leave our present *standing-point*, very many from fear, very many from conviction, will break away. The enemy will have the best possible handle to use *against* you, and *for* himself and his own ends; i. e. the increasing his strength and scattering to the four winds of heaven all united elements of opposition to it. We cannot expect in our time again to see even the first stone laid of the building which has been so long 'the desire of our eyes.'

"I will not apologise again for so writing, because I am sure you will give me credit for not presuming to interfere from any value of my own opinions: but simply from the strong feelings and persuasions to which I have referred.

"Yours ever most truly,  
H. J. ROSE."

"Lambeth, Saturday April 30th [1836]."

It would be, in my account, a violation of the sacredness of what was evidently meant to be a strictly confidential communication that I should transcribe more than the opening sentences of Mr. Newman's reply to the foregoing letter of Hugh James Rose to Dr. Pusey.

Indeed, those opening words I only insert because they are the necessary introduction to Rose's letter which will immediately follow:—

“Oriel College, May 1st, 1836.

“My dear Rose,—Pusey has sent me your note. I have not yet seen him, nor do I know what he will say to it: and I put this down on paper at once, that his and my impressions may be both our own; and you, if you do not mind the trouble, may have them both. Your note is very important, and I hope you will not consider me but partially alive to its importance, which I try to be fully. From your silence about my letter of this day fortnight or three weeks, and your letter now to Pusey, I conjecture thus much,—that you are not *satisfied*, and are afraid: yet have nothing very definite to say.”

Hugh James Rose replied as follows:—

“[Lambeth], 9 May, 1836.

“My dear Newman,—I am inclined to think that your account is very nearly right, viz. that I am not quite satisfied and yet do not know exactly what to say. I will however endeavour to tell you the *sort* of feeling which I have on the subjects which we have been discussing, that you may judge how far I am wrong.

“First of all, I must premise that I consider the English as an eminently anti-reading nation, and that of course the Clergy partake of this character:—that there are 14 or 16,000 of them;—and that in any nation the far larger part of such a body would not be students, and therefore still less so with the English;—and that, of those who will more or less be students, a very large proportion can hardly be left safely to their own guidance, but want direction and authority as much as the others. One may lament that all this is so. One may say that they who are to teach others *ought* to be,—or at least that it seems very desirable that they should be,—of a different *genus*. But lament and think as one will, I hold it to be beyond all controversy that such we are,

and, for a very long period at least, shall be. And if this is so, although it may also be grievous to deal with such persons, in some respects, and tedious in comparison with dealing with those on whose industry and whose judgment we can rely, we must bear all this strictly and constantly in mind, if any good is to be done.

“Now, take the matter of *Antiquity* into consideration in connexion with all this. With the non-reading part, it may be of very little consequence, perhaps; but I will honestly confess that I am a little apprehensive of the effects of turning the readers, such as they are, out to grass in the spacious pastures of Antiquity without very strict tether. *All* that is in Antiquity is not good; and much that was good for Antiquity would not be good for us. Yet it seems to me that without the *tether*, without strict and authoritative guidance in short, they are just as likely to get harm as good: to deduce very false and partial conclusions from very insufficient premises; and to set up as objects for *imitation* what may catch the fancy and strike the imagination, but what is utterly unfit for our present condition. The Homilies of the Fathers may be studied with the greatest advantage by those who can exercise their judgment; but to attempt to address audiences *now* in such or such a manner,—*because* it was done by this or that Father, (and only and simply because it happened to be the style of his day in *all* public speaking), in the 4th or the 5th century,—cannot, I think, lead to good, and *may* lead to a good deal of evil. I mention this as a very simple and short instance to explain my meaning by. I wish, in a word, considering what English readers commonly are, that Antiquity should be studied by them only with full, clear and explicit directions how to derive from it that good which *is* to be derived from it; and to avoid the sort of quackery of *affecting* Antiquity, which is very likely to lay hold of quick, but not very comprehensive, minds.

“Again,—(and to lead me on to the next point),—if *such* minds are led to search out *all* the opinions and practices of Antiquity as of great value, *because* they are derived

from Antiquity,—where they and we shall get to, it seems hard to tell. It is an expedition in which I most earnestly desiderate good guides and experienced drivers; and then, we shall return from it rich in *health* and in *knowledge*. Without these requisites, I eschew the undertaking. We have all a love of change, and of finding out that they who went before us passed by or mistook some things or many things, and that this should be set right. But there are *very very* few who are fit for the task . . . . . It is on this ground that I regret your declaration of preference for a somewhat different Liturgy, and somewhat different usages, from the present. Could all this be confined to persons like yourselves, no possible objection could be felt to it. But what *you* say and do, will set five hundred heads agog, which it will be very hard to set at rest again. It is only real learning, and long thought, and sober reflection (like yours), which can discern what has some real ground for consideration and acceptance; while quick and ingenious men, once set on the track of thinking that we are in a very imperfect state, and that we have deserted Antiquity, will pour a thousand follies and falsehoods out upon us, and indispose very many to all such fair consideration as I speak of.

“On the same sort of ground, I wish that you had somewhat more represented the Apostolic Succession as a regular, undoubted doctrine, held undoubtingly by all true Churchmen, and only a little neglected,—than as a thing to which we were to recur as a sort of ancient Novelty,—a truth now first recovered. I do not mean that you have done this, as I put it broadly; but I mention it to illustrate the *kind of use* to be made of Antiquity with the common run of Clergy. We must find out what is really fit to be taught, and teach it as of *Authority*,—as a doctrine which has always been held,—not as a thing which they are to go and look for, and find out, and prove by themselves. On this account too, however grievous in some respects, I am persuaded that it is our wisdom to *keep our ground*, and not to *change* it at all: to *keep it well and soundly*, and not as we have done it: to

keep it by showing that such was the teaching and belief of Antiquity, and that it is only novel ignorance which has deserted or abandoned the grounds which the Reformed Church always meant to hold.

“It may be true, as you say, that our orb of doctrine is not entirely *teres atque rotundus*. But I am persuaded that these additions (not being *essentials*) cannot *with safety* be proposed to the mass. If they are once impressed with the notion that we are *imperfect*, and require *improvement* and *change*, they have not the means of knowing or discovering how *much* or how *LITTLE*; and are merely converted into *ignorant* Reformers. I am well aware that to you,—knowing so fully and thoroughly, and having so often gone over, the solid reasons from antiquity and argument by which the ground on which we *do* stand is to be defended,—the simply defending *that* may appear tedious. But as far as my opinion goes, you will do the greatest possible service, (and it is one which will more than exhaust the lives of any living men), if you will go on quietly indoctrinating the mass of the Clergy with these reasons; with teaching them the real strength of their grounds; and inspiring them with that respect for the discipline, and the practices which they have been taught, which *ought* to arise from a respect for Antiquity and from a knowledge of the full extent to which we have it with us. You have probably a set of ingenious, clever, promising and highly endowed students to deal with. But if you will examine a few dozens of Candidates for Orders, *rough as they run*, I think you will come to my side of the argument.

“To conclude *my* homily. It seems to me that if you will have the patience to go on teaching the younger Clergy *what* the Church is: what are the true notions of the *Sacraments* and the *Ministry*: how entirely what we teach has ever been taught by the Catholic Church;—if you will give its full colouring and relief to all those parts of our system, about the actual existence of which no one can doubt, (Commemorations of Saints and Martyrs, Fasting, &c.), but which have been thrown into the shade,—by pouring in the light of Antiquity through *your own*

*windows*;—you will do the greatest service. But for *the mass*, I am persuaded you must confine yourself to that; and to giving them specimens of the pure moral and doctrinal *tone* (not manner) of teaching in the early Church.

“For the next class, you will do the greatest service if you will direct and closely confine them *in* their study of Antiquity, as well as warmly exhort them *to* it; teaching them especially, *I* think, to study the wholesome tone of doctrine contained in the writings of the great Lights of the Church, rather than to look for supplements and corrections of any defects of our own.

“I have very ill explained what are perhaps vague and unreasonable notions. But, looking as I do to you Oxford men with great hope, I am most anxious that no chance of good shall be lost,—no road to evil opened. I am aware that my notions will seem *dull, limited* and *stupid*. But I do beseech you to look at the *numbers* and the *kind* of our instruments; and to remember that ‘the speed of the horseman must be regulated by the powers of his horse.’ GOD has so decreed, and we must abide by His decree, and do the best we can with things *as they are*. Ever yours,

“H. J. ROSE.

“P.S. *I* of course can have no objection to your republishing the ‘*Lyra*.’ But *must* it cease?”<sup>3</sup>

The foregoing admirable letter produced a joint reply from Mr. Newman (11th May), and Dr. Pusey (12th May, Ascension Day, 1836), on a single sheet of paper. It does not require insertion. But Mr. Rose’s splendid rejoinder,—which was suggested by a perusal of Newman’s 71st “*Tract for the Times*,”—may on no account be withheld. No faithful English Churchman will ever read it without emotion. No one, truly loyal to the Church of

<sup>3</sup> Referring to the post-script of Newman’s letter of May 1st,—“I have thoughts, with your and Rivington’s concurrence, to publish in

October the ‘*Lyra*’ in a volume. It will probably come to an end in a month or two.”

his Baptism, who reads it once, will fail to read it a second and a third time; and to bless GOD that sentiments so truly Catholic should have been so emphatically delivered, and at such a time. I purpose that they shall remain on record, as the grand witness of one who under every discouragement "held fast the form of sound words"; earnestly "contended for the faith which was once for all delivered to the Saints"; and remained "faithful unto death." Well would it have been for the Church of England had *his* spirit, *his* counsels, guided the Tractarian movement of 1833!

"Lambeth, May 13 [1836].

"My dear Newman,—Endure me for once more; remembering always, if you please, that I speak with *perfect sincerity* when I express my own consciousness of inferiority to yourself and Pusey in all respects: that I do not venture therefore to speak in any other way than as a seeker of Truth for *myself*;—not as a guide or monitor to *others*. Remember, if you please, also, that our evil Cambridge habits often induce or permit us to speak more broadly, strongly and straightforwardly than we ought; but, as speaking in real regard, affection, esteem and reverence, so, without a notion that any offence can be given or taken where such sentiments animate the speaker. I only mention this because I have, I know, grievously offended Perceval by my bad habits of free thought and speech.—After this preamble, I must first formally give up Abp. Wake, and any other Abp. you please: and 'Revolution-Protestantism,'<sup>4</sup> and any other Protestantism you please (except my own) entirely to your tender mercies. I have nothing to say for the delinquents; and only rather wonder how and why they were brought into court to receive judgment on this occasion. You shall brand them as Socinian, or Infidel,

<sup>4</sup> Newman, in his letter of May 11th, had said that he "could not endure the *mode* in which Wake (e. g.) conducts the controversy with

Rome": and had enlarged with severity on the "Revolution-Protestantism" of 1688.



or anything else you please,—and deliver them over to the secular arm afterwards. I am no soldier of theirs.

“ But to have done with folly. I have been reading your 1st No. against Romanism<sup>5</sup>,—the last half of which is *admirable*. Towards the first, I feel somewhat as towards part of your ‘*Home Thoughts abroad*,’ and several other papers and letters. Perhaps, to say all in a few words, I should say that the impression which they would produce on my mind, *if I did not know you*, and therefore which I cannot but suppose they will produce on others, is this nearly:—

“ The *hearts and affections* of these writers are not with us. Their *judgment*, arising from deep learning, thought and piety, is *against* Rome decidedly; while still they think that she has much which we want. In this unhappy state, they feel that in the Church of England,—and there alone,—is *safety*: but they feel that there is *nothing more*. A good deal *to tolerate*,—a good deal *to deplore*;—something no doubt to be *thankful* for, on the principle of regard for the bridge which carries you over,—but little or nothing to *love*. They join her on the principle of ‘*any port in a storm*,’—of a *pis-aller*. They can find nothing *better*, nay, nothing *else*,—and therefore they *are* thankful that there is any port where they can be moored in perfect safety.’

“ Do not suppose that I am giving this as MY conception of your views; but I am much, very much inclined to believe that such is the conception which would be *forced* on a *stranger*. A young and ardent mind, whose learning did not represent to it the impassableness of the gulph to Romanism, would jump to the conclusion that *that* form which did not satisfy the heart and the affections, must, *on that ground*, be false:—that though there may be errors in Romanism, yet they are not fatal:—and that by taking the Bossuet picture of *doctrine* as true, and then adhering to Rome, he should at once satisfy his judgment and his affections. One of a sterner stamp and of more learning would perhaps be indignant, and say that what you *tolerate*, he *loves*; and

<sup>5</sup> Tract, No. 71,—dated Jan. 1st, 1836. (See back, pp. 205-7.)

that 'you too MUST love it, ere to you it can seem worthy of your love':—that it *has*, in fact, what is necessary to call forth and hold the affections, when duly and fully considered and appreciated.

"But however that might be, what you say is that we are now in too cold a state; and that there ought to be something more calculated to lay hold of the affections:—that unless the Church pour forth her *treasures*, and people feel it to be a *privilege* to be a Churchman, we can have nothing to expect but schisms and heresies. Now, (fully agreeing with this), I am here a little perplexed as to what you wish to be *done* now; because you very justly say that nothing *material* can be done till the feeling of the Church at large goes with you: that, e.g. Monasteries,—a better Liturgy,—a different *form* of Confession of Faith,—and so on, could not be achieved *now*. What then *can*? what, I mean, *material enough* to give you any chance of winning *hearts, which you have not in fact now?*

"I shall not allow you (see the Cambridge impudence!) to speak of the right doctrine of the *Sacraments*, or the *Ministry*, AS SUCH THINGS,—because they are *not* additions to our present Faith. Too much *neglected*, undoubtedly, they have yet always been held and taught by a very large body of Churchmen as being, what they really are,—the true doctrine of the Church. What then is it? I really apprehend that what *can* be *added* is so little that it cannot be very effectual.

"I am looking to *practice*. In *argument* one may argue abstractedly for Monasteries, or any thing else. Surely 'Prayers for the *dead*' (a most deceptive phrase), and 'Exorcism before Baptism,' for example, will go a very little way, even if *they* could be introduced. (By the way, I utterly eschew that phrase 'Prayers for the *dead*' instead of 'Prayers for departed Saints.' It is a sort of enlisting of some of our strongest sympathies under false colours. It is too painful a subject to dwell on. *You* perhaps do not know the bitterness of clinging with passionate love to the memories of some, of whom, rich as they were in human gifts, the cold judgment cannot

but doubt whether they were not lacking in *one* thing; and can therefore little estimate the temptation which the Romanist notion (a little misunderstood it *may* be) holds out. The Catholic notion has, in fact, nothing of that (delusive) *comfort*. And, however valuable *subjectively*, is *objectively* a matter which will never lay strong hold of the suffering heart. For whether I only commemorate, and bless GOD for, those who are departed in His *faith and fear* and are now in *His Hand*, expecting their *full* consummation,—or whether I pray that they who *are* of a truth *in his Hand*, may have *more* of his joy than He has *yet* given,—can never make any strong difference to my feelings. Make men understand what *we* mean by ‘the *Holy Catholic Church*’ and ‘the *Communion of Saints*,’ and what can be done by any power to win the heart, will be done.)

“I must therefore say,—You perplex me. Bring out (as I said in my last letter) into their full relief, that which we *have*,—*Fasts* and *Feasts*,—more frequent Communion,—more thorough understanding of the Nature of the Sacraments,—the Powers of the Ministry,—the Privileges of Members of CHRIST’S Holy Catholic Church. Bring into play (what our German friends would call) the Historic Element;—not trying the vain course of reproducing the Past, *which can never be*; but giving to our whole condition, *by* the Historic Element, that continuity and connexion with the Past, which throws such chains round the individual’s affections, and is so precious for Society itself:—all this is not only *feasible*, but full of hope, powerful to win, to charm, to attract, to hold. I do not say that by degrees nothing more may be done. I should be slow to reject the assistance of *Art*, or the assistance of sound *Legends*, as parts of the Historic Element. Nor do I see why, prudently introduced, they should offend, if they could be *had*,—which is the doubtful point. Neither do I say that a Liturgy fuller of variety, such as you suggest from the analogy of the Easter Anthem,—(for I rather shrink from the introduction of what Coleridge called ‘New former Prayers’),—might not

be productive of good. But you yourself seem to hold out this, that *any* considerable movement towards improvement or addition, (or supplement rather), could *not* be made till the whole Church was in a frame to admit or *require* it. What then is it precisely and distinctly which you aim to do NOW?

“The search for *Catholic* Antiquity must, rely on it, be made FOR nine-tenths of the Ministry at least, and the results GIVEN them. Take the Romanist Priesthood in their very most palmy condition, and in *any* country you please where they lived undoubtedly *on* this notion. How many ever acquired it from their *own* individual studies? (Earnestly do I wish you were Examining Chaplain in a large Diocese for a few years.) Knowing the value of the treasure, and knowing its practical use to the Romanist, we take for granted (as is natural) that he has dug for the precious ore *himself*. But it is not so, speaking of the large mass of them; nor, I apprehend, can it ever be so. We may inspire the mass with the reverence for it, and give them the *practical* element resulting from it; but nothing more. This (the reverential *feeling*) is all that is really of consequence practically.

“I will shut up what I have ventured to say on this head with the simple expression of my own full belief that *if we know how to use what we really have*, without any of the ‘supplements,’—(which after all are infinitely small when compared with what we have),—we have all which is wanted to *win* and to *hold*; and, AT THE SAME TIME, to *purify* and *exalt*. For unquestionably, by a freer and fuller appeal to the *sensuous*,—(such as the Romanist in one way, and the Wesleyan in the other, make),—we can win (and hold *perhaps*):—but as to *purifying* and *exalting*! . . . The progress and the real victories of the Gospel principle must not be *numbered* but *weighed*.

“Under this view you must let me not *endure*, but *love*—and warmly and passionately love—my Mother Church. I will not *talk* of the *glorious* Reformation [you forbid me]:—but *deliverance is deliverance*. And

though we may deplore that there were evils to be delivered from, *that* was not *our* fault. And we must bless GOD for rescuing us from them,—as the daughter of an ancient house would grieve indeed that, when her parents and brethren were gone to their rest, the heir turned the pure and happy home of her infancy into a brothel:—but she would and must bless GOD, and rejoice that she was able to escape from pollution, and from the bondage and sin to which a continued stay within the venerable walls would have condemned her.

“You must let me believe that though there is not the glare and glitter round ‘my Mother’s sober brow’ which exists elsewhere,—there *is* what will win all hearts, and charm all eyes which will study her countenance, and are capable of improvement,—of reverence,—of affection:—that she is a true daughter and co-heiress of that ancient House,—*with all the family lineaments on her face, and no small portion of the family jewels in her keeping*:—that she will not only *safely* introduce me into the bosom of the family here below and above,—but has *green pastures* and *waters of comfort* in abundance, to cheer me on the journey.

“To Pusey I have only a word or two to say, and therefore do not trouble him with a separate letter. I would only suggest that in any possible incursions into Antiquity, *we* are not like our own Reformers, *looking* for Truth and not knowing what will break upon us. We know exactly what the Truth is. We are going on no voyage of discovery. We know exactly the extent of shore. There is a creek here, and a bay there,—*all laid down in the charts*; but not often entered or re-surveyed. We know all this beforehand, and therefore can lay down our plans, and not, (as I think), feel any uncertainty where we are going, or feel it necessary or advisable to spread our sails and take our chance of finding a new Atlantis.<sup>6</sup> If we

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Pusey had written a joint letter with Mr. Newman (dated the day following his, viz. Ascension

Day, 1836),—from which a brief extract is all that needs to be subjoined:—“I thank you much for

had any hopes of this kind, I would say too of the good ship, (perhaps, alas! with the same ambiguity as of old),—*Ἦτω κατ' οὐρον*.

“One thing more to him. Surely, a *practice* not noticed in Scripture, and the interpretation of a *doctrine* noticed there, do not stand on the same ground! GOD has committed Truth to the *Church* and to the *Scripture*,—to their *joint* keeping. To resist the consent of Catholic Antiquity, therefore, as to the interpretation of doctrine, or as to Church Government, must surely be madness or unbelief *on every ground*. But does it *really* follow, that on this account, I must defend a *practice* on an indifferent matter; and that I must hold up ‘*Exorcism* before Baptism,’ *because* I would have the verdict of Catholic Antiquity as to ‘*Regeneration* in Baptism?’ . . . Is this so? And if so, why? . . . Surely, as far as doctrine is involved, I might believe in Demoniacal possession in our LORD’S and the Apostles’ time,—as firmly as in His Miracles, and in the spiritual gifts given to the early Christians; and yet hold that Satan was chained now, and has long been: that his power in that way has been contracted for ages; and that we no more suffer from ‘*Possession*’ than we enjoy *Miraculous Gifts*,—as a *matter of fact*: and that consequently, *Exorcism* *might* have been even *necessary* in the Apostles’ time,—supposing it *then* to have been used; but that there was no reason for continuing a custom of so peculiar a kind, except on proof of its *continued* necessity.—I here give you every

our letter, and hope to profit by it. But I trust that there are practical cautions, which we generally give, which will remove some of your apprehensions. Thus, we do take care not to build on one or the other Father, but on Catholic Antiquity. Now, if a person be sent to any one field to bring all he can out of it, he will bring the *infelix lolium* as well as other things, and perhaps be more taken with it than with good seed; the *steriles avenæ* being constantly the tallest. But,

if he be told that he is to look for certain herbs which have been planted everywhere, and that he is not to bring away any things which he does not find in every part of the field,—why, a volatile labourer will soon lay down the business altogether, and an ardent one will be sobered” . . . And further on,—“And this is what I meant by saying that we must spread our sails, not knowing whither we should be carried.”

advantage,—the supposing a custom built on a *necessity* and a *truth*. But many customs, though good and innocent, may have been built on neither; and surely cannot therefore be raised to the same consequence as the interpretation of great doctrines of the Gospel. I may appeal to Catholic Antiquity for the *one*, without binding myself to receive the other.

“Now, I really do not *contemplate* troubling you any more. I have ill explained what I mean. I only want *justice done* to what we *have*; *love felt* to it; and a *strong belief* felt too, that if justice *be* done to it, it *can* win love and keep it.

“You will *forgive* (I beseech you to do so) any *Cambridgeisms*; and believe me, not in *form* only but in *fact*, heartily and affectionately, in REGARD and RESPECT, yours ever,

“H. J. ROSE.”

It is not needful that I should pursue this correspondence any further. It was practically closed by a long letter from Mr. Newman (dated ‘Iffley, May 23rd, 1836’); and the subject shall be here dismissed with the single statement that, in his ‘*Apologia*,’ the same writer has with perfect truthfulness and candour summarized what were his feelings towards the Church of England at this time:—

“I felt affection for my own Church, but not tenderness. I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity . . . As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination.”<sup>7</sup>

But the letter in which Mr. Rose finally withdrew from the discussion is too valuable to be withheld. It was written from Lambeth, on the 20th of July, 1836, and ran as follows:—

“I did not answer your last very interesting (painfully so in some points) letter, for I think we now understand

<sup>7</sup> *Apologia*,—p. 95.

one another pretty well.—I would only say that some of the points of which you complain, seem to me either susceptible of easy remedy or hardly to require any. For example, as to a formal recognition of the American Episcopal Church. When she actually emanated from us only half-a-century ago: derives her Orders from us: and those, formally given, after the fullest, most formal and definite consideration and consultation;—what other recognition could be wanting? If any is wanting, I am persuaded it would not be withheld. But a formal recognition would only be either (1), Recognising ourselves; or (2), Saying that the Consecration of the American Bishops was duly performed, and therefore valid. With respect to their *officiating* here, they are only on the same ground as the Church in Scotland; and unless they are to be allowed to hold preferment here (i. e. if the line must be drawn somewhere), I think it is perhaps at the right place. They who officiate once, may surely officiate often. Then, they might be Curates: and to say that a man to whom you give cure of souls at a *low* price and on a temporary agreement, is unfit to hold that charge as a permanent one with more advantage to himself, would be *very* objectionable indeed.

“Then, as to the Breviary. Do you mean that the Church itself ought to undertake to publish an amended Breviary? For such a publication by yourself, or Williams, or Keble. or any other person of sufficient name in the Church, would, I am sure, be hailed not with objections, but joy. But I hardly see how the Church could undertake it, though I do not believe that any *objection* would be felt, if it was set forth by authority as a book for the *voluntary* use of Christians,—either Ministers, or private Christians. Surely, our Church cannot be said to fail in good feeling to the Breviary when her daily Service is so much taken from it! The question whether she might not take a little more is a very fair one, but is not, I think, a reason for *complaint*. I think the *enjoining*, or *compelling* the public use of a very long book would be difficult and not advisable.



But, short of that, I do not conceive there would be any difficulty whatever.

“Ever, my dear Newman, most truly, heartily, and with sincere regard and attachment, yours,

“H. J. ROSE.”

Here too, with a few brief remarks, we may take leave of the ‘*Tracts for the Times*,’—which pursued their brilliant course until the publication of Tract No. 90 (Jan. 25th, 1841) brought the series to a calamitous close. They had begun admirably in the Autumn of 1833, and continued to do good service until the middle of 1835, when there was a sudden halt. They were resumed, as we have seen, in the first days of 1836, under seriously altered conditions: whereupon they encountered rebuke, suspicion, disfavour at the hands of their best friends. But all this has been already placed before the reader with a fulness which has never been attempted before.

We can but regard the famous publication in question as a grand opportunity misused, as well as calamitously lost. The attention of religious persons had been irresistibly drawn to the contemplation of many a half (*not* wholly) forgotten Catholic truth. Weary of modern novelties and the *nostrums* of rash and incompetent advisers, men were heard on every side confessing that “the old is better.” The discovery was straightway made that there had been reserved an armed host ready to respond to the voice of the trumpet when it should utter no uncertain sound. A little patience would have lived down hostile clamour: a little consistency must have disarmed suspicion: a little prudence might have silenced censure. But on the contrary. All was done as if to frustrate and disappoint expectation. The Tractarian leaders of the movement, strange to relate, seem to have been haunted by a suspicion that the office of the

Theologian is to *exaggerate* sacred Truth,—the business of a Divine, to ‘startle’ mankind. Accordingly, they went off on ‘Prayers for the dead’ and ‘Purgatory,’—as if forgetting that even *the Intermediate State* was scarcely recognized by the generality of their readers.—‘*Exorcism*’ before Baptism, was pleaded for at a time when Baptismal ‘*Regeneration*’ itself was generally discredited.—“The Breviary,” (and “the *Roman Breviary*” of all documents!<sup>8</sup>)—was recommended to the notice of a Church which had become forgetful of the structure and method of her own matchless ‘Book of Common Prayer.’—‘*Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge*,’—was advocated for a generation singularly unacquainted with Divine things, and largely addicted to Unbelief.—How did it ever come to pass (one asks oneself), that men so intelligent, as well as so learned, should have so entirely overlooked the actual needs of those with whom they had to do? Inspiration,—Miracles,—Prophecy,—were all left to take care of themselves! Nowhere do we find the *severe historical truth* of the Old Testament Scriptures (e. g. of Genesis i, ii, iii,) insisted

<sup>8</sup> On this subject the reader is referred to M. l’Abbé Laborde’s ‘*Lettres Parisiennes, ou discussion sur les deux Liturgies, Parisienne et Romaine, pour éclairer la détermination de ceux qui ont à prononcer entre le Missel et le Bréviaire Romain, et entre le Missel et le Bréviaire de Paris*,’—Paris, 1855. The author pertinently asks,—“Que diront de nous les Protestants? Que diront de nous les savants?” . . . “I have often been thinking” (wrote a learned non-juror [1720]) “that one could not do a greater service to the Reformation than by translating into English the Missal, Bre-

viary, Pontifical, Manual, and other public service-books of the Church of Rome; with brief annotations, shewing the rise of all that is foolish and superstitious, and the antiquity of what remains good and commendable in them. This might be done in a very few volumes, and those not very large. . . It is certain that the leaders in the Church of Rome would with reason look upon it as a terrible blow given them, if such translations could be published in all the vulgar tongues of Europe.”—Preface to Johnson’s ‘*Collection of Canons*’ &c. § xi.

upon,—side by side with a vindication of the mysterious (or *prophetical*) texture of Holy Writ. It is a memorable fact that throughout this period (1830 to 1850) *Holy Scripture itself* experienced marked neglect. No Commentary in the vernacular tongue was so much as attempted. The Romish controversy was revived; but nowhere (that I can discover) was the impassable barrier between England and Rome explained with the vigour, the clearness, the fearlessness which characterized the writings of our elder Divines. The *sufficiency* of our Baptismal and Communion Offices was by no one loyally maintained. On the contrary. There is a tone of discontent,—an *undutiful* disposition to find fault,—almost everywhere discernible. The Editors of the later “Tracts” did not perceive that by the course they were pursuing, (intending nothing less,) they were bringing discredit on Catholic antiquity generally;—sowing distrust and suspicion in a thousand quarters;—paving the way for many a dreary secession to Rome, on the one hand,—many a lapse into blank unbelief, on the other. To the partial miscarriage of the Tractarian movement is to be attributed, in no slight degree, that miserable lawlessness on the part of a section of the Clergy, which is among the heaviest calamities of these last days; as well as, in an opposite direction, that ugly recoil which has already disestablished Religion in our ancient Universities, and of which we have not yet nearly seen the end.

The praise and true glory of the religious movement which it is customary to connect with the year 1833, consisted in the mighty impulse which was then given to religious thought and sacred learning *on the ancient lines*. Two publications, known as the “*Library of the Fathers*” and the “*Anglo-Catholic Library*,”—(they are but a part

of the literary product of the period),—led to the dissemination of a vast amount of the best Church teaching. The publication of new and improved editions of the works of all our greatest Divines largely increased men's acquaintance with the resources of our own Anglican Divinity. The movement, notwithstanding every discouragement and drawback, was to an extraordinary extent over-ruled for permanent good: but,—*Why* (we sorrowfully ask ourselves),—*why* was it so largely frustrated? and why, to so great an extent, disfigured with evil?

Posterity, because it can only contemplate a man and his times *in perspective*,—in other words, can only survey *results*,—is apt to think of such an one as the subject of the present memoir as eminently successful in the battle of life,—foremost among the winners of the race. And no doubt, essentially, Hugh James Rose *did* outstrip his fellows,—*did* win for himself (as we may now confidently declare) “a beautiful crown.” But let any one read through bundle after bundle of his correspondence with attention, and he will arise from the task with a woefully different impression on his mind. The man who wrote those and received these letters, (he will secretly tell himself,)—was living in a state of perpetual harass,—was in the very centre of an agony of strife. Ever on the unpopular, and (as it seemed) the losing side, he knew that he had the powers of the World against him,—a host of opponents, and wondrous few to help him to bear the brunt of the battle. By the common run of men, he was stigmatized as illiberal, narrow, bigoted,—because he unflinchingly upheld the Church's teaching. His earnestness in his Master's cause was regarded as fanaticism: his eagerness in contending for

the Truth, was denounced as "inflammatory." Easy-going people were afraid of him: the lovers of expediency and counsellors of compromise hated him very cordially. On the other hand, by the firebrands of his party he was suspected of being half-hearted. His devoted attachment to the Church of his Baptism was in their account "Erastianism." They had all manner of bad names for him:—

"There were other reasons, besides Mr. Rose's state of health," (writes Mr. Newman in his *Apologia*),—"which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close co-operation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other from the first in their estimate of the means to be adopted for attaining it. Mr. Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical connexion through the country. Froude and I were nobodies; with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go a-head across country (*sic*), as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was a bold rider, as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr. Rose said of him with quiet humour, that 'he did not seem to be afraid of inferences.' It was simply the truth; Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions, which, as it seemed to me, ever occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism,—that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State,—was the parent,

or if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool, of liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and, while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr. Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his own mouth;—Rose was a ‘Conservative.’ By bad luck, I brought out this word to Mr. Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted into the Magazine: I got a vehement rebuke for my pains, for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain as Froude could have, of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation.”<sup>9</sup>

All this is faithfully stated,—“vehement rebuke” and all. (But *that* rebuke elicited an apology, truly honourable to him who penned it.<sup>1</sup>) . . . Nothing is more certain than that “*going a-head across country*” was never, at any time, one of Hugh James Rose’s accomplishments. Rather was ‘*stare super antiquas vias*,’ the very motto of his soul: a true ‘Catholic’ *he!* “averse” (as President Routh phrased it) “from all Papal and Sectarian innovation.” . . . I am provoked to recall the speech of a French dancing-master to Rose’s father, who had sent Hugh James and Henry John, when boys, to be instructed by him in the orchestric art. “Sir,” (exclaimed the despairing dancing-master when the lads returned home *re infectá*),—“I do most sincerely pity you for being the father of two such sons.” The wretched man only meant that neither of the boys displayed the slightest aptitude—for *cutting capers*. To return however to what I was saying.

Rose used “great plainness of speech”: and this too gave offence. His vigorous handling of the questions of the day—his ‘straight hitting’—conspicuous in every

<sup>9</sup> *Apologia*,—pp. 105-7.

1834 (81 Pall Mall): the latter,

<sup>1</sup> The former is dated March 24th, March 30th (Oriel College).

number of the "*British Magazine*," created for him many enemies. By consequence his *experience* was that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." He had to look on, while the chief rewards were freely assigned to candidates of second, or even third-rate ability; himself not without serious secular anxieties, alike for the present and the future. GOD be praised that "there *remaineth* a rest," (an eternal sabbath-keeping) "to the people of GOD": and that "a crown of life" is in reserve for those who have been "*faithful unto death*"! But, with his mortal eyes, the man whose life I am writing saw nothing—either of rest or of reward.

As I have said, his whole life is found to have been one long weary conflict with evil,—moral, political, social, spiritual. At the very outset of his career, when the coarse vehemence of Cobbett was employed in some of the latest efforts of his pen on the side of destruction, it was Hugh James Rose who came forward to answer him in his '*Six Letters to the Farmers of England*.'<sup>2</sup> But it is impossible in a memoir like the present to do justice to the zeal which he brought to the cause of order and public safety.<sup>3</sup> What is certain is, that from the time that he came to the front there has been no interval during which the Church has been in want of well-organized literary support in that kind of periodical literature, which is so needful for the changeful exigencies of the day. The "*British Magazine*" was the first endeavour to supply this public want.<sup>4</sup> To a superficial observer he might have

<sup>2</sup> — '*On Tithes and Church Property*,'—2nd Edition, '*revised and corrected*,'—1831, pp. 79: an admirable production.

<sup>3</sup> In 1832, Mr. Rose published a vigorous '*Letter to the Inhabitants of Hadleigh and its neighbourhood*' (pp. 33),—in refutation of certain

calumnious falsehoods which had been anonymously promulgated concerning the Clergy of the Church of England,—with a view to alienating the people from the Church.

<sup>4</sup> Churton's *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—vol. ii. 7-8.

seemed to be allowing himself no rest: but the truth was that he *was allowed* none. We have reached an epoch in his brief history (1835-6) which indeed brought him comparative bodily quiet, yet it yielded him no relief from mental distress. The season, in fact, to all true-hearted and reflecting churchmen, was one of most disquieting anxiety. Thus, in March of this year, he says to a friend: "I write in haste, and not in good spirits; as you may discern. What is hanging over us—the 'clouds and darkness' of the Church Commission—weigh one down a good deal." Again, with reference to the Education and Charity crotchets of the time—"I feel the magnitude of the subject oppress me, and my own inability to do it justice at all times, but especially under such pressure of business." The threatened spoliation of our Cathedrals,—the scandalous appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, followed by his yet more scandalous elevation to the Episcopate: <sup>5</sup>—the mischievous counsels which prevailed in respect of the S. P. C. K.'s publications, and the irregular proceedings of the '*Church Pastoral Aid Society*':—not to mention the conflicting schemes for Church

<sup>5</sup> Those who care to pursue this subject are invited to read Dr. W. H. Mill's '*Letter to a Clergyman in London on the Theological Character of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, and the extent and value of subsequent justifications of their meaning*,'—1848, pp. 32: together with the four papers by Archdeacon Harrison (in the "*British Magazine*," for February, March, April, May, 1848),—on '*the Theory and Theology of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, and the Censure passed upon them by the Convocation of*

*Oxford*.' With reference to Hampden's '*Moral Philosophy Lectures*,' Hugh J. Rose thus wrote privately (Aug. 12th, 1836) to Benjamin Harrison:—"But the book is so atrocious—is so mischievous in tendency—so indecent in expression and so miserably vague and weak in Philosophy,—that it must be exposed and held up to the scorn and detestation which it deserves. These are strong words, but I really do not think that less strong words (of course, *in private*) would describe it."



Building which were then sorely exercising men of such different schools as Bishop Blomfield and Dr. Pusey, (as his correspondence with both abundantly attests): these, and many like matters, pressed heavily on one who, through broken health, was hardly able "to hold his own." A multitude of public questions there were, of more or less painful interest, in addition to the direct Acts of the Government, which exercised and troubled him. Precious to him as the apple of his eye, the Church was passing through an ordeal of severe humiliation and affliction, not to say of actual danger. Hear him addressing Mr. Newman at this very juncture:—

"I confess that my feelings are dreadfully embittered and my hopes dreadfully lowered just now, when I see the clouds gathering as they are. *Within the Church*, I fear faction more than ever. You have heard, I conclude, that the Church Missionary Society is about to erect a College at Calcutta to educate Missionaries in the teeth of Bishop's College, and without even telling their own friend, Bishop Wilson. Then, in another quarter, the Chester and Lichfield Church-Building Societies, striking at the root of our whole Parochial System of Church Discipline,—such as it is. And *without* the walls of Troy, if anything can be done to twist all Education out of the hands of the Church, *it will now*; while some of the Heads of the Church are anxious to do just as much mischief and show as much folly in the matter where it is in their hands. On this 'subscription' question, I greatly fear the exhibition of their opinions in the Lords. A few days however will shew . . . GOD be merciful to us! Humanly speaking, it seems to me that the darkness and storm are gathering,—the light vanishing fast away."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Dated "S. Thomas's, June 17th [1835]." The reader is invited to refer back to p. 59,—where interesting mention is made of a *Con-*

*cio ad Clerum*, full of dreary pre-  
sage, which H. J. R. must have  
written about this very time.

In the case of Mr. Rose, as already hinted, bodily infirmity was superadded to every other trial and form of trouble. In October 1835, he gives a deplorable account of his own health: recognizes tokens "how heavily Time lays his hand" upon him: declares that he has now no exertion in him, no voluntary exertion at least. "I can answer to the whip still: but do nothing till the blow descends . . . For oneself, these things are, or ought to be, warnings how fast the allotted time is going; and disease effectually doing the work of years."<sup>7</sup> To the same faithful friend, (but this was in 1834), he had described himself as "having almost always written under the actual pressure of disease, and known that in all probability he must print under the same circumstances."<sup>8</sup> I am reminded of the terms in which (in a letter to Mr. Newman) he refers to a sermon which he had published in the autumn of the same year:—

"I hope you have received a Visitation Sermon of mine, in which, under miserable circumstances of illness and haste, I have most unworthily handled a very important topic,—*Excitement in Religion*. I wish some one would take it up who could do it justice. It is the pivot on which most of our religion, as now vaunted, turns."<sup>9</sup>

In this instance however we have already heard the highly eulogistic sentence pronounced by a most accomplished critic and thoroughly competent judge,—Archbishop Howley.<sup>1</sup>

It will be remembered,—notwithstanding the introduction of a few extracts from letters of an earlier date,—that we had brought our narrative down to the spring

<sup>7</sup> To Joshua Watson,—Oct. 28th, 1835.

<sup>8</sup> To the same,—Feb. 20th, 1834.

<sup>9</sup> S. Thomas's,—Sept. 9th, 1834.

<sup>1</sup> See above,—p. 192. The Sermon is called "*Christians the Light of the World*."

of 1836. The adverse course of Church matters about that time, and notably the disgust and alarm with which the "Reports" of the Church Commission inspired him, acting powerfully on his already greatly enfeebled frame, are found to have induced, in the case of Hugh James Rose, a sentiment of despondency amounting to despair. Weary of the unavailing struggle (June 1836) he entertained serious thoughts of accepting his American friends' strongly urged offer of a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at New York. He already numbered among the American Bishops some of his own dearest and most attached personal friends,—men of primitive piety, lofty attainments, and truly Apostolical soundness of teaching.<sup>2</sup> The prospect seemed to him the best, which at this time suggested itself, as far as usefulness went. He saw that, superadded to great opportunities of promoting the cause of Catholic Truth, and training a considerable body of Clergy in sound Church principles, he should in this way at least secure for himself a moderate competence without the labour of periodical authorship (so hateful to him),—under which his spirits failed, yet without which he could not live. This modest prospect, added to his hopelessness as to public matters, arising from the almost universal cowardice, led his thoughts beyond the Atlantic. What alone made him hesitate was the question of duty.

But,—(and this is the second occasion on which we

<sup>2</sup> Rev. John Miller, in his brief Memoir of H. J. R., remarks,—“Among the ornaments of that church, whose society during their sojourn in England gave him both pleasure and satisfaction, it would be injustice to an inestimable person not to mention the name of Dr. Ives, the Bishop of North Caro-

lina, the son-in-law of Bishop Hobart. Before leaving the subject of the protestant episcopal church in America, it is right to state that the defence of Bishop Hobart against the '*Theological Quarterly*,' which appeared in the '*Christian Remembrancer*,' was written by Mr. Rose” [vol. viii. 542-50].

have had to make a precisely similar remark,)—he was not suffered to remain long in doubt as to what were the designs of a gracious Providence with regard to himself. The consecration of Dr. William Otter to the see of Chichester (Oct. 2nd, 1836), left King's College, London, without a head; and all eyes were instantly directed to Hugh James Rose as the fittest person to preside over the infant Institution. His personal predilections of course lay altogether with our older foundations: and had he enjoyed any prospect of that learned leisure which it would have been his supreme ambition to devote to the defence and service of the Church, he might have hesitated. But here was a post of honour and great usefulness coming to him unsolicited, and presenting a greater concurrence of advantages than were to be met with elsewhere in the range of his horizon. He thought therefore "that he ought on all accounts to be thankful, and say, Yes." Without candidature, much less solicitation of any sort on his part, he was proposed as Principal in August, and appointed to the office on the 21st October. It was the joint act of Abp. Howley and of Bp. Blomfield.

"If,"—(wrote Mr. Rose to Joshua Watson),—"my responsibilities do not press me quite down, and things go on as quietly and satisfactorily as I hope they may, I shall only be too happy in thinking that my staff is set up for life, and that no more changes await me, till the last."<sup>3</sup>

His main regret was that his future duties would sever the precious link which for the last two-and-a-half years had connected him with the Archbishop. Some compensation it was that he should henceforth

<sup>3</sup> From S. Thomas's, Oct. 24, 1836.

be nearer to '6 Park Street, Westminster,'—where his friend Joshua Watson resided; and he could not forget that he should be henceforth spared those daily journeyings from Lambeth to S. Thomas's which had alike consumed his time and overtaxed his bodily strength.

The satisfaction which this appointment afforded to churchmen is eloquently expressed by the following hearty letter of congratulation addressed to the new Principal of King's College by one of kindred spirit,—Walter Farquhar Hook:—

"Coventry, Oct. 17th, 1836.

"My dear Friend,—I have just heard from Mr. Le Bas that the newspaper report is correct, and that you are *indeed* to succeed Bp. Otter at King's College; and bored to death as you must be by letters, I cannot refrain from expressing my exceeding great joy at this appointment,—*my rapturous delight*; for really nothing for a long time has given me such pleasure. I rejoice at it, as one who has the privilege of calling you his friend, because it provides you with a comfortable residence in London, where, and where *only*, as I have heard you say, you enjoy anything like health:—and I rejoice at it much more on public grounds, for if we had sought through the wide world, we could never have found a man so admirably qualified for the situation as you are. This will be admitted by those who only look to learning and talents;—how great then must be the joy of those who regard, as far superior to learning and genius, the possession of sound Catholic principles! Since I first heard of the chance of your being appointed, I have prayed that so it might be: and I do really think that the appointment of such a man to such a post at such a time, is a subject for devout thanksgiving; while I humbly pray that GOD, of His infinite mercy, may bless your labours to the good of His Church, and grant you many many years of health and strength to labour in this field."

In the meantime, a delightful prospect of usefulness was opening upon him. The religious supervision of the College was to rest with himself, and to lecture to about a hundred young men in Divinity was to be his own special province. It became at once a prime subject of solicitude with him to raise the Medical students and to encourage a better class, by founding small medical fellowships where Classical and Mathematical attainments, as well as Religious knowledge, should be the subjects of examination. The essential feature of this scheme was munificently supplied by Joshua Watson. Rose entered on his active duties as Principal in the last week of October 1836, having already announced his intention to resign his little cure of Fairstead, in Essex.<sup>4</sup> His wife, whose long and dangerous illness throughout the greater part of the year had contributed no inconsiderable element to his mental distresses, was by this time, to his great joy and comfort, very much better. Affectionate and able assistance in all the heavier labours of the Magazine had been already secured. The misgivings which had been entertained, as well by himself as by his friends, on the score of his own health, for the moment seemed groundless. So far all was cheering.

A letter which he wrote at this juncture to his friend Bp. Doane claims insertion here, as well for its intrinsic interest as from the circumstance that it seems to have never reached its destination. I the more willingly give it place because of the affectionate warmth with which the writer mentions certain great lights of

<sup>4</sup> "I have to-day resigned Fairstead for ever,"—(*King's College*, Jan. 4th, 1837.) He had held it

therefore for a little more than three years. (In legal documents, I find the place spelt, 'Fairsted.')

the American Church,—men who are known to have contended earnestly for the faith, and borne fearless witness to the Truth (all honour to them!), at a period long anterior to the *Oxford* Revival,—*true* pioneers they, of the great Religious movement which is popularly held to have commenced in 1833.

“King’s College, Nov. 3rd [1836].

“My dear and valued Friend,—Such a letter as yours ought not to have been unanswered a day. Its warmth and kindness went to my heart, and I felt that if it had pleased GOD that I could have followed the dictates of my inclination and visited you, I should have found one to whom I could at once open my whole heart, and to whom I could speak, as I never could to any but the friends of early life, with one exception,—and that exception was our beloved and lamented Bishop Hobart. Let me now assure you that I *did* feel all your kindness most sensibly and deeply, and that I must indulge the hope that, although circumstances seem now to remove farther than ever all hope of moving on my part, the Mother Country and Church may prove a magnet which shall operate across the ocean, and bring you—like Bishop Ives—for a season among us. That would indeed be a source of most heartfelt gratification to me; and I should *depend* on your bringing Mrs. Doane to us *at once* and considering my house as your English home, which you should use as your own and as should suit your convenience and comfort in all ways during your sojourn amongst us.

“The reason for my silence was that just as your letter came, the Principalship of King’s College had been placed at my disposal, although quietly: that I was in some doubts and embarrassments about it; and that, without telling you a longer story than was worth telling, I could not explain to you what my condition was at the moment, and I did not like to answer such a letter except as one old friend to another. Suffice it now to say that I resolved finally to take the station, and that last week I was appointed and confirmed in

my office, and am now commencing to exercise it, retaining however my little Church at St. Thomas's, which is very near me and where I shall officiate as I have done.

"I will not now enter into the painful question of our Church condition. In the '*British Magazine*' for September, I stated the facts of the case,—and you would see from it that with a Government so weak as the present, and perhaps any Government which can be formed for some years, the course of Legislation whether on Church or State affairs must be perfectly uncertain; that the Government itself can never say, till the time, what it *can* do.

"You will see with pleasure the announcement of the Translation of the Catholic Fathers, which will, I trust, tend to spread Catholic principles among us. My only objection to it is that if they can be got at in Translations, the originals will not be read; and that thus, another of the few remaining motives to the study of Greek and Latin will be done away. In an age so impatient of labour and so determined to produce effects rapidly, the study of language is of course distasteful in the extreme; and it requires great exertion to keep it up.

"Dr. Wordsworth's Compilation from our best writers will be a most valuable book. It will, in some degree, supply our sad want of a Work on Systematic Divinity, as you will see by looking at his plan; and will, at the same time, bring young men acquainted with our great writers.

"A thousand thanks for your excellent Charge and Sermon. The Archbishop spoke to me of the Charge, which he had read immediately on receiving it, with *great* pleasure.

"I very much wish that I could find some young man among you, who would undertake,—say twice in the year,—to send me a *précis* of what has taken place most interesting in your Church. If it extended to six or eight pages, it would not be too much. I wish to make the *British Magazine* a sort of general Episcopal Register.



Do you know of any such person? The publishers would, I am sure, be very glad to pay for this. Their rate of payment is £10 10s. per sheet.

“Give my best and kindest compliments, and those of my wife, to Mrs. Doane and say how glad we should be to welcome her to England. From my windows at King’s College you have the finest view of the Thames to be found in London. Ever truly and affectionately yours,  
“H. J. ROSE.”

In connexion with what goes before, one word may be allowed here on the subject of the ‘*Library of the Fathers*,’—an undertaking which lay very near to Rose’s heart. The first volume (a translation of Augustine’s ‘*Confessions*,’) was not actually published till November 1838. Rose did not live therefore to see the first of those 39 volumes which gave so important an impulse to the study of the Patristic writings, and were not discontinued till January 13th, 1858. Field’s admirable ed. of Chrysostom’s ‘*Homilies on S. Matthew’s Gospel*’ appeared at Cambridge in 1839, and was speedily followed by an English translation. Something will be found offered elsewhere concerning this important undertaking. . . . But it may not be overlooked that Rose’s prime solicitude was to induce the Clergy to acquaint themselves with the Greek and Latin Fathers in the original idiom. Thus, writing to Benjamin Harrison (August 12, 1836), he says:—

“I have been talking to Newman about a plan I have of printing with a few notes and general remarks, Chrysostom’s Commentary on two of the shorter Epistles, just to convince young men that they are *easy* reading. If we could coax those who do read to such studies, instead of the everlasting *crambe* about Justification, and thus teach them that the Gospel is something larger and better than the range of the Quinquarticular Controversy, it would surely be good. But the question is,—Will any one buy such a book?”

The writer of the foregoing letter to Bp. Doane, it is plain, was buoyed up by a cheerful hope. Nor is proof wanting that he got through the winter of 1836-7 with comparative immunity from suffering. He delivered to the Divinity Students of King's College (1836-7) a Course of Lectures on the "*Evidences of the Christian Religion*," which were received with enthusiasm as well as listened to with marked attention. During the first term also, and during part of the second, he had preached in the College Chapel. At the end of 50 years, the effect of the Principal's solemn Addresses remains un-effaced. One who remembers those days very freshly,—Dr. Manning, who, by an interesting coincidence, is also Mr. Rose's most recent successor at Fairstead Rectory,—writes :—

"Under God, I think I may say that I almost owe my spiritual life to Mr. Rose. I was at King's College, London, during the time that he was Principal there, and I shall never forget the impression which his teaching and his holy life made on me and a large number of my fellow students."

I ventured to ask for more. Dr. Manning proceeds :—

"He was with us for so short a season, and during that period out of our sight for so considerable a time through illness, that it was more the general tone of holiness about him, than the result of personal intercourse, which influenced us. His manner was very dignified, and apparently a little stern,—perhaps he was more looked up to and revered than beloved. He had a high sense of discipline. I well remember the effect which an unwise reception of his first lecture, or a speech, (by the applause of the students), had upon him. Dr. Otter (whom he succeeded) had just been made Bishop of Chichester. He remained for a short time at King's College, and he and Mr. Rose used to come to the Chapel together. After prayers, on the morning following the event I have

mentioned, as they were going out of the Chapel, they both stopped; and Dr. Otter told us that Mr. Rose wished us not to applaud:—Dr. Otter adding, that, though well intentioned, it was hardly consistent with proper respect for one who held that office over us.”

As was hinted above,—the letters of his correspondents, his own letters, alike attest that at the coming in of the new year (1837) the Principal of King’s College was in the full enjoyment of his usual mental vigour. Part of a communication from Mr. Newman (Jan. 3rd, 1837) will be perused with interest. The references to the ‘*Lyra*,’ and to his actual occupations, are occasioned by the editorial importunities of his correspondent:—

“β is Froude’s initial in the ‘*Lyra*.’ I was very sorry it had to stop, but the reason was simply this,—the only ones I could *rely* on as forthcoming, were my own; and they were *all* written when I was abroad, with the exception of two and-a-half. It went on then *till* the supply was exhausted. I should have run out sooner, unless I had stimulated Keble to send some contributions.

“I have been wishing, ever since I left off, (that is, the last two or three months,) to send more ‘*Churches of the Fathers*’; but my time and thoughts have almost been absorbed with books, questions and compositions on the subject of Romanism. I am publishing a sort of *Via Media* as far as it goes, and of course it makes me very anxious to be accurate.<sup>5</sup> I do not think I deviate from our great writers in any point,—certainly any point in which they agree. Doubtless I shall make some mistakes after all: but not for want of pains. Most of it has been re-written, not re-transcribed, several times: good part, from four to six times. This will account for my apparent idleness.

“You deserve some rest by this time. No one can

<sup>5</sup> Referring to his ‘*Lectures on Popular Protestantism*.’ It was published in 1837: the 2nd edition, viewed relatively to Romanism and in 1838.

doubt the '*British Magazine*' has been of extreme service to the Church since it appeared. It is too valuable a work to let drop."<sup>6</sup>

To Dr. Pusey, a few days later (January 9th), Rose renewed the warning which he had repeatedly uttered to the Editor of the 'Tracts' since the beginning of 1836:—

"As to my fears of your Oxford proceedings, I only say,—Keep where you are, and go no further. I do not say that the English are a people of good sense, but I say they abhor *extremes*, and always fly off from those who carry things too far. I mention this as a *fact*. Now, I certainly saw, or rather heard read, articles in the '*British Critic*' from Oxford, containing expressions which it seemed to me could only *provoke* jealousy and suspicion. I can see no good in *that*. I stick entirely by Bp. Sanderson's doctrines on these matters: and if you will cast your eye on the extract from him (in Dr. Wordsworth's new work) on '*Expediency*,' I should be very glad. I do not think it justifiable to say exaggerated things in order to startle people. We have an uphill game to fight. We want courage and perseverance to fight it. But it is *the Truth*, and by GOD'S help it will prevail, if we do justice to it. If we do all we can to provoke opposition and cause suspicion, the case may be very different."

Happy would it have been for the Church's peace and prosperity had Rose's sober counsels prevailed. He had said something very similar to Newman on an earlier occasion (Oct. 22nd, 1834), and in his usual kind and indulgent way. There is only room for one brief extract from that letter:—

"Your letter to me touches one topic which I want fairly argued out. It is one of Hare's notions, as well

<sup>6</sup> J. H. N. to H. J. R. (at King's Coll.),—Jan. 3, 1837.

as yours, that saying startling and extravagant things is very good. And I feel that there are some advantages in it. But still, what does permanent good and produces permanent conviction, and correction, and improvement,—is the more perfect and calm statement, free from all extravagance; to which we can resort in all moods of feeling and on all occasions. Do argue this out for me, for I am *suspended in mind* about it.”

At the commencement of his Principalship then, (Oct. 1836 to Jan. 1837), as we have said already, Rose's prospects at King's College were cheering. But, with the early Spring of 1837, all his sky became heavily overcast. “I do not yet get down stairs,”—he wrote on the 4th of February. The prevalent scourge of that period, (*‘the influenza’* as it was called), fastening on a frame already greatly debilitated, brought matters to a crisis. “I have been shut up for weeks in my bedroom,” (he writes of himself on the 4th March), “with a fierce spasmodic cough, not yet subdued.” And though he partially rallied in the Spring, there came on a relapse in the ensuing May, from which he never recovered. “I am still confined to the bed-room, and half to bed,”—he wrote on the 28th June: and though in the same month he left London, yet was he “too ill to write or speak to almost any one.” He was conveyed to the Isle of Wight for change of air; and for three months was the cherished guest of his ancient friends, the Sims family, at Niton. A two days' visit there from his accomplished physician and friend, Dr. Todd,<sup>7</sup> was reassuring: but the patient gives but a sad account of himself in the following affecting lines which he ad-

<sup>7</sup> Robert Bentley Todd, M.D. and F.R.S. [1809-1860],—Professor of Physiology at King's College, London.

dressed to his faithful ally and confidential adviser, Joshua Watson, in July:—

“I can sit up longer in the day and walk a hundred yards with as little fatigue as fifty. If pure air, perfect quiet, and an utter—I will not say mere idleness but—*torpor, vacuity, apathy* of mind as to all mental employment, are means of cure, these I have in full perfection. . . . I feel very strongly every day what a warning my condition gives as to the necessity of caring for those things which belong to our peace in other days than those of languor and indisposition; for, earnestly as I may desire to give my thoughts to them now, no small share of the same vacuity and torpor of mind prevails with respect to those great concerns, as does towards the worthless objects of time.”<sup>8</sup>

This last year but one of Hugh James Rose's life (1837) was in fact nothing else but one long agonizing conflict with disease; of strenuous and persistent efforts on his part to give a lofty impress to the teaching of King's College,—only not entirely frustrated by the inveterate character of his malady. The state of his health became so serious that, in the month of September, he wrote to the Bishop of London to say that he “placed himself in his and the Council's hands, and that his resignation was ready if they thought that his absence could by possibility prejudice the College.”<sup>9</sup> His proposal was not entertained for a moment:—

“The Council of King's College” (replied the Archbishop, to whom it is evident that Rose's letter was communicated) “will, I am certain, be too happy to make any arrangements which may ensure the continuance of your services when, by the blessing of GOD, you have recovered your health, and are enabled to resume your laborious duties with safety to yourself.

<sup>8</sup> H. J. R. to J. W.—July 7, 1837.

<sup>9</sup> To the same,—Clapham Common, Sept. 23rd, 1837.

“We are disappointed at the postponement of your visit, and expect to be compensated for the delay by the pleasure of having you with us for a longer time. We hope indeed to keep you many weeks. You can hardly be in a place better suited to the comfort of an invalid. The distance is not so great as to prevent you from visiting London whenever your presence may be required at the College; and Mrs. Howley and I can mutually vouch for each other, that there is no house in the kingdom where you and Mrs. Rose would be more truly welcome.”<sup>1</sup>

From a letter of Mrs. Rose to the Rev. John Miller, it is found that after the three months spent in the Isle of Wight, she and her husband had first repaired to Glynde in Sussex, in order to pass a few days with Rose’s aged father and mother. Thence, (Sept. 19th) they had proceeded to the Harrisons at Clapham, where they were domiciled for three weeks. After this, it was settled that it would be better for Mr. Rose not to attempt residence at King’s College during the October Term, but to establish himself somewhere in the neighbourhood,—where he could maintain some little superintendence of the College, without being sufficiently near at hand to be perpetually harassed by its requirements. Accordingly, availing themselves of the Archbishop’s gracious hospitality, early in October Mr. and Mrs. Rose repaired to Addington, and remained there till the beginning of 1838.

Meanwhile, Hugh James Rose’s exertions for the College were most strenuous, and, all circumstances taken into account, may be declared to have been even extraordinary. He had prepared his course of Divinity Lectures (for 1837–8) on “Ecclesiastical History,” though he was

<sup>1</sup> Addington, 29th Sept. 1837.

obliged to deliver them, at least in part, by deputy. His devoted friend, Mr. Allen, Chaplain of the college, (since, Archd. of Salop,) read them for him: he himself being confined to his sick chamber. He also preached occasionally in the College Chapel, but found it dreadfully fatiguing. No wonder; for his organs both of respiration and speech were by this time thoroughly impaired, and no longer capable of abiding relief,—much less of permanent cure. As might have been expected, the return to King's College (about the middle of January) promptly undid whatever of benefit had accrued from the delightful repose and salubrity of Addington Park. The season was unusually severe. Rose was entirely confined to the house. "The worry of College business,"—(a thing inevitable to the Principalship of a new Institution, but which was minimized in his case as far as was practicable),—proved more than his strength could endure. It became plain to the loving eyes which watched his frail condition with incessant anxiety, that he was losing, not gaining ground.

As this sketch of a life,—whether to be more fitly characterized as 'sorrowful' or 'glorious,' I really know not,—draws to a close, one feels as if, with breathless anxiety, one were watching the fortunes of a runner engaged in a race—with Death. The brave heart, sustained by a secret consciousness that the well-being of the Church of CHRIST depends in a measure on his prolonged exertion, makes another and yet another desperate effort, as scorning to give in. Are not his faculties as clear as ever? his powers of mind even *more* vigorous? May he not yet hold out for a time? But it is evidently a terribly unequal contest. There is no chance for him. He will have to give in soon,—*must* be



beaten at last. To talk of the "health" of one in such a state is to misuse words. There is not enough of life remaining in him to enable him to do the work which yet he is resolved to do. But in the meantime, strive to the end he evidently must and will. Thus, he had undertaken to seek to enlist, by private correspondence, the practical sympathy of many of high position in the Church in an edition of Chrysostom's Homilies on S. Paul (for the '*Library of the Fathers*'), and thus excuses himself to Dr. Pusey (Feb. 3rd, 1838) for his silence as to the result: revealing incidentally how great a sufferer Hugh James Rose had been from sickness during the last year but one (1837) of his life:—

"You will naturally say, Did you never enquire the result? The answer shall be frankly given. I heartily pray you may never *know* its force. The Influenza is a most extraordinary disease in one respect. It prostrates mind, in many cases, quite as much as body; and the recovery of each is equally slow. For months I felt that writing a Letter, or a paragraph of half-a-dozen lines, was terrible: and although, with the partial return of bodily strength with which it has pleased GOD to bless me, *something* of former feelings shows a tendency to return, yet still the apathy, the indifference, —to things which a few months ago would have haunted me day and night till I had written and done what I could,—the listlessness and the inaptitude for exertion, exist to a degree, which if I did not view them as a trial, (and therefore, I firmly believe, a blessing,) would be most painful. To say the truth then, under the passiveness of this incubus, I never did write to enquire what had been the result of the correspondence.

"What I have just said will serve to show how sincerely I must rejoice that a publication which I think likely to do so much good as Chrysostom on S. Paul is to go on without my being obliged to bestir myself. Otherwise, I should indeed have rejoiced at being united

with you : and still, if life should be continued and energy return, I should hope that some other point of union may offer. I hope that your last word but one about Field ('he cd not') was '*could*,' not '*would*.'"

The last two letters which (so far as I am aware) passed between Mr. Rose and Dr. Pusey shall be given in full. Both are in a high degree interesting :—

[King's College,] "March 14, 1838.

"My dear Pusey,—I should have answered your kind and most welcome letter before, had I not been rather pressed by business.

"First, let me say, as to the Advertisement,<sup>2</sup> that I had *not* seen it : and that if I had, I should never have thought of it again, as I am quite sure that you would do nothing intentionally unkind. I should have concluded it a mere bookseller's transaction. On one account I am glad you mentioned the matter, for I really was not aware before, that directions on these matters were advisable. It never occurred to me to give any ; but if they are given by authors commonly, of course one ought to attend to the point more.

"Most heartily do I wish that we had known each other personally before that German War, and I am sure it would never have taken place. I should have profited by your very far superior knowledge of the subject, and should have done the work of warning the English student more effectually,—a work which you would have rejoiced to see done as much as I could. *That* was the real point of consequence. It was in some degree gained, but not wholly. I find now (and Mr. Becker observed the same to me) marvellous things thought of men of whom the Germans have spoken only with just contempt for years and years.

"My fears—(and perhaps in my present condition of health they are more easily excited)—as shadowed out in a former Letter, were, that there was a tendency to exaggerate differences on minor points ; so as to array those who have one common end in view,—and would

<sup>2</sup> I presume, of Pusey's work mentioned above,—p. 134.

arrive at it by almost, if not precisely, the same road,—if not *against*, at least *apart from* each other. I deeply regret, as far as I am myself concerned, (and I only presume to allude to myself as having been mixed up with these matters constantly in the management of a Periodical), that we, i.e. Oxford and London, are not nearer: for a few words would often explain that *that* to which it might not be unnatural to attribute much meaning, had really none at all. As an example, take your ‘Fifth of November’ Sermon,<sup>3</sup> which has not been noticed. I daresay it has been thought that this was in consequence of our views not agreeing. The real fact was that I had no one to whom I could with comfort assign the task of reviewing it: that it could not be passed over with a mere ‘Dr. Pusey’s striking and valuable Sermon;’ and that therefore I felt I must take it in hand myself. I soon found that I was quite inadequate, at present, to cope with the fair and full consideration of so deeply interesting and very wide a subject,—and so, the matter has died away. My wife and I read the Sermon with great eagerness, and with a strong sympathy with great part of it. But for want of power to apply myself to the minute examination of all the great questions raised in it, I could not, if asked at this moment, say either ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ to the question,—Do you entirely take Dr. Pusey’s view? There were one or two points about which I was going to write to you when preparing to review the Sermon, which I did not quite make out. *One* related, I know, to certain modern miracles. I really did not know to *what* you alluded, while I fully agreed in *generally* reprobating the spirit of unbelief which would turn away and scoff at all the evidence which could be brought on such a point.

“In my Lecture to-day I made a solemn cohortation to all the Students who were to be Divines, to study hereafter Chrysostom’s Homilies on S. Paul; and told them they would probably soon have a good edition of the work. I had proposed (and in some degree begun to

<sup>3</sup> ‘*Patience and Confidence the strength of the Church,*’—1837.

collect materials for the purpose) to show, in a Preface, how very accurate the *Criticism* of the words and style of S. Paul, which we find in these Homilies, is. In one respect, this is an inferior merit ; but it *has* its intrinsic value, and as a proof of *minuteness* and *perseverance* in the study of the Apostle's writings, is very important, as we thus learn to repose extensive confidence in our guide.

"I hope to hear a better account of Mrs. Pusey as the Spring advances. *This* (March 14) is really a *genial* day, with a gentle free air, worthy of May.

"Believe me to be, ever very truly yours,

"H. J. ROSE."

"P.S. I wish very much that I could get more people to send Reviews of Books they may be reading, such as *have* sometimes appeared, prefixed to the regular Reviews. Would any of your friends about you send such an account of poor Froude's most interesting 'Remains'? I do not know to whom to give them for Review. For very few can understand or appreciate his very peculiar excellencies. A book so miscellaneous, touching on so very many points, is a very hard matter for a regular Reviewer ; and a *sketch*, such as could be given in the kind of Review I mention, would be far preferable.

"I have mentioned in two cases difficulties about Reviews. I find it pressing very often on me. Young men, whatever be their talents, are not good at giving a just judgment of books,—and one can hardly ask older persons to take up such *small* matters as Magazine Reviews which are necessarily so short. The *Correspondence Reviews*, so to speak, would be very useful."

What follows is Dr. Pusey's answer to *part* of the foregoing letter. It is undated, but clearly belongs to the March of 1838.

"My dear Friend,—I thank you most truly for your kind words about our 'German War,' which I too have long regretted ; and the more, since, though I thought at the time your blows were the heavier, I (which at the time I did not think) commenced it. It had indeed not

taken place, had we known each other then: but I thought you attached an undue weight to things external: I mean, to the *authority* (as distinct from the inward life,) of the Church,—of its Articles,—and its Liturgy. And myself did not sufficiently realize the blessing attending on our own Church, as distinct from other reformed bodies; nor had observed the Providence which has watched over her; or the way in which (as distinct from any ‘binding force’) our primitive Liturgy must have supported the faith of many who, in the last century, were probably far from entering into its full meaning, but of themselves would have sunk far lower. I thought again that you laid too much stress on the ‘binding force’ of Creeds and Articles; and myself did not sufficiently appreciate the inward power of Creeds in moulding the mind, and keeping it from straying. Such, at least, is my impression; though it is now long since I have looked into what we wrote.

“But this is past and gone. The most grievous part, as you say, is that the work was but half done; and, what is for me the saddest, that I have been thought (though I protested against it in the 2nd volume), to have been opposed to you, where I felt altogether with you, as to Rationalism itself. I thought we differed about the causes and extent of it; not, for a moment, as to its perniciousness and shallowness; and I feared people in England were verging towards [it] in a way which I thought you did not see. I feared lest cold dry views on the one hand, and especially a decayed Pietism on the other, might find their parallel among us, and bring in Rationalism here also. We ought to have been fighting side by side, instead of with each other: *you*, against the impugnors of Church Discipline, Subscription, Authority; which, in those quiet days in Oxford, I did not even know of: *you* upholding Creeds; and *I*, opposing ‘human systems’ (as distinct from Creeds, and indeed, as I have since seen more distinctly, opposed to their very  $\eta\theta\omicron\varsigma$ ). However, I trust that we were even then friends in heart. (I grieved at the time when I heard of your ill-health, which the worry of this contro-

versy must have aggravated.) And, since 'precious are the wounds of a friend,' our mutual blows may have done us each good; and any hastiness I trust [has] been forgiven by Him, whom we both meant to serve,—as we long ago cordially forgave and forgot any pain which either may have caused the other.

"I only wish there were any way in which we might co-operate: yet so, I trust, we have been doing; for, if right principles prevail, the shallow works you speak of (such as Rosenmüller I suppose) must fall of themselves. But I wish they had been got rid of long ago: and so, I the more regret that we were ever opposed; and seemed to be so, more than we were.

"With every good wish, ever yours,

[March 1838.]

"E. B. P."

The history of 1838,—the concluding year of Hugh James Rose's earthly life,—presents an exaggerated repetition of what had been the history of 1837. As already hinted,<sup>4</sup> it was one brave, but hopeless as well as incessant, battling with disease. We have already heard of his lecturing to the students in Divinity in March, and urging them to the study of Chrysostom. His last course of lectures was read for him by Archdeacon Allen; to whom, on the 11th of June, he wrote,—  
 "I am rather inclined, as no other regular Lecture day will occur, to take some *extra* day, as for example Monday the 18th, for a concluding Lecture of my own. But I will not yet give notice of it." When the day came, he found himself utterly unequal to the effort. Deeply did he deplore his inability; for the occasion (the close of the Academic year) was a memorable one, and his mind was full of anxious forebodings concerning himself. He wrote a short valedictory Address (which Allen read to the young men) on two sheets of paper:—

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 246-7.

“Believe me,”—(these were among his latest words,) —“that although I have been unable from illness to hold much personal intercourse with many of you, I consider you as a very solemn charge committed to me. I earnestly pray to GOD to bless and lead you in the right way, and to send His blessing on such humble endeavours as I can make, whether in the Lecture Room or the Chapel, to lead you to a knowledge of His truth and Salvation. I am unable to go into any practical details now; but be assured that if it pleases GOD to permit me to return with renewed strength, I desire nothing so much as that you should come and hold free and unreserved intercourse with me on these most important topics.”

As a further indication of his energy and mental activity throughout this period, in addition to *that* which his letters furnish, it may be recorded that it was in this, his last year (1838), that he induced the learned Dr. Alexander McCaul to translate ‘*Kimchi on Zechariah.*’ He would have got the whole of his Commentary on the Prophets executed, had he lived. But by this time his disease was gaining rapidly upon him. Trial was again made of Niton in the Isle of Wight, and with about as much, —or as little,—success as in 1837. To the Rev. John Miller he wrote in July,—

“I continue much in the same state as I have been in for some months: not going back; perhaps, since I came here, going a little forward. But the specific complaint remains much the same, and while it does, I cannot gain strength, as the expectoration keeps me down. I am tolerably well for the first half of the day, and then long to go to bed.”

Subsequently, to ensure a more complete change, a little continental excursion was tried. He visited Paris for a short time, and returned to Niton on the 1st September; whence he repaired into Sussex, in order to repose

—(it was destined to be *for the last time!*)—under the shadow of his anxious parents' roof. Writing from his father's vicarage, (Glynde, 10 Sept. 1838), he tells a friend,—

“Our winter destiny is yet unsettled. I fear being sent abroad, and I can ill describe how heavily the thought sits on me.” [And, to another intimate, writing about the same time, he says,—“You can little imagine how the thought depresses and wears me, when I remember how much I must break up, and alter, and leave to others<sup>5</sup>.”] “The warm dry air of Paris, however, did so well, and the sea has latterly done so ill for me, that I think it probable they may give up Madeira, which *was* the scheme, for some continental residence. We go hence in a day or two; after which King's College will be our address *till* we go, *if* we go.”<sup>6</sup>

There is a dash of intense melancholy in everything he wrote about this period. How sad is the avowal in the words which follow—addressed (Sept. 24th) to his bosom-friend, Joshua Watson:—

“Composition, I find, becomes a much heavier task as I grow older, instead of a more easy one; and to some men,—I mean, even superior men,—it is unspeakably burthensome. Two of the best Clergy I know, spend their lives—I might almost say without a figure—in *misery*, on this very account. They think they ought to write; but though they have excellent sense and considerable acquirements, *this* power they have not.”

It must have been at an advanced period of 1838, that a little incident of interest occurred which displays the Principal of King's College, while in a state of great bodily prostration, labouring to do his Master's work with zeal beyond his powers. An alumnus of the College, then about 17 years of age,—(one of those who

<sup>5</sup> To Rev. Benj. Harrison,—Niton, Sept. 4th, 1838.

<sup>6</sup> To Rev. John Miller.



had attended his Divinity Lectures),—for whatever reason, had attracted his favourable notice. Let the young man himself, at the end of 49 years, be invited to tell us the rest:—

“Mr. Rose had been, I think, for two or three months confined to his house by illness. One of the College servants informed me that the Principal wished to see me in his room, at two o’clock. On entering, I suppose I must have exhibited some surprise or alarm. I well remember what I *felt* on seeing him,—pale and emaciated, —propped up with pillows in an easy chair by the fire-side. He said to me,—‘Don’t be frightened at the sight of death,—if it is death you see.’ He made me sit down by his side. He told me that ‘he was being sent away from England; he thought it was to die, but if he should live till I had taken my degree at the University, he wished me to promise that I would come and see him when I entered into holy Orders.’ He said such kind things, and gave me such good advice, as touched my boyish heart very deeply; and I have never forgotten the impression made upon me. I then learned for the first time that I loved him,—whom I thought I only revered.”<sup>7</sup>

In reply to further inquiries, the same gentleman (Oct. 6th) writes:—

“I cannot remember the exact date of that interview; but I know that it was very shortly, if not immediately before he left England. After so many years I find it impossible to recall all that he said to me. From the state of his health the interview was necessarily a short one; and what he said was of so kind and personal a nature, that I should not like to reproduce it, even if I could accurately remember his words . . . . I was sent for to what was called ‘The Principal’s Room,’—which communicated with his house and also with the College. It was upstairs. At the moment I entered by the door

<sup>7</sup> MS. communication from the Rev. F. J. Manning, D.D., Fair-  
stead Rectory,—Sept. 28th, 1886.  
See above, p. 240-1.

communicating with the College, a lady (whom I supposed to be Mrs. Rose) left the room by the door communicating with the house. He had not been seen by any of the students for a very long time previously,—I cannot remember how long, but it must have been some months. I feel quite sure that I was the last who saw him.”

If Hugh James Rose's trusted intimates were not many, yet must it be confessed that firmer, or more generous, or more enthusiastic, friends, no man ever had. This remark is specially suggested as his earthly life hastens to its close. They seem to gather round him: to claim the privileges of affection: to vie with one another in seeking to diminish his anxieties and lighten his burdens. The admirable Joshua Watson,<sup>8</sup> whose name has already more than once come before the reader, was strenuous with him—(quite vainly however)—to regard him as *his banker* all the time he should be away from England. He was Rose's habitual confidant and counsellor,—his senior by some four-and-twenty years. The Sims family have been already mentioned as the loving intimates of his youth,—his devoted nurses at the close of life. S. R. Maitland, (librarian of Lambeth,) the witty and accomplished author of so many precious contributions to the Ecclesiastical literature of that time, yielded to no one in attachment to Rose's person and devotion to his service. It was he, in the main, who now made himself responsible for carrying on the "*British Magazine*." And in this connexion I may not fail to mention the Harrisons (to whose house on Clapham Common Rose used to resort as to a home); the rather,

<sup>8</sup> The reader is referred to a valuable "*Memoir of Joshua Watson*," by the late Archd. Churton,—2 vols. 1861. It abounds in interesting

notices of his contemporaries, and spans an important but neglected period of our Church's history,—the former half of the present century.

because it was the appointment of Archd. Harrison to be his colleague at Lambeth, which proved one of the most comforting incidents which attended Rose's expatriation. At Mr. Harrison's house, Rose and his wife spent their last days in England, and from it they started on their sorrowful journey to the South.

It has been justly remarked concerning him that he possessed in a supreme degree the art of inspiring confidence,—of winning the trustful esteem and regard of all with whom he had to do. But there really was no 'art' in the case. He was born to be a leader of men. He naturally inspired confidence,—unconsciously communicated to others a measure of the generous enthusiasm of his own noble nature. Let it be added that he invariably conciliated the affection also of those who came much in his way, and knew him best. In a letter to Benjamin Harrison, written from Niton (Sept. 4th, 1838), a few weeks before his final departure, he says :—

“Of the Archbishop's and Mrs. Howley's kindness it is impossible to speak too highly. I owe more than I can say to both, for the degree of it shown to us. And to *him* I owe yet higher obligations than even for any kindness of a temporal nature: for I have learned more from him than from all my teachers put together,—too happy if I could carry into practice the lessons of true wisdom, human and Divine, which I have gathered from him. You may think this strong language *now*; but if he lives, you will find every year that your opinion of his powers, of his *very large* views,—his very long weighed views of all great subjects, (brought forward as if casually and with the simplicity of a child),—increases more and more.”<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Postscript* (p. 78) of the Charge quoted above, at p. 206. The reader is referred to what has been already

offered (pp. 189-92) concerning the Archbishop's character. See also pp. 244-5 and 258.

It will be freely admitted that such words from Hugh James Rose are no common testimony. His sentiments moreover were freely reciprocated by the illustrious object of his admiration and regard. The Archbishop remarked to Joshua Watson how greatly beloved Mr. Rose was throughout his household:—"Each one, from Mrs. Howley to the lowest servant, would do anything for Rose."<sup>1</sup> . . . . Some, whose high Ecclesiastical position perforce suggested a cautious mode of address, are observed to break through the conventional restraints of office in order to assure him,—when at last his health hopelessly gave way,—that "he was to consult no one's convenience but his own; to obey no orders but those of his physician."—This was in 1837. At the end of a year (Aug. 7th, 1838), the same friend (Bp. Blomfield) writes:—

"I see all the inconveniences of putting the Principalship *in Commission* for a time . . . . One thing however must be looked upon as settled; viz. that you must do whatever your medical advisers tell you *ought* to be done; and we will do the best we can for the College. Do not therefore suffer yourself to be made uneasy by any anxiety on this head." [And again on the 26th Sept.]—"I have just received your letter, and have only time to say that you must not wait for the final arrangement which may be made for supplying your place during your absence from England, although no time will be lost in taking it into consideration. I will desire Mr. Smith to call a Council for Friday in next week (I shall not be home till the Thursday) and I will bring the matter forward. But do not wait for this.

"I am truly sorry not to receive a more favourable report of your health. The good wishes and prayers of many will go with you into Italy: those of all who are

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir*, by Churton,—ii. 183.

connected with the College I am sure will follow you. Pray let me hear from you from time to time after you have left England.

“With regard to the ‘Warneford prize,’ I think you had better give out the subject at once, if the time is come. How the Essays are to bear directly upon Revelation I do not see. I will think of the Library scheme, and see Mr. Brewer when I am settled at Fulham.

“With earnest prayers for your restoration to health and continued usefulness, I remain always your sincere and faithful friend,

“C. J. LONDON.”

Three “Lieutenants” had in the meantime presented themselves:—Lonsdale (afterwards Bp. of Lichfield), Archdeacon Lyall, and Dr. W. H. Mill. The last named being in Italy, his address could not be obtained when the Council of King’s College met. Lyall’s faithful friendship, Rose was unwilling to tax. The first was deemed the fittest person, being one of the Council; and on him the appointment fell.<sup>2</sup> But Mill, (whose writings, it is to be feared, are far too little known by the Clergy of the present generation,) was immeasurably the greatest man of the three,—a name to be remembered in the very foremost rank of Anglican Divines: “one of the few men who, in this day, in their reading and acquirements, recall to us the memory of the giants.”<sup>3</sup>

Within a few days of his quitting the shores of England, Rose was anxiously making provision for “the Geological Lectures required for the Engineering class,” and other claims of King’s College. But his work was already clearly over. The end had all

<sup>2</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—  
8 Oct. 1838.

<sup>3</sup> H. J. R. to Joshua Watson,—  
Sept. 14, 1831.

but come. His friend C. J. Blomfield writes to him (8th Oct.),—

“If I should not have the pleasure of seeing you again before you take your departure, let me offer you a Bishop’s blessing, and the best wishes of a friend. Write to me as soon as you are settled.”

But, whatever interest may attach to such expressions of friendship, we seem rather to desire that the subject of the present Memoir should be heard,—speaking of, and for, himself during these, the last days of his life. Three weeks before quitting the shores of England for ever, he wrote as follows (Sept. 24th, 1838) to his loved Joshua Watson, with reference to the destined place of his exile:—

“*Rome* is doubtless far preferable to *Madeira*, although a long and serious journey. But still, it is exile. I am ashamed of being so ill able to contend with myself on this point. But I cannot get over it as I would. I feel it very much in one respect:—I have just got to that point when I can do the pleasantest of all things to me, i. e. helping on good men. This will be all broken off and go into other channels. Still, do not think that I am blind to the kindness with which I am treated, and the great and undeserved mercies which I receive. To yourself I never can be grateful enough.”

With such feelings Hugh James Rose was preparing to quit his native land. Buoyed up he naturally was by the hope, not to say the desire, to return: but it is evident that he was visited by many a sad presentiment that the end was approaching, though he cannot have anticipated that he was destined not even to reach the proposed goal of his journey. “Of myself” (he wrote to Joshua Watson on the 8th of October),—

“I hardly know what to say. Sometimes there seems a spring of life which hints at recovery, but *conviction* or

*depression* at other times tells a tale of speedier conclusion. If this is so, I am sure that any aid or advice you can give my Wife will not be wanting . . . . . I should be very glad that she kept up intercourse with those who have been my best friends, and to whom she is deeply grateful."

The valedictory sound of these mournful words would lead one to suppose that, as far as the writer was concerned, all correspondence on ordinary topics was by this time at an end. It was not so. And I the rather insert the calm argumentative letter which follows, because it conveys a livelier notion than any words of mine could possibly do of the intellectual vigour and earnestness of the man: his indomitable energy in giving expression to his more important convictions; and the resolute witness which he was ready to bear, almost within the very jaws of Death, to the sacred cause of Truth. He was to leave England for ever on Saturday, the 13th October. On the *preceding Thursday*, he wrote to Mr. Newman as follows:—

"My dear Newman,—I am ordered to pass the winter at Rome, and I cannot leave this country without a line of farewell and kind wishes to yourself and to those who are labouring with you in the good cause at Oxford. Pray remember me most kindly to Dr. Pusey and Mr. Williams in particular. Tell the latter that Mr. Maitland has chief charge of the '*British Magazine*,' and would be most glad to receive anything from him; and that Harrison and some of his friends will look after it also. Maitland is so excellent in all points bygone, (which is, by the way, an excellence in itself,) that he cares very little about what is going on *now*. On this account it is that I have begged my brother, Harrison, &c. to look after Church matters.

"Your new No. of the '*British Critic*' is full of talent and very amusing; but there are two points urged very strongly in it, about which I doubt,—in one case, as to the thing itself, and the manner of putting it; and in the

other, as to the latter. This second is,—The urging the necessity of making Religion *mysterious*, in such an age as this. Now, as far as I understand the writers, I agree with them, *i.e.* I think that the strong and constant inculcation of the Communion of GOD with Man, and those ordinances which He has planted in the Church, and so on, is indeed a most wise and necessary measure. But it is to be observed that, in all these cases, the mysteries are built on GOD's express *promises*, as recorded in Scripture and preserved by the Church. But one of the writers (on 'Sir F. Palgrave') so puts the matter as to *appear* to recommend adopting mystery, in any shape we can get it, as a counterpoise to Utilitarianism. The question is,—Can we, have we the right to introduce any mystery for which we have not authority? If it is said that this is only a strong way of putting the matter, I doubt the expediency; for it obviously lays us open to very plausible misrepresentation. And besides, I really think Truth so awful a thing, that we have no right to exaggerate it on one side, either to startle and draw attention, or to compensate for abandonment on the other.

“The other point is,—The vehement rejection of all Evidence, except that of Testimony of the Church, and of all appeals to Reason. Now, it is singular that the writer (on 'Magnetism') so forgets his own point, that he builds his assertion on the fact, that this reliance on the Church is *more logical*, than reliance on any other Evidence. This I do not deny. But if we are thus to recur to *Logic*, to *Reason*,—why may I not do it in one way as well as another?

“But the fact is that this rejection of what are commonly called '*the Evidences*,' excludes wholly all consideration of Unbelievers and of faint Believers. Happy they who, having received the Faith as He would have them, are so strong in it, as to want nothing more. But think of the vast variety of human minds! How often is Doubt sent as a trial of the Soul. And if, under its severe trial, the mind can find its views—derived from the Church, but not held as strongly as they ought,—



confirmed by thoughts from other quarters, *Why reject them?* Again: What can be done with actual unbelievers? They may say that they will hear the Church, when convinced that Scripture is true and that GOD has ordained a Church. But how do you teach them this? I may lament that there are such men, but surely we must not overlook them.<sup>4</sup> And again: If we are only to receive what is handed to us, how should we have escaped from Romanism? I do not see the clue to this.

“Excuse my thus writing; but I feel anxious on these points, and know that they have already excited a good deal of attention. Again, farewell! you and your labours will have my warmest wishes and most hearty prayers. Ever yours,

“H. J. ROSE.

“We hope to go on Saturday.”<sup>5</sup>

We have just listened to words,—(“*I feel anxious on these points,*”)—which afford the true solution to the phenomenon of such an one as Hugh James Rose writing such a letter as the preceding under circumstances so unfavourable in every way to the effort. Let the plain truth in this matter for once be plainly stated. Writers of the Tractarian school,—their tone and spirit even more than their actual utterances,—had been causing him, ever since the first months of 1836, a vast amount of mental anxiety and grave spiritual disquiet:—

“I think *that* review of Froude,” (he had written to

<sup>4</sup> “Being asked his opinion of Bishop Butler’s ‘*Analogy*,’ Hugh J. Rose said: ‘The best answer I can give is, that my own copy is worn out by frequent use. It is a book that grows more and more upon you, as you become intimate with it.’ This led to a conversation on the subject of Evidences. ‘There are many minds which seem happy and safe in themselves without the

study of such arguments; and some appear to shrink from the study, as suggestive of doubts which they have never felt. But if I had the charge of the education of a young enquiring spirit, I should think it my duty to provide all safeguards against danger.’ Churton’s *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—ii. 8, 9.

<sup>5</sup> *Clapham Common*, [Thursday] Oct. 11, 1838.

Joshua Watson a few months before, speaking of what had recently appeared in the '*British Critic*,') "the most to be regretted of anything which I have seen from our Oxford friends. It shows a disposition to find fault with our Church for not satisfying the wants and demands,—not of the human heart,—but of the imagination of enthusiastic, and ascetic, and morbid-minded men. *This* no Church does, or can do, by any honest means. He who has these desires may satisfy them himself. The mass of men have them not. To quarrel with the Church on this ground is to show a resolution to quarrel with her."<sup>6</sup>

The extravagances of the leaders of the Movement had in fact become by this time an aggravation of Rose's disorder. So near to his heart of hearts lay the Church's malady, and so large had been his share—ever since 1825—in reviving the hopes of Churchmen when those hopes had all but universally failed, that he could not but regard with alarm and dismay symptoms of insecurity in the bulwarks which he had been mainly instrumental in erecting against the enemy's assaults. Not, of course, that he dreamed of open unfaithfulness, actual tergiversation, in *any* quarter; least of all in a chief standard-bearer, like John Henry Newman. How, in fact, was it *possible*, in 1837 and 1838, to anticipate an actual lapse to Romanism on the part of one who in 1837, and again in 1838, published such a terrible denunciation of the Romish Church as the following?—

"If we are induced" (wrote Mr. Newman) "to believe the professions of Rome, and make advances towards her as if a sister or a mother Church, which in theory she is, we shall find too late that we are in the arms of a *pitiless and unnatural relative, who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach*. . . . Let us be

<sup>6</sup> This was written in January, 1838. (*Churton's Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—ii. 63.)

sure that she is our enemy, and will do us a mischief when she can . . . . We need not depart from Christian charity towards her. We must deal with her as we would towards *a friend who is visited by derangement*; in great affliction, with all affectionate tender thoughts, with tearful regret and a broken heart, but still with a steady eye and a firm hand. For in truth *she is A CHURCH beside herself*, abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but *unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are.* Or rather she may be said *to resemble a demoniac . . . .* Thus she is her real self only in name; and, TILL GOD VOUCHSAFE TO RESTORE HER, WE MUST TREAT HER AS IF SHE WERE THAT EVIL ONE WHICH GOVERNS HER.”<sup>7</sup>

No one may for an instant doubt that the pious and truthful writer really *meant* what is contained in the foregoing awful passage. It was the deliberate result of all his study and observation, all his reading and reflection on the subject of the Romish branch of the Church Catholic, down to the time of his writing. Rose therefore, I repeat, would have refused to entertain the faintest suspicion of defection at any future time in his correspondent. For *that* is no *obiter dictum* which I have been transcribing; but a passage from a published volume on the very subject to which it relates. And the sight of it, when he saw it in print in 1837, did not daunt its author; for he republished it in 1838. Equally certain however it is that the same keen eye and quick perception which had enabled Rose to discern Theological ability of the highest order in certain of the Oxford men of 1831 and 1832, qualified him now to descry deadly mischief in the altered tone and method of some

<sup>7</sup> *Romanism and Popular Protestantism*,—pp. 102-3. Note, that here not the ‘City’ but the ‘Church’ of

Rome is spoken of, and *that* by name. The reader is reminded of what was said above, at p. 168-70.

of them. In 1838 moreover Newman was responsible for the "*British Critic*"; and therefore to some extent was identified with the prevailing sentiments of that periodical. "The '*British Critic*' under *your* hands is no ordinary matter, and of course will be read,"—Rose had pointed out, with something like severity, a few months before.<sup>8</sup> Hence then it was that his latest act before leaving England was to examine the latest number, and to commit to writing the foregoing remonstrance on what he had been distressed to discover there.

One more letter—a very short one—"from the same to the same," is the last with which the reader shall be troubled. I would gladly have introduced (but I do not find) the communication to which it was a response. The purpose of Mr. Newman's missing letter was evidently to obtain his friend's sanction to the exquisite Dedication with which he proposed to adorn the forthcoming (ivth) volume of his own admirable Sermons. It claims introduction in this place for the second time:—"To the Rev. Hugh James Rose, B.D., Principal of King's College, London, and Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother, this volume is inscribed by his obliged and faithful Friend." It is but right to add,—as well for *his* sake who penned these beautiful words, as for the sake of him to whose sad heart those words ministered comfort,—that this Dedication was not the language of ordinary complimentary address. Mr. Newman had concluded the latest of his previous letters (it bears date 8th July 1838),—"Believe me, my dear Rose, if you will let me say it, that you are

<sup>8</sup> H. J. R. to J. H. N.,—Clapham Common, July 7th, 1838.

ever in my prayers, morning and evening,—knowing your value and loving you.” There was profound regard and real admiration,—the sincerest affection too there was,—on either side ; and, (it is a comfort to know it,) it prevailed to the very last.

Neither,—(it will not be out of place that I should add,)—was the subject of this Memoir one to whom the proposed Dedication appealed in an ordinary way. In the earlier part of this same year (1838), the Rev. John Miller had asked his permission to pay him a similar compliment by dedicating to him, (in a prefatory letter), the third edition of his famous Bampton Lectures. Rose wrote concerning it as follows:—

“What Miller proposes gives me more pleasure than I can express. I could say with truth, and if you saw me for a day you would be sure that I *do* say it truly *now* at all events, that most of the things of this world have lost their value for me. Rank, reputation, riches, except so far as the last might give me what I want, *rest*, are all gone by; but I have still, in all its strength and freshness, the sense of pleasure at any public testimony that they whom I really esteem and value feel so far at least kindly towards me, that they are not unwilling to speak of me or to me in public as their friend. I feel this to be perhaps the best and most satisfactory testimonial which a man can leave behind him.”<sup>9</sup> . . . “I shall not leave children to come after me who will care for my name; but if I did, I should rather leave them such records than almost any thing else.”<sup>1</sup>

Hugh James Rose’s *last* letter to John Henry Newman—(the occasion of which has already been fully explained)—follows:—

“My dear Newman,—I little thought, when I wrote yesterday, what pleasure was in store for me to-day. Be

<sup>9</sup> To J. W. (?),—March 1st, 1838.

<sup>1</sup> To the same, Aug. 8th, 1838.

assured that your letter, in giving me such an assurance of your regard, sends me off on my winter's exile much more cheerful. I shall consider (*not making fine speeches*) the placing my name where you propose to do, as a very great *honour* publicly,—and privately a *very very* high gratification indeed.

“This last day, my head (feeble now at best) is quite in a whirl. I will only therefore say again ‘pray GOD bless you and prosper your labours in His cause.’

“Ever most truly yours,

“H. J. ROSE.

“King's College, Oct. 12th, 1838.”

It is plain therefore that the foregoing incident was almost, if not quite, the latest which Rose will have associated with his departure from the shores of England. If the actual terms of the proposed Dedication (which however bears date ‘Nov. 19th’) were at the same time sent him, it would not surely be fanciful to regard the incident as a premonitory token of the blissful greeting which was awaiting the “good and faithful servant” at the end of his journey,—that is, beyond the grave. His *work*—(excepting indeed so far as to suffer is to work)—was already ended.

A short sad story is all that yet remains to be told.—His last week or two in England, Rose spent at the house of his friends, the Harrisons, at Clapham,—Mrs. Rose going daily to and from King's College to ‘pack up.’ They embarked at Dover (one faithful female servant with them) on Saturday the 13th October; and after a very stormy passage, landed at Calais. At Paris, a new ground of uneasiness appeared in the distressing symptom of a tendency to swelling in the limbs. Mr. Rose felt unwell, but the physician thought it was nothing, and that they might safely proceed on their way. Travelling by the route of Geneva, which promised

to be attended with fewer inconveniences than that of Marseilles, the party reached Florence about the middle of November. Glad they were to get there, for a very suffering journey it had proved. The dropsical symptoms were on the increase,—which rendered locomotion painful, and changes of whatever kind irksome in a high degree.

They took up their quarters in the hotel known to English travellers as "*il Pelicano*," (or, by another title, the "*Arms of Great Britain*,") where Mr. Rose had stayed during his former visit to Italy in 1824. Here, he received all the attentions which, under the circumstances, were possible: but the rapid progress of his malady soon made it apparent that it would be impracticable for him to proceed any further on his journey. Meantime, he had the advantage of a kind and skilful physician, (Dr. Harding), who attended him most diligently and watched his case with real interest. What need to add that, above all, he enjoyed the consolation of the tenderest and most devoted of nurses,—not to mention the loving care of his wife's faithful attendant? All was in vain. Complications of disease came on which no art could check. He could never again be moved from the room into which he had been first carried on his arrival. It became plain that he was destined to end his days, like the saintly Leighton, "at an inn." Nothing, in the meanwhile, could exceed the calm, tranquil condition of his mind: contented with,—entirely resigned to,—whatever might be God's will respecting him.

I am sure that if Mrs. Rose were living she would have allowed me to transcribe her own description of the closing scene. Unwilling that her friend Mrs. Harrison should receive from any one but herself the

tidings of her beloved husband's departure, she wrote to her on the ensuing day as follows:—

“On Friday, the 21st December, he seemed so tranquil and so free from annoyance,—spoke so much and so delightfully,—that I really flattered myself all would yet be well. The medical man too said he was certainly better, and had every chance of a quiet night, and left him with satisfaction. In less than an hour he became very uneasy, and passed a very sad night. When morning came and I saw his countenance by daylight, I was certain that, humanly speaking, hope was at an end. He desired me to tell him what the Doctor thought of him, and if he was much worse. . . . He passed the day tranquilly and happily: told me what he wished to be done: begged I would not give way, as he could not bear *that*. During the day, from time to time, he listened to such portions of prayer and Scripture as were most fit for a person so circumstanced; and the last thing he seemed to take pleasure in was ‘the Litany for a soul departing’ in Bp. Cosin, (except a few detached verses at the very last). At half-past-four the Doctor came and wished him to take some broth. He assented with his usual gentleness, and I left him for a moment while the doctor gave it. A look from him recalled me. A slight obstruction in swallowing occasioned him inconvenience, and I offered to sustain his head. He looked at me as if to thank me,—tried to say something, but could not articulate. He then turned on me a look so full of peace, and holy hope, and tranquillity, that I felt sure that, in that awful moment, his GOD and SAVIOUR comforted him with an everlasting comfort. For the few moments that life remained, he seemed wholly free from pain, and passed away like an infant falling to sleep. But he never, while life remained, took his eyes off me; and the remembrance of that holy and happy look will be my comfort, when the bitterness of death is past.”

Thus, a little before five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 22nd of December A.D. 1838, when he had



attained the age of 43 and-a-half years, ended the earthly career of HUGH JAMES ROSE. How forcibly is one reminded of what is read to us on 'All Saints' Day' out of the book of Wisdom,—an apocryphal work truly, yet full of Gospel teaching, Gospel hope:—"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of GOD, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery. But they are in peace!"

On S. Stephen's Day, his remains were attended to their last resting-place by his truly bereaved widow. As no strangers had been about him in his last illness, so neither in death were any hands but her own and those of her faithful servant suffered to perform towards him the last ministrations of love. Together, (for "Love is strong as Death!"<sup>2</sup>) they laid his shrouded body where it will slumber on until the Archangel's trumpet shall wake it from its last long sleep. Together, they followed it to its last abode, and had the comfort of seeing it deposited in a locality which at that time must have been one of even affecting beauty. Mrs. Rose used to describe it as "a retired and lovely spot, within the last few years permitted by the present government of Tuscany to be purchased for a protestant cemetery, situated just without the limits of the city of Florence, on the road to Fiesolè." She explained that "the large size of the cypress trees indicated it to have been a garden for a long time past, and contributed an appropriate feature to the scenery of a locality now consecrated to a higher and holier use." It may be sufficient that I should describe in a note the painful change which has since come over this sacred locality.<sup>3</sup> As

<sup>2</sup> Song of Solomon, viii. 6.

1871, in company with my nephew,  
the Rev. William Francis Rose, vicar

<sup>3</sup> When I visited Florence in Sept.

soon as the last offices of love had been fully discharged, Mrs. Rose hastened back to England: did not

of Worle in Somerset (the Rev. Hugh James Rose's only surviving nephew), we were supremely anxious to visit this sacred locality,—the burial place of the English. Its beauty had often been vaunted in our hearing. We had always heard of a walled enclosure on a little declivity, seemingly shut out from the world: the dark foliage of the funereal garden contrasting grandly with the everlasting hills which form the background of the picture. It was distressing as well as perplexing to find ourselves driven to a new and populous quarter of the city, entirely built over with houses of the better class; and in the centre of (what in London would be called) "a Square," to halt before a small oval mound-like enclosure, surrounded by iron railings, and full of memorials of the dead. The reader will divine what had happened.

Florence has spread in the direction of the English burying ground. The soil surrounding it perforce was levelled wherever houses had to be built; the boundary walls of the cemetery-garden were demolished, and the cypress trees hewn down. But it was determined that the English *Campo Santo* should be spared; and an iron railing seems to have been thought the least unsightly way of keeping that little hill of graves inviolate.

In the south-east corner of this cemetery we found the monument we were in search of. It is a marble altar-tomb, with the following inscription on its upper surface. The memorial had evidently been uncared for during the thirty-two years since its erection, and presented a neglected look which gave us pain. Of course we did not leave it altogether as we found it.



H. S. E.

HUGO JACOBUS ROSE S.T.B.

Anglus

Reverendissimo in Christo patri

Gulielmo Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi a sacris domesticis

Collegii Regalis apud Londinenses Praefectus

qui

cum jam in Academia Cantabrigiensi

quid egregia posset indoles

rectissimis studiis informata

haud obscure significaverat

id deinceps

quum ex umbra in solem processerat

clarissimis patefecit indicis

Totum se dedit Ecclesiae

In concionibus

quarum permultas easque gravissimas

coram academicis suis habuit

rest in fact until she reached the darkened vicarage of Glynde,—the abode of her husband's parents.<sup>4</sup>

Many were the letters of sincere condolence written on the occasion: many the expressions of bitter regret, on public as well as on private grounds. A few brief specimens of either deserve insertion. Mr. Newman thus addressed the desolate widow:—

“I will only say that in sorrowing for the loss the Church has sustained in Mr. Rose, I am sorrowing particularly for one who was always a kind, condescending friend to me. In fact it was he who has brought me into notice. He was the first to induce me to write on Theological subjects, and then to praise me when I had written. So generous, so noble-minded and warm-

magna vultus formae staturae dignitate  
 canorae vocis dulcedine  
 sancta copiosa flexanima eloquentia  
 oculos aures mentes omnium  
 tenebat in sese defixas  
 In scriptis  
 strenuus fidei Christianae defensor  
 insanientem redarguit sapientiam  
 Ingravescente Ecclesiae et reipublicae periculo  
 de neutra desperavit et ut alii bene sperarent  
 inter primos effecit  
 Felicissime in sacris litteris versatus  
 Graecarum Latinarumque scientissimus  
 animi candore eximio  
 singulari morum suavitate  
 omnium omnis aetatis et ordinis  
 mirifice sibi concilians benevolentiam  
 per brevis sed actuosae vitae curriculum  
 et in valetudine semper infirma  
 consulens aliis prodigus sui  
 domi maximis laboribus  
 non tam fatiscens quam fractus  
 hospes eheu  
 in hac urbe Florentina placide conquievit  
 xi kal. Jan. MDCCCXXXIX. a. aet. XLIII.  
 Have anima generosa dulcis et pia.

<sup>4</sup> The reader is invited to turn back to p. 129. See also pp. 179–80.

hearted in all he did and thought! This I have ever kept in mind, and may I never forget it.

“The recollection of the last seven years is full of sad yet soothing thoughts to me. How wonderfully things are carried on! Each has his part in the great work. Mr. Rose was favoured to begin, what he has not been given to finish. I associate him in memory with a dear and intimate friend, whom he knew and valued, and who in like manner had his part assigned him, did it, and was taken away.”<sup>5</sup>

Dr. Pusey wrote to Benjamin Harrison,—

“Our friend Rose is taken to his rest, from what would year by year more have worried and vexed his noble and anxious spirit. It is a sad void to us all: but we know not how his spirit is employed, and whether he may not have some office of interceding for the Church, higher and more holy and more unintermitting than when in the body. ‘They live to God.’”<sup>6</sup>

Dr. Wordsworth (Master of Trinity) expressed the apprehensions of a thousand hearts when he declared,—

“His uses to his Church and country at this most needful time were of a kind and degree, which, I deeply fear, we must in vain look for again; with all their promise, had it so pleased GOD, of increasing power and efficiency.”<sup>7</sup>

“Pardon my poor memory,” wrote Bp. Inglis (of Nova Scotia) many years after, to Joshua Watson,—“for recollecting your feelings and your expression of them, when you were all struggling and praying that even the last flickerings of life should be prolonged in such a man as Hugh James Rose. All hope of active employment had vanished; but you said, with very forcible expression, that his very name was a treasure; and, until the vital spark was gone, King’s College, and the Church, and his friends would still possess more

<sup>5</sup> Oriol College, Jan. 29, 1839.

<sup>6</sup> Ch. Ch., 13 Jan. [1839.]

<sup>7</sup> Churton’s *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—p. 65.

than common riches in his name. You infused your own feeling into mine, and there has been no change or perversion since.”<sup>8</sup>

Archdeacon Churton also, recalling the occasion long after, says :—

“It is not easy to estimate the loss of such a man to the Church of England at such a time. It is certain that while he lived, his eloquence in the pulpit, his ability as a writer, his wisdom in counsel, his learning in controversy, and the many graces of his personal character, had raised him, without his seeking it, to the rank of a Master in the Schools of the Prophets ; and enabled him to guide and animate the efforts of a large body of men of the highest promise at either University. When he was removed, the best of them were full of mournful forebodings. The bolder and less patient proceeded to those extreme expositions of opinion, which he had never ceased to deprecate ; and the effects were in many ways disastrous.”<sup>9</sup>

Enough of this however. Besides the fine inscription (from the pen of Bishop Lonsdale) on the marble altar-tomb which covers his mortal remains at Florence, there was set up a memorial tablet to Hugh James Rose (the inscription being the work of Bishop Copleston) in King’s College Chapel, London. But, to my mind, no tribute to Rose’s memory suggests a more affecting image than that of the aged Archbishop, his attached friend and patron, who,—on receiving from Mrs. Rose a manuscript which she presented to the library at Lambeth,—wrote on the first leaf,

*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.—W. Cantuar.*

His Grace one day asked Joshua Watson whether he could name any one to succeed their lost friend as Chaplain

<sup>8</sup> Churton’s *Memoir*,—p. 67.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*,—p. 63.

at Lambeth. "I do not ask," (said the Archbishop), "for a man to supply Mr. Rose's place. *That* is impossible; it can never be supplied. But he must have a successor."<sup>1</sup>

Greatly is it to be regretted that no adequate portrait of this admirable man survives to acquaint posterity with his personal aspect. A spirited chalk drawing which hangs upon the walls of this Deanery is the only pictorial representation of him known to exist. It has been very well lithographed: the artist,—'F. Tatham:' the date,—'1834.' I only know besides<sup>2</sup> of a striking marble bust which was executed for Archd. Harrison by a private friend; but it is a posthumous effort. Of this, I believe, *replicas* have been made. His personal aspect was certainly most striking; his figure tall and commanding,—a grand "ecclesiastical" presence, as one of his pupils remarked: a singularly intellectual brow, a wondrous grave and thoughtful countenance. You could not talk with him, or indeed be in his company, without at once recognizing in him a being of no common order. From personal observation I am unable to say more; for it was only in the last year of his life that I was introduced to him. From that time forward however, through many years (1839-73), I heard him so frequently spoken of by his brother (and mine), as well as by his widow (who did not follow him till April 6th, 1855) that I seem to know him more intimately than many of his contemporaries can have done.

Some notices of Hugh James Rose as a preacher and as a reader have been offered in a former page.<sup>3</sup> Arch-

<sup>1</sup> Churton's *Memoir*,—ii. 66.

<sup>2</sup> The profile portrait on his mural tablet in the chapel of King's College, London, and the slight thing

referred to in a subsequent page [p. 293], scarcely deserve notice.

<sup>3</sup> *Supra*, p. 139 to p. 144. Also pp. 131-2.

bishop Howley was often heard to declare of him that "he was the best preacher in England." His delightful address and conversation have already once and again been adverted to.<sup>4</sup> "On the whole," writes William Palmer, (who knew him intimately, and at my request sent me, in his old age, a sheet of reminiscences),—

"I do not think that I have ever met elsewhere anything like his charm of manners, intellect, goodness, sweetness, strength, wit and acuteness, and breadth of view, combined with rare common sense and varied accomplishment. Alas, we shall never see his like again. Would that I could recall his words, but my memory does not extend to words. His candour was remarkable, and he never was restrained by politeness from stating his full and sincere opinion. I have given an instance in the 'Narrative.'<sup>5</sup>

"I have not mentioned his exceeding kindness and benevolence of manner. If ever there was a perfect, polished, dignified gentleman, it was he.

"I did not very often see him. I was busy in Oxford and he was at Hadleigh,—then in London, sometimes lodged in his Chaplain's rooms at Lambeth Palace. He resigned Hadleigh not long after our meeting there. He was obliged when in London, as Archbishop's Chaplain and Principal of King's College, continually to go out of town at night to some environ, deep in fog, in order to obtain relief from asthma by the thickness of the air. He was in perpetual suffering."

Superfluous surely it is, after all that has gone before, that I should seek to draw out in detail the character of Hugh James Rose. The single word which expresses the result of a perusal of the many memorials of his early life, is his *dutifulness*,—first, and above all, to his Parents. This disposition may be declared to enfold within itself the germ, not only of all the human charities,

<sup>4</sup> *Supra*, pp. 161-2 : 173-4.

<sup>5</sup> New edition,—pp. 224-5.

but of those also which are due immediately to GOD. In the case before us,—next to religious veneration and pious awe,—the prevailing characteristic of the man, beyond controversy, was a burning zeal for his Master's honour and glory. It was shown by his supreme solicitude for the well-being of the Church, as the authorized channel of GOD'S Grace, and His one appointed instrument for the Salvation of Mankind. To those who witnessed his efforts for the attainment of this sacred object, his straightforward independence was conspicuous,—his noble disdain of worldly ambition,—the utter absence in him of anything like self-seeking. His conscientiousness and candour scarcely struck men less. His life of suffering had resulted in weaning him effectually from this world and its concerns. Thus had there grown up in him that absolute resignation and submission of himself to the Divine Will, which seems to belong to the very essence of the saintly life.

Nor will the attentive and thoughtful reader have failed to note, in passing, how singularly, under the mysterious shaping of Providence, Mr. Rose's wretched health, his actual bodily infirmities, were made subservient to GOD'S purposes: certainly proved conducive to the welfare of CHRIST'S Church. *That* absolute necessity of foreign travel which drove him from his cure at Horsham, in 1824,<sup>6</sup> became the occasion of his writing his earliest work, which resulted, (so to express the matter,) in the first influential stirring of the waters. His expulsion from beautiful Hadleigh, in 1833,<sup>7</sup> by conveying him first to Durham, then to King's College, London, largely extended his sphere of influence and caused his 'light to shine before men' to a degree which would have been impossible had he been permitted to

<sup>6</sup> See above, pp. 132-4.

<sup>7</sup> See above, pp. 179-83.



end his days in the tranquil enjoyment of a delightful country cure. The Hand which shaped his painful destiny thus, to some extent, becomes visible to one who is contented to give attentive heed to the strange sad story of his earthly career. That such a life remains, after all, a mystery, is undeniable: yet even to *us* there are traces discernible in it of a gracious and lofty purpose, a wise and beneficent plan. Of the extent to which the individual character may have become moulded by such a discipline of pain and sorrow, I forbear to speak. This point has been slightly touched upon already.<sup>8</sup>

I have nowhere adequately spoken of his love of poetry. He accounted himself "a vehement Wordsworthian." He found relief under public anxiety in sacred poetry, and spoke of Cowper as one of his sources of comfort:—

"The nightingale in the hymn 'Far from the world, O LORD, I flee,' especially pleases me. But I cannot always read Cowper. His melancholy, though morbid, was so real, and the pathos of his language goes so directly from the heart to the heart, that, having passed the age when 'sad fancies we affect,' I cannot always bear it."<sup>9</sup>

The truth concerning Hugh James Rose, in a word, is this,—that whatsoever things are pure, are lovely, are of good report,—whether in Providence, in Nature, in Literature, or in Art,—he loved those things with all his soul. His intense appreciation of natural scenery,—in particular *the Down* scenery of his native county, of which he would discourse with a kind of rapture,—amounted in him to a passion. Some of his written thoughts on this subject are wondrous beautiful. But his one supreme object of meditation and delight was

<sup>8</sup> See p. 267.

<sup>9</sup> Churton's *Memoir of Watson*,—ii. 9, 10.

the Word of GOD. At an earlier age and to a far greater extent than is given to most men, he made the sublime discovery that there is *that* in those blessed pages which, while it affords the largest exercise for the loftiest faculties of the mind of Man, alone satisfies every noble and generous craving of the heart, as well as every grand and devout aspiration of the spirit. Had his lot fallen on quieter days, and had he been blessed with learned leisure, (instead of having to toil for his livelihood), he would have enriched the Church's treasury with many a fruit of his large knowledge, matured wisdom, sound scholarship, exquisite taste. But he succumbed in what seemed to himself a struggle for the Church's very existence; and scarcely lived to see more than the dawn of the fruition of his soul's devoutest hope.

HOW IS HE NUMBERED AMONG THE CHILDREN OF GOD,  
AND HIS LOT AMONG THE SAINTS!

---

The lesson which the foregoing grand life reads to a future generation is a precious and a practical one. Should a season of fiery trial again overtake our beloved Church,—days of persecution, or of defection from the Faith, or of darkness,—let not despondency prevail in any quarter. There may be no mistrust of the love or of the power of Him who hath shown Himself, all down the ages, our Church's sufficient strength and stay. "Only" let men "be strong!" Above all, let them beware of resorting to strange expedients for the recovery of peace within, or for the procuring of safety from without. Away, especially, with the preposterous imagination that some sort of union may yet be patched up

with the Apostate Church of Rome! Rome, in England's day of greatest trouble, will prove England's deadliest foe. And does she not lie unmistakably under the tremendous curse of GOD? The one only essential unity,—the unity which alone has our LORD'S assurance of abiding safety,—is that which subsists between “the branches” and “the Root,”—(which is *Himself*). “I am the Vine,” saith He: “ye are the branches.”<sup>1</sup> It is Rome that hath severed herself from England,—not England from Rome; *she* that is un-catholic, not *we*: witness her two latest acts of Apostasy,—the dogma of ‘the Immaculate Conception’ of the Blessed Virgin, and the dogma of the Pope's ‘Infallibility.’ What would the ancient Catholic Fathers,—Athanasius, and the two Gregories, Chrysostom, and Cyril; Cyprian, and Ambrose, and Augustine, and Leo,—have said to Rome *now*?

When the evil day comes, our greatest source of weakness (I grieve to know it) will be our own “unhappy divisions,”—the fruit, to some extent, it must be sorrowfully admitted, of the fatal misdirection given to the Tractarian movement at the end of about two years after its beginning; namely, in 1836. Only let Churchmen beware of multiplying those divisions needlessly. Rather let them insist on waiving differences on points confessedly non-essential. Beyond all things, if men are wise, their grand solicitude will be ‘*stare super antiquas vias.*’ They will republish,—if need be, they will strive to the death for,—“the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints.” The three Creeds of the Church, they will at all hazards insist on retaining in their integrity: the creed called ‘Athanasian’ in particular; impressed with the solemn fact insisted on by Dr. Waterland,<sup>2</sup> that

<sup>1</sup> S. John xv. 4, 5: xvii. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Works*, iii. 256, ed. Van Mildert.

“as long as there shall be any men left to oppose the *Doctrines* which this Creed contains, so long will it be expedient, and even necessary to continue the *use* of it, in order to preserve the rest: and, I suppose, when we have none remaining to find fault with the *Doctrines*, there will be none to object against the *use* of the Creed, or so much as to wish to have it laid aside.”

Supremely careful to “*strengthen the things which remain*,” men will be content to *let our Book of Common Prayer alone*. When hearts are failing, each faithful son of the Church, — not separating himself from his fellows,—will, on the contrary, (like HUGH JAMES ROSE,) call upon them to take heart, and ‘stir up the gift that is in them, and betake themselves to their true Mother’: resolved that, tide what tide, (GOD helping him) nothing shall ever shake *him* from his steadfastness in the faith of the Gospel,—*him* from unflinching loyalty to the Church of his Baptism. There is no telling what great things GOD may be pleased to work by the instrumentality of *one*: one, with neither rank, nor station, nor wealth, nor worldly influence, nor high office in the Church<sup>3</sup> to support him: but on the contrary, one weighed down (it may be) by incurable malady, and burthened with his own full share of secular anxieties. . . . Surely, (I have once and again told myself, as I have slowly unravelled the history of this noble life,) the method of GOD’s Providence hath ever been the same: working out ‘the counsel of His will’ by instruments the feeblest and most unpromising,—and they, having often to contend, as in the present instance, with disadvantages of the gravest and most discouraging kind!

<sup>3</sup> The titular dignity of ‘joint-Dean of Bocking,’ Rose ceased to enjoy when he resigned Hadleigh in 1833. In Feb. 1827, he was col-

lated to the Prebend of Middleton in Chichester Cathedral,—which, in Nov. 1833, he also resigned. Such were his ecclesiastical honours!

So only may the men of a coming generation reasonably cherish the conviction that although every human help shall fail them, yet, inasmuch as this our branch of the Church Catholic unquestionably holds GOD'S TRUTH, it will never be by GOD Himself forsaken, nor indeed seem to be by Him forgotten long. The rain may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon this House. But it cannot fall; because it is founded upon a rock. 'And *that* Rock is CHRIST.'

NOTE.—That Mr. Rose's published writings (of the years indicated) will be found mentioned in the Memoir in the following places, viz. :—

Of A. D. 1817 and 1818 [p. 127] :—of 1820 and 1821 [p. 130] :—S. P. C. K. Tract (which was a Sermon preached at Uckfield Oct. 31, 1819,) [p. 131] :—of 1821 and 1822 [p. 159] :—three of 1825 [p. 133-7] :—of 1826 [p. 136] :—of 1828 [pp. 132-4-5] :—of 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832 [p. 145] :—two more of 1831 [pp. 229 and 139] : another of 1832 [p. 229] :—of 1833 [p. 145] :—four of 1834 [pp. 141, 192, and 185-6] :—of 1835 [pp. 59, 231] :—Defence of Bp. Hobart [p. 233].

I have omitted to notice two very remarkable Sermons : one, '*in aid of the Refuge for the Destitute*,'—April 24th, 1831 :—the other, '*The Churchman's Duty and Comfort in the present times*,'—July 18, 1833. [This latter Sermon was therefore preached seven days before the Hadleigh Conference.] Also an Article in the '*Quarterly Review*' (April 1837),—'*Manners of the xith and xiith Centuries*.'

The following short Papers, Paragraphs, and Notices in the '*British Magazine*,' are marked (in his own copy) by Henry Rose as having been written by his brother Hugh : but, extending no further than November, 1834, it is evidently a very imperfect enumeration of his brother's contributions to the Magazine.—Vol. I. pp. 60 : 273 : 376 (Dale) : 377 (Tyler) : 439 : 484 (Tiptaft) : 486 (?)—Vol. II. pp. 26 : 45 note † : 61 (Watson) : 136 (?) : 140 : 144 (continued) : 195 : 285 : 399 : 416 : 417.—Vol. IV. pp. 261 : 390 : 508 : 617 (being '*Prayers by Robert Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole*,'—which H. J. R. printed in pamphlet form in 1833, '*with Notes*').—Vol. VI. 86 : 205 : 212 : 308 (foot-note) : 313 ('*Statesmen's Morality*') : 314 ('*Conciliation*') : 437 ('*the Newspapers*') : 552 ('*Liberal notions of Equity and the Law of the Land*') : 553 ('*The "Patriot"*')

POST-SCRIPT.—HENRY JOHN ROSE.

[A. D. 1800—1873.]

It would have been to mar the unity of the foregoing grand life, to attempt to weave into it, however briefly, the story of another and a kindred life. 'Kindred' in every sense: for, with corresponding views and aims, identical antecedents and traditions, HENRY JOHN ROSE was HUGH JAMES'S only brother.

What gives him a claim to be distinctly commemorated in this place is the fact that he it was who, under every emergency, with entire self-denial and always in the most ungrudging manner, came forward to relieve the overtaxed brain and exhausted bodily powers of that illustrious brother whose career, from the cradle to the grave, forms the subject of the preceding 167 pages. And yet, the picture of so beautiful a character as that of HENRY JOHN ROSE would have deserved exhibiting for its own sake.

His parentage,—the entire framework indeed of his early life,—has been already set forth particularly.<sup>1</sup> He was born at Uckfield in Sussex, on the 3rd of January 1800, and like his brother received his early education entirely at his Father's hands. No thoughtful person will affect to doubt the unique advantages of education at a public school: yet is one for ever reminded, as by the instances before us, that real proficiency in learning is only attainable when a man is resolved to take exceeding pains *with himself*. At the age of 17, Henry John Rose was sent up to Cambridge and was admitted a pensioner of Peterhouse,—June 25th, 1817. Thence (October 3rd, 1818,) he migrated to S. John's College. His name appeared, in 1821, bracketed fourteenth in the list of Wranglers; having enjoyed yet higher distinction in the Classical Examination of the same year. He was

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 118—20.

admitted shortly after (6th April 1824) foundation Fellow of his College, and at once devoted himself to the cultivation of Classical learning and Divinity. He made himself a capital Hebrew scholar at a time when none of those aids were available which now-a-days solicit aspirants after such lore; without also the advantages which a well-furnished exchequer is everywhere able to command. "I knew Henry John Rose at Cambridge," (wrote the late learned Dr. Field:) "We sat together for a Hebrew Scholarship in 1823: I being the successful candidate."<sup>2</sup> By such an one it was no discredit to have been surpassed in any branch of human learning. Later on in life he was attracted to the study of Syriac by Cureton's revival of the Ignatian controversy, and acquired a thorough knowledge of that precious idiom. At Cambridge also he made himself a complete master of the German language, as his translation of Neander's '*History of the Christian Religion and Church during the first three centuries*,' in two volumes (1831 and 1841), attests. He became chiefly known, however, from his Hulsean lectures delivered in 1833, and published in the ensuing year:—'*The Law of Moses viewed in connection with the history and character of the Jews, with a defence of the Book of Joshua against Professor Leo of Berlin*.' By these two publications he established a high reputation as an accomplished scholar, as well as a learned and philosophical Divine. He resided at S. John's College for about seventeen useful and happy years. No man was ever prouder of his University or more sincerely attached to his College than he. For a short period (viz. from March 1832 to September 1833) he was Minister<sup>3</sup> of S. Edward's Church in Cambridge.

He found time however at College for something

<sup>2</sup> Letter to myself,—'2 Carlton Terrace, Norwich,' April 3, 1884.

<sup>3</sup> "The term '*Minister*' has always, until very lately, been applied to the Incumbent of S. Edward's, —which is a donative, and came into the hands of Trinity Hall from

a monastery suppressed in the xvth century. Hence its immunity from Episcopal jurisdiction. I believe it holds an altogether unique position in this respect."—(From the Rev. J. J. Lias.)

else besides Classical literature and Divinity. He lived throughout the unquiet and unsettled period which preceded and followed the passing of the Reform Bill, and took a prominent part with his pen in politics. Scarcely need it be added that he was as strong a Conservative as he was an earnest Churchman. He published besides "*an Answer to 'The case of the Dissenters,'*" in 1834: also a letter addressed to Professor Lee (June 13, 1834),—which I do not remember to have ever seen.

But throughout all that period of College residence, Henry Rose's home affections were paramount. In 1824, his Father had been presented to the Vicarage of Glynde, near Lewes, (by Dr. J. S. Clarke, in right of his canonry at Windsor); and thither it was as much the delight of Henry John, as of his brother Hugh James, at every opportunity to repair.<sup>4</sup> His presence always brought light and life to the little household. His Mother, who was very observant of character, shrewdly remarked of him,—"*Henry never hangs up his fiddle.*" It was her idiomatic way of indicating an equable temperament which requires neither auditory nor excitement in order to prove habitually cheerful and communicative, pleasant and entertaining.

In 1824-5 he accompanied his brother and Mrs. Rose in their tour through Germany and Italy,—a tour which was destined to bear such memorable fruit: Mr. Henry Tufnell (one of Mr. Hugh Rose's pupils) being another of the party.<sup>5</sup>—In 1827-8 he is found to have executed a considerable portion of his brother's edition of Parkhurst's '*Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament,*' which appeared in 1829. (The preface is dated 'Hors-ham, Jan. 2nd.')

All the matter (writes his brother) "from *Καρπός* to *Ξυράω*, from *Ῥακίτινος* to *Ῥποστέλλω*, and from *Χόρτος* to *Ῥμος*," is by Henry Rose.<sup>6</sup>

I had the happiness to make his acquaintance during

<sup>4</sup> See above, pp. 122, 126, 146,      <sup>6</sup> See above, concerning this work, 150, 167, 193, 245, 253-4, &c.      —p. 137.

<sup>5</sup> See above, pp. 132-4.



a youthful visit to Cambridge; and in the December of 1836, being in London, he came to seek me out in Brunswick Square. He had already (namely in the spring of 1834) carried forward his brother's work as Divinity Professor at Durham for one or two terms;<sup>7</sup> and now that the same brother was domiciled in King's College, his little parish of S. Thomas's in Southwark requiring a *locum tenens*, Henry Rose took up his residence at the Vicarage. At this time moreover it was that, in consequence of Mr. Hugh Rose's deplorable health, Henry, further to relieve him, undertook the Editorship of the '*Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*,' as well as of the '*British Magazine*.'<sup>8</sup> Both publications were still superintended by Hugh James,—but the labouring oar, in respect of both, devolved to Henry, who carried on the former long after his brother's death. The '*Biographical Dictionary*,' at first, at all events, was under his sole management; while, for the '*Encyclopaedia*,' he wrote the later portion of the Ecclesiastical History,—namely, chapters x, xi, xii (A.D. 1700 to 1858); which form the last 115 pages of a volume which has since been separately published.<sup>9</sup> We saw a great deal of him at my father's house during this period. The society he occasionally met there delighted him greatly, and he was with all of us a cherished guest.

In the Spring of 1838 (24th May),—which was destined to be the last year (22nd December) of his brother's life,—Henry John Rose married Sarah Caroline, eldest daughter of Thomas Burgon, esq. (subsequently of the British Museum), having been already (viz. in 1837) presented by his College to the Rectory of Houghton Conquest in Bedfordshire. In that moated parsonage house,—erected by Dr. Zachary Grey,<sup>1</sup> (the editor of *Hudibras*,)—for about thirty years (1842–72), I passed all my vacations, and still can but linger fondly over every mention of its name. My brother possessed

<sup>7</sup> See above, pp. 188–9.

<sup>8</sup> See above, pp. 261.

<sup>9</sup> '*History of the Christian Church*,

*from the XIIIth century to the present day*,'—1858.

<sup>1</sup> Rector of Houghton 1726–66.

a capital library, consisting chiefly of works of Divinity, —which proved to me an unspeakable help; for he was as willing as he was apt to guide me to sources of information,—to teach and to communicate his knowledge. In short, I owe to him, and to the calm seclusion of his delightful home, more than I am able to express. *There* it was that I toiled at an as yet unpublished '*Harmony of the Evangelists*'—which I always hoped would be my first essay in Divinity: and there '*a Plain Commentary on the Gospels*' was entirely produced. The consequence has been that while life lasts I shall find it impossible to dissociate those accidents of time, place and occupation. All have got woven into one another. The blessed pages (strange to say) ever seem to me to have for their near foreground the little orchard which all day long I used to look down upon from the windows of my bed-room (which was also my study), and the pleasant avenue of umbrageous limes beside it and beyond. How also shall I ever be able—even if I desired it—to divest my memory of that perpetual *click* of the gate at the end of the avenue, throughout the live-long day, which betokened the approach or the exit of another and yet another pensioner on the unfailing bounties of the household?

Henry Rose found that 'the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places.' The scenery round about his secluded Rectory was of that sweet domestic character which, without ever aspiring to the praise of being actually beautiful, yet in effect always pleases,—never tires. In a sheltered hollow of the chain of hills which form the southern limit of the landscape, were to be seen, till 1856, the remains of '*Conquest Bury*,'—the ancient homestead of the Conquests, who had been lords of the soil thereabouts for 400 years. In a westerly direction stretched Houghton Park, in which the Countess of Pembroke ('Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,') in 1615 built herself a stately mansion which was only reduced to a shell in 1794. It was *there* she passed her widowhood. Those picturesque ruins, surrounded [by

fine forest oaks, are approached from the North and West by an avenue of wych elms,—from the South by an avenue of chesnuts. At the foot of one of those oaks, commanding a charming view of '*the Ruins*,' is a seat which was inscribed—till time and weather rendered the letters illegible—'JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.' A pleasanter walk is not to be found in all that neighbourhood than the walk from Houghton to Amptill, a distance of about two miles. I speak of the way over the hill, which may be greatly varied and made full of interest and beauty. Contiguous is Amptill Park,—famed for its giant oaks; some of which in the time of the Commonwealth were pronounced too aged for shipbuilding purposes. In the same park an obelisk marks the site of Amptill Castle,—where Queen Catharine of Arragon resided while the business of her divorce was pending. A superb lime-tree avenue contributes another charm to this classic locality.—But indeed the walks about Houghton, in whichever direction, are all delightful; and every walk conducted to the abode of a kind and congenial neighbour.

Once established at Houghton, Henry John Rose gave himself up to the duties of the Pastoral office, never thenceforward absenting himself from his post for more than two successive Sundays in the space of four-and-thirty years. Besides re-edifying the parish School of Houghton,—(an endowed foundation which has long since lapsed into insignificance,)—he accounted it his singular felicity that he was enabled, before he died, to superintend the complete restoration of his own beautiful parish Church; as successful a monument of the skill of Sir G. Gilbert Scott as is to be anywhere seen in England. Rose certainly found it in a deplorable condition,—the chancel in particular (for which, as Rector, he was personally responsible) having fallen into a state of even squalid neglect. Thanks chiefly to the munificence of the present Duke of Bedford and the liberality of the late Lord John Thynne of Haynes Park, nothing remained to be desired for Houghton Conquest Church, when he left it.

The chancel he restored to far more than its original beauty. His large-hearted brother-in-law C. L. H., (the name last commemorated in the present volumes), by subscriptions collected throughout the Archdeaconry, provided the parish Church with an excellent organ. The village minstrelsy when Henry Rose first knew the place was certainly of a type which would now-a-days be pronounced fabulous.

The best traditions of an English country parsonage were to be witnessed at Houghton in perfection. Real learning and sound Divinity, pure taste and graceful hospitality,—flourished there and abounded. Within doors, there was unflinching loving-kindness,—unbroken peace and joy: without, there was (with all their faults) a GOD-fearing,—a well-disposed and affectionate peasantry. No place was ever more fortunate in its neighbouring Clergy than this: good and faithful men, all of them, with whom it was always a privilege to be brought into familiar intercourse. Rose's secluded dwelling was sought out by many a Continental scholar,—(as Lepsius, Land, and Lagarde); as well as by many whose names Englishmen agree to hold in honour; as P. F. Tytler, Dr. Corrie, Temple Chevalier, Dr. W. H. Mill, J. B. Mozley, A. C. Fraser, H. L. Mansel, William Kay, Charles Marriott, Bishops Cleveland Coxe and Quintard. Quite as well deserving of commemoration, in my account, as anything, is the act (or rather the *habit*) of faith which left the Rectory,—(a lone house at the end of a lane leading from the village,)—wholly without an occupant every Sunday, in order that the entire household might be enabled to attend Divine Service.

Concerning the Parson's library I have already spoken. His books had been collected for use,—not for ornament: and it was remarked, when specialists or men of great attainments visited him, that it seemed as if there was *something* to be found in the library on every subject that could be named.—It will be remembered that Henry Rose was one of the contributors to '*Replies to Essays and Reviews*,' (1862),—having selected for his

province the wretched sophistries of Dr. Rowland Williams. He undertook, besides, a '*Commentary on the Book of Daniel*' for the Speaker's Commentary,—which however unhappily remained unfinished at the time of his death. He also became one of the Revisionists of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament Scriptures, and took part with his pen in all the great Ecclesiastical questions of the day. At an earlier period, he had been joint-editor of several collections of '*Scripture Prints for Cottage Walls*.' He further edited Berkeley's private papers, (which he had inherited from his brother,) for the late collected edition of Bishop Berkeley's '*Works*'; and occasionally contributed articles to the '*Quarterly*,' the '*English*,' and the '*Contemporary Review*.' To the '*Literary Churchman*' he also communicated not a few Reviews of foreign publications.

I cannot, in this place, withhold an expression of disappointment and regret that one so accomplished and so learned did not leave behind him some more considerable monument of his attainments and his genius than any which have been hitherto enumerated. But he was a singularly modest man: was the reverse of ambitious and self-seeking: loved learning for its own sake: was at all times willing rather to toil for, and to bestow himself upon, others, than to assert and to contend for himself. It was indeed a very lovely character. His sweetness, gentleness, consideration, forbearance, refinement, were apparent to all. Large-hearted and liberal-handed too he was, beyond his means.

Let me be allowed here to pourtray him yet further. He was of a most calm temperament: possessed a singularly quick and clear understanding; and was endowed with an extraordinary memory. His regard for Truth was conspicuous in the accuracy with which he would repeat a story: and he told a story particularly well. His library seemed,—nay, *was*—all in disorder; but he could always find a book with ease, almost in the dark; and he would turn to the place required with surprising

readiness. Quite characteristic of him was his exceeding *fairness*. This quality of mind it was which, combined with his generous warmth of heart, conciliated to him in so eminent a degree the Clergy of his neighbourhood. He was the President of a Clerical Society which used to meet once a month at one another's houses from March to October inclusive, for mutual edification. At one time, discussing the Rubrics,—at another Parochial difficulties,—at another, hard places of Scripture,—it shall but be added that, under his Presidentship, those gatherings of brethren became a great instrument for spiritual improvement, as well as a delightful social bond. Productive were they of unmingled good to all the neighbouring parishes, as some, yet living, would eagerly attest.—And now, to proceed.

In 1866, Henry John Rose succeeded Dr. Tattam as Archdeacon of Bedford, by appointment of Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Ely; and was ever after a regular attendant at all meetings of Convocation. In consequence of his office, he became also, from this time forward, the author of many '*Charges*' and '*Sermons*' on the questions which have of late years disturbed the peace of the Church. Some of these will be found noted at foot of the page.<sup>2</sup> Here also should be commemorated the great interest he took in the proceedings of the '*Bedfordshire Archæological Society*,'—to which indeed he contributed some valuable and very interesting papers.

<sup>2</sup> *The English Liturgy a Protest against Romish Corruptions*,—(Two Sermons), 1850. . . *The question 'Why should we pray for fair weather?' answered*,—(Harvest Home, Market Harborough), 1860 . . . *Position of the Church of England as a National Church historically considered*,—(Primary Charge),—1868 . . . *Christian Charities cleared from the misrepresentations of 'Ecce Homo'*,—at Cambridge, 1868 . . . *Charge to the Church-*

*wardens of the Archdeaconry of Bedford*—May 31st, 1867.—Another, —June 23rd, 1869.—Another, —June 1st, 1870.—Another, (his last), —May 14th, 1872.—Heals out forth papers on the following subjects:—*Documents relating to Milton the poet*, [1845],—(Brit. Mag.) . . . *On the Jewish Shekels*, 1853,—(Num. Soc.) . . . *Remarks on documents relating to John Milton and Isaac Barrow*, [1856]. . . *Bp. Horne's Life and Letters*,—(Cont. Rev., 1867.)

But it was not so much by his singularly varied learning and vast stores of general information, or even by his published writings, that Archdeacon Rose was known in the county where he lived and among the large circle of attached friends of which he was the centre and chief ornament. It was his genuine sympathy: his inflexible integrity: his singleness and sincerity of purpose: his correct judgment: the moderation, courtesy, and kindness which he displayed on all occasions, public as well as private; but above all, his unswerving Churchmanship and uncompromising zeal for the Truth, which drew men to him and made him universally respected and beloved. Nothing knew he of the hollow arts and supple tricks whereby popularity is sometimes courted, or of the spurious liberality which is at all times ready to surrender to public clamour the things which are not its own. He was an English Churchman of the good old type; of which, (be it remarked in passing,) samples are not by any means so rare as certain of the new school would have us believe. I have spoken of him as the very model of a dutiful Son, a devoted Brother. It cannot be improper to add that he was also the tenderest of Husbands, the most loving and indulgent of Fathers, the faithfullest of Friends. His singular sweetness and evenness of temper: his unfailing playfulness of disposition and cheerfulness of spirit,—a feature of his character which did not forsake him to the last: but above all his deep unaffected piety, made his home ever bright and happy. All who came within its influence acknowledged its charm; and not a few have been known to speak of it as their ideal of an abode of pleasantness and peace.

In person, Henry John Rose considerably resembled his brother Hugh James. There was in both the same exalted stature,—the same intellectual forehead,—the same dignified presence. A spirited crayon drawing, (executed, I think, in 1839,) by the accomplished hand of E. U. Eddis, R.A., is the only portraiture of him which is known to exist: for a representation of him (at Durham) as his brother's *shadow*, scarcely merits notice.

The end came suddenly, after a few days of very acute suffering, on Friday the 31st of January, A.D. 1873,—when the Archdeacon had just completed his 73rd year. A more interesting group of meritorious Clergy and faithful Laity, than the incumbents and gentry of the neighbouring parishes who followed him on foot, in long procession, to the grave,—I have never met with in any country district. Few of them indeed are anywhere alive at this time : but at first the void which the Archdeacon's death occasioned was acknowledged as well as very painfully felt by them all. . . . He was survived by his wife and five children,—two sons, both in Holy Orders, and three daughters ; the eldest of whom was married in 1870. He sleeps in the south-eastern angle of Houghton Conquest churchyard. His eldest son (named after his illustrious uncle 'Hugh James' [b. 1840, d. 1878]), M.A. of Oriel College, rests by his side, and is survived by two little children of delightful promise,—Theresa and Charles Henry. The Archdeacon's younger son, Rev. William Francis Rose, M.A. of Worcester College,—(Hugh James Rose's only surviving nephew),—was appointed by Lord Chancellor Cairns to the vicarage of Worle, Somerset, in 1874. I shall only say of him, that he is treading closely in the footsteps of his Father.

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Obvious it is,—and to no one more obvious than to the present writer,—that the task of writing the '*Life of Hugh James Rose*' should, for every reason, have devolved on his younger brother Henry. There had subsisted between them throughout life the most loving confidence. Henry knew Hugh's mind on every subject ; and could have produced a hundred sayings as well as details of interest, without effort. During my frequent sojourns at Houghton, I did not fail,—sometimes with earnestness,—to urge the Rector to undertake this task, even as a duty. Finding however that I could not prevail, I at last abstained from reviving a subject which I saw was



inexpressibly painful to him. He could never converse about his brother for long without exhibiting emotion. Hugh James Rose's early death, which was to the Church the ruin of a great expectation, the disappointment of a grand promise,—was to his Parents, to his Widow, and to his Brother, also a sorrowful legacy of tears.

May I be permitted to add, that it has been a real solace and support to me during the compilation of that earlier Memoir, to know that I was achieving, however imperfectly, a work which hundreds besides his Widow and his Brother, (though no one nearly *so* ardently as they,) supremely desired to see at last undertaken by some friendly hand?

### (III). CHARLES MARRIOTT:

THE MAN OF SAINTLY LIFE.

[A. D. 1811-1858.]

WHAT is here proposed is not so much to write a Life, as to pourtray a Character. Greatly do I regret that I did not long ago fulfil the intention,—(long ago conceived and never consciously abandoned),—of committing to paper some recollections of the holy man whose name stands written above the present page. At the end of thirty years, the more delicate traits of such an one as he are apt to grow blurred and indistinct. His *obiter dicta*, in particular, can no longer be recalled. It is only the general result which remains so indelibly impressed on the memory. Since however an opportunity for repairing this long-standing omission at last presents itself, it shall not be let slip. It would be a reproach if no written memorial were to survive of a character so unique, so beautiful, so saint-like, as that of Charles Marriott. And certainly the thing must be done *now*, or it will never be done at all.

Utterly at a loss should I have been concerning the first chapters of his history, but that I have been allowed access to a short biographical sketch which his brother John drew up in 1859; and have been entrusted with certain "Memoranda concerning Charles Marriott and his Parents,"—the work of an accomplished first cousin;

of which documents I shall, without further acknowledgment, freely avail myself.

CHARLES MARRIOTT, third son of the Reverend John Marriott [1780-1825],—Rector of Church Lawford in Warwickshire, and Curate of Broad Clyst, Devon,—was born at Church Lawford on the 24th of August, 1811.

Certain interesting features of character are perceived to have descended to him from an earlier generation. His grandfather's house is described as "a happy home . . . full of bright minds and warm hearts,—a little needing regulation perhaps, and severally somewhat overapt to do what seemed right in their own eyes; but, in every essential respect, thoroughly at one. All made the service of GOD their end: all were attached members of the Church of England; and,—(what in those days was essential to domestic concord),—all were of the same way of thinking on political questions. Loyal-minded Tories were they all, and staunch Anti-Gallicans. A passion for reading prevailed throughout the household." My informant adds,—“When our Father,<sup>1</sup> then at Christ Church, told Dean Cyril Jackson that he had a younger brother (John) coming up to matriculate, who he hoped might be admitted to ‘the House,’ the old man’s answer was,—‘Glad of it. *Like the breed.*’”

JOHN, father of John and CHARLES MARRIOTT, more than justified the Dean’s anticipations. Five years before the institution of the “Class-list,” viz. at the Easter of 1802, (in which year the Examination statute came into force), the only successful Candidates for honours were “Abel Hendy [Bible clerk] of Oriel, and

<sup>1</sup> George Marriott, esq., barrister, father of the Ven. Fitzherbert Marriott, (Archdeacon of Hobart Town),

—and Sophia, (whose words I am in the main quoting.)—Charles Marriott’s first cousins.

*John Marriott of Ch. Ch.*" The books taken up were Cicero, Quintilian, Livy, Juvenal, Lucretius, Aristotle (Ethics and Rhetoric), Thucydides, Sophocles, Æschylus and Pindar.

In externals, John Marriott presented a remarkable contrast to his son,—(the subject of the ensuing memoir); being a man of peculiarly charming manners, with an almost dangerous facility of expression and a fascinating address which made him the darling of society, especially among woman-kind. Besides his classical attainments, he was singularly felicitous as a poet. He could throw off graceful English verses with as much readiness as most men can write an ordinary letter, and is the author of several well-known hymns:<sup>2</sup> but he is chiefly remembered as the author of the "*Devonshire Lane.*"<sup>3</sup> The charm of his conversation and character won for him, (when he was for a short time in Scotland as tutor to the young heir of Buccleuch), the friendship of Walter Scott, who dedicated to him the 2nd canto of 'Marmion.' In those introductory verses, Scott testifies that his friend's "harp, on Isis strung, To many a border theme had rung;" and affectionately reminds him of their joyous rambles "up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,"—the scene of many a prouder hunting in ancient days. But (adds the Minstrel of the Border),—

"Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.

Nor dull, between each merry chase,  
Pass'd by the intermitted space;

<sup>2</sup> The hymns, '*Thou, whose Almighty Word,*'—and '*God whom adiest earth and heaven,*'—are by him. He also contributed a ballad to Scott's '*Border Minstrelsy.*'

<sup>3</sup> This *jeu d'esprit* is not known to have been ever printed; yet has it got about strangely (*An Austrian*

*Princess* the other day inquired after it!) It begins,—'*In a Devonshire Lane as I trotted along | T'other day much in want of a subject for song, | It came into my mind, p'rhaps inspired by the rain, | Sure Marriage is much like a Devonshire Lane.*'

For we had fair resource in store,  
 In Classic and in Gothic lore,  
 We marked each memorable scene  
 And held poetic talk between."

John Marriott was in fact one of the most polished and accomplished gentlemen of his time. His wife, Mary Ann Harris, (of a Rugby family,) Charles's Mother, is known to have been a lady of exceeding piety, and was gifted with a very fine understanding.

The sons of this couple, John and Charles, loved to believe that their Father's religious principles were identical with their own. In the early days of the Oxford movement, thirteen years after their Father's death, they even published a volume of his sermons<sup>4</sup> to establish the point. His pulpit teaching, in the main, may very well have been what they could have themselves adopted; but it is certain that his sympathies and friendships were rather with the most large-minded and cultivated section of the Low Church party of his day,—with men like John Bowdler and the Thorntons, rather than with the Watsons and their school. Whatever his opinions may have been, his piety was warm and genuine. Of his winning personal qualities, I have spoken already. More than twenty years after his death, his memory was affectionately cherished in his parish in Devonshire.

Some lines written on Charles's christening-day by his father are preserved. They conclude with an aspiration which enjoyed abundant fulfilment:—

<sup>4</sup> *Sermons by the late Rev. John Marriott, M.A.* Rector of Church Lawford and Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry,—edited by his sons, &c. This volume reached a Second

Edition. "My father's sermon on '*Union with CHRIST*' is the one I value most highly in the new volume."—[C. M. to Rev. A. Burn,—'Chichester Dioc. College, Feb. 6th, 1840'].

“Grant to this child the inward grace  
 While we the outward sign impart.  
 The Cross we mark upon his face  
 Do Thou engrave upon his heart.  
 May it his pride and glory be  
 Beneath Thy banner fair unfurl'd  
 To march to certain victory,  
 O'er sin, o'er Satan, o'er the world.”

Charles's earliest lessons in reading and writing were from the village schoolmaster of Broad Clyst,—a humble functionary who lived to hear of his pupil's subsequent honours at Oxford. Greatly delighted with the intelligence, the old man lifted up his hands and exclaimed,—“Why, I should think he could teach *me* now!” . . . In due course, Charles came under his father's guidance with other pupils:—

“I well recollect” (writes his brother) “the satisfaction my Father used to express at his rapid progress in learning. His childhood gave promise of his great powers. He very early acquired the habit of thinking out subjects for himself; and used to form his own conclusions with great distinctness, and often with a degree of judgment far above his years, on matters of difficulty and importance. From the very commencement of his education he showed singular aptitude in acquiring languages. Indeed, no kind of knowledge seemed to come amiss to him. When quite a child he preferred reading on any subject that happened to be uppermost in his mind, to the out-of-door amusements which occupy the leisure of most boys: never happier than when ensconced behind the window-curtain (where he could sit unobserved and unmolested) he was devouring the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*.’ From this source he picked up a vast amount of miscellaneous information, and laid the foundations of knowledge which he turned to good account in after years.”

So far, his brother. His cousin writes,—“When taken with the children to see Exeter Cathedral, while the

elder ones were trying to measure the circumference of the great bell with bits of string, Charles was heard from behind to deliver (in his small peculiar voice) the oracular counsel,—‘Take the diameter.’”

“Another incident strikingly foreshadowing a prevailing disposition of his after life is remembered of him at the same early period. No one could make out what became of his pocket-money. It was neither spent nor hoarded. When the family left Broad Clyst, a wail from the old almswomen—(they lived close to the Parsonage gate)—revealed the secret. ‘How they should miss Master Charles! he always brought them his money of a Saturday.’”

He once told his cousin Sophia that questions about the Morality of Trade used greatly to exercise him while yet very young. He would ponder,—How it could be right to buy, and then sell for more than the thing had cost you? And this problem again re-asserted itself later on in life, and led him to risk all that his profuse almsgiving had left him of his private fortune, in an attempt to set on foot a system of trading on improved principles. It was a clear going beyond his measure, and ended (as might have been expected,) in disappointment and disaster. But to proceed in order.

It was the delicacy of his Mother’s health, requiring a warmer climate, which constrained the removal of the family into Devonshire,—in which county Charles accordingly passed most of his earliest years. His parents both died when he was yet a boy: his Mother in 1821, when he was only ten years old; his Father in 1825, when he was not quite fourteen. They were residing at Broad Clyst at the time. The Mother, though a complete invalid during the whole of his childhood, and for some years too ill to take any part in his education, may well have left the impress

of her own deep, reverential earnestness and holiness of spirit upon her children's minds. It is impossible to read certain letters which her husband wrote on the occasion of her death, and which have been preserved, without suspecting that we know whence were derived to John and Charles Marriott, her sons, the singular simplicity, sincerity and humility of character which afterwards were so conspicuous in *both*;<sup>5</sup> in Charles especially. How tenderly the memory of this beloved wife was cherished, is attested by some lines written by her husband on hearing his little daughter play one of her first tunes. He was taken ill, of a painful and distressing disorder, in the summer of 1824: was removed to London for better advice, but without avail; and died on the 30th of March, 1825.

The guardianship of John Marriott's children was left to their mother's sister, Miss Frances Octavia Harris. For about two years they lived with her, under the roof of their father's youngest sister, Miss Sophia C. Marriott, at Rugby. *Then* it was that the attempt was made to send Charles, as a day-boy, to Rugby school; but the experiment proved hopeless. He was so utterly miserable, so unfit to cope with other boys, that the plan was abandoned at the end of one term.<sup>6</sup> Their aunt, Miss Harris, afterwards married the Rev. Andrew Burn of Kynnersley, in Shropshire, who had been the Rev. John Marriott's Curate at Church Lawford: whereupon, John and Charles became his pupils until

<sup>5</sup> There was a younger brother, George, who died young, after a long period of failing health.

<sup>6</sup> "In the Rugby School Calendar appears in the January Entrances of 1825,—'Marriott, Charles, son

of the late Rev. J. Marriott, aged 13, Aug. 24th.' And I find his name in the School List at the bottom of the Upper Remove (Form below the Fifth). He must soon have left." (From Dr. Bloxam.)



they went to College. At Kynnersley therefore, where Mr. Burn resided, first as Curate and afterwards as Rector, the remainder of Charles' youthful days were chiefly passed. There were five or six other pupils in the house, amongst whom Charles always held the foremost place in ability and acquirements. His brother adds, that "though his quaint sayings and doings were often a source of amusement to his companions, he was looked up to by them, both for his superior understanding, and on account of the high standard by which all his conduct was regulated."

"The sort of life which he led at Kynnersley probably suited him much better than the life at a public school would have done. His health was always delicate, and I think it is very doubtful whether he could have borne the roughness and exposure incident to a more public education. As it was, his genial temper and his desire to be on the most friendly terms with his companions, led him to share most of their amusements in a way that was beneficial to him, devoted as he was by nature to study and retirement."

In the year 1828 he stood for a scholarship at Balliol College, but failing to obtain it, he entered at Exeter College on the 24th March 1829. In the ensuing November being 18 years of age he competed, and this time successfully, for an open Scholarship at Balliol,—a considerable achievement for a youth who had enjoyed such slender educational advantages. Andrew Burn was a good man, of 'Evangelical' sentiments, and must have been a competent scholar; but it was rather "as having been a second Father to him" that he was gratefully remembered by Charles Marriott to the last days of his life. His cousin "doubts if Charles was strongly influenced by any one, till he went to Oxford."

“We cousins” (proceeds my informant) “saw but little of him; but I remember he always seemed to know something of every subject that was started, however remote from his own sphere of study. It was once remarked as strange that any should ever have thought of educating *fleas*. ‘How’ (it was asked) ‘were they to set about it?’ Charles looked up from his book,—‘The first thing to be done is to put them in a pill-box, till they are quite tired of jumping.’—He had a very powerful memory. After reading Wordsworth’s ‘*Vernal Ode*,’ (a poem of 135 lines with very recondite thoughts), once through, and glancing at it a second time, he repeated the whole by heart.

“In the little intercourse we had, I remember best his manner when anything was discussed in his company. He would almost always *wait* ‘till livelier tongues from emptier heads had spoken,’ and then would drop a few weighty words which put the whole matter in a new light. The question was once started, how ‘the wisdom of the serpent’ came to be held up as a pattern, seeing that in practice what passes for ‘wisdom’ is often action severed from high principle. After one and another had tried to explain it, Charles enunciated the Patristic explanation of Gen. iii. 15: [a mistaken gloss, being founded on the (utterly false) Septuagintal rendering of the Hebrew: but affording a capital moral lesson,—] with which he shut up the debate.”

In the Michaelmas Term of 1832, after an undergraduateship marked by the highest standard of moral conduct as well as by close application to study, Charles Marriott obtained a first class in Classics and a second in Mathematics,—which was a great disappointment to many besides himself. They had made up their minds that he was to take a “*double* first”; and, but for his persistent bad health, he would certainly have achieved it. He had not the physical power to read for both schools . . . . Already did he number among his friends all the more intellectual men of his day: not that he

confined his regards to such, for he was always ready to become the friend of anyone whose conduct gave proof of high principle,—however inferior to himself in abilities and attainments. And his friendship once given, was not easily lost. “I believe” (writes his brother) “there was nothing within his power that he was not ready to do for a friend who wanted his help. Many such instances have come to my knowledge, and I believe there were many more known only to himself.” At the ensuing Easter (1833), he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel, in the room of Robert Isaac Wilberforce. Frederick Rogers (now Lord Blachford) was elected at the same time. He was at once appointed Mathematical Lecturer, and afterwards became a Tutor of the College. It was a memorable epoch, for in the autumn of that same year (1833) the ‘*Tracts for the Times*’ were commenced. Newman and Froude were away from Oxford at Easter, (when the Oriel fellowship election takes place), but Marriott made the acquaintance of both, if he had not made it already, on their return in the autumn: and the Society numbered besides among its members Keble and Jenkyns, Dornford and Denison, Christie and Mozley, Walker and Eden.

Marriott was in consequence something more than an eye-witness of the Tractarian movement from its original inception to its close. He was throughout this period a great student, and became devotedly attached to John Henry Newman; the attractive charm of whose mind and manner, converse and teaching, was a thing not to be described. There probably occurs in most studious men’s lives an interval of a few precious years during which they have been able to devote themselves exclusively to the cultivation of their favourite science: and these were Charles Marriott’s years of severest thought

and toil. But the brief entries in the private Diary which he kept about this period indicate an amount of intellectual activity and manysidedness which is even perplexing. He was studying with Johnson (late Dean of Wells) the higher Mathematics and Astronomy: was obtaining help from another source in Music (organ and piano) and singing: was entertaining himself at the same time with poetry (Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Southey), Biography, contemporary History and Metaphysic. As if this were not enough, his mind was at work on Aristotle and Cicero,—Irvingism and Astrology,—Agriculture and tithes,—Logic and Political Economy,—Pantheism and the Poor Laws,—Comets and Geology,—Utilitarianism and Ontology,—the Progress and Prospects of Society. He was also an active member of a Moral Philosophy society, which I believe owed its beginning to William Sewell, and died of neglect some thirty years ago. But, as I have said, Divinity was *the business* of Marriott's life. He was already recognized as a student of the highest type, and in 1838 found himself importuned by Bp. Otter, in the second year of his brief but admirable Episcopate [Oct. 2nd, 1836—Aug. 20th, 1840], to undertake the Principalship of the 'Diocesan Theological College' (for preparing Candidates for Holy Orders) which the Bishop was anxious to establish in Chichester. Marriott yielded to the solicitations of this excellent Prelate, but determined first to recruit his health by spending a winter in the south of Europe.

Leaving England on the 16th of November 1838, he journeyed leisurely south: visiting Lyons, Nismes, Avignon, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and reaching Rome on the 30th October. At Rome he found Benjamin Harrison and Manning, Gladstone and George Richmond, besides other English friends,—the society to which Hugh James

Rose was to have contributed one more conspicuous element. Aware that Rome had been Rose's destination, Marriott made repeated inquiries after him, and at last learned his death when he was himself on the eve of departing (January 18th, 1839), in order to return northward. At Florence (on the 22nd) he "went to look for Mrs. Rose, but found that she had been gone some time." So he repaired to the Cemetery and saw his friend's grave,<sup>7</sup>—"dictis quae dico ad sepulcra eorum qui requiescunt in CHRISTO." Ten days after reaching England, he repaired to Chichester, and unpacked his books on the 26th February, 1839.

The Theological College, which in his time was located at 'Cawley Priory,'—(the name of a delightful residence surrounded by an ample garden, situated in the South Pallant),<sup>8</sup>—was singularly fortunate in being at its outset presided over by so accomplished a scholar, so judicious a Divine, so pure a spirit. He had for his colleague the Rev. Henry Browne,—(author of that remarkable, but little known work, '*Ordo Saeclorum*,')—of whose abilities he entertained a very high opinion. I have heard him say that he never knew a man who in so eminent a degree possessed the art of making his often abstruse meaning intelligible to others, as Henry Browne. At the opening of the Lent Term in the ensuing year (1840), Marriott delivered an inaugural '*Lecture*' (on the Studies preparatory to Holy Orders,

<sup>7</sup> See above, p. 271-2.

<sup>8</sup> These pleasant quarters were abandoned in the Spring of 1844.—Marriott's colleague succeeded him as Principal in 1841. The institution declined, and at the end of a few years (viz. at the close of 1845)

was declared to be in a state of *non esse*. Reviving at the end of nine months under the Principalship of the learned Philip Freeman, it again became prosperous; and has flourished and been successful ever since.

which he afterwards printed, "together with the Rules of the College, and an Appendix containing a List of Books used and referred to in the Course of Study.") He also edited critically for the use of his students the (so-called) "*Canons of the Apostles*" in Greek, with Johnson's English Version reprinted from '*The Clergyman's Vade mecum*' [ed. 1714], together with Johnson's English Notes. This is in fact a very valuable pamphlet. The 'Praefatio' is dated 'Peterport, Guernsey, Nov. 13th, 1840.' An admirable Address, '*The Church's method of communicating Divine Truth*,'—which on the title-page is stated to have been "a Lecture delivered at the opening of Lent Term, 1841,"—completes the enumeration of the printed Memorials of his connexion with this Theological College. It was by Bishop Otter that he was ordained Priest on Whitsunday, 1839, at All Souls', London,—of which church Dean Chandler was at that time Rector.

Some notion of his method with his students is to be derived from a letter of his to the Rev. J. Bliss, dated from the 'Diocesan College, Feast of S. Matthias, 1840:'—

"At present we read in the Bible daily from twelve to one; construing from the Greek, whether in the Old or New Testament, and considering both language and sense in some degree critically. Then we take half an hour either at Hooker [bk. v.], with reference to the Prayer-book, Canons, &c., or Justin Martyr's '*Apologia*,' construing slowly on. Pearson might take Hooker's place, or Beveridge on the Articles, another term. And Justin might be replaced by S. Clement, or S. Ignatius, or the Canons of the Council of Nicaea, &c. At breakfast and tea we read Ecclesiastical History, Biography, &c. As to exercises we have done but little. A comparative table of the Baptismal Services,—a short instruction on Confirmation,—are some of those which

I have set. I hope we shall do more in this way in future. But I am only just learning my way. On Saints' days we read a Psalm, comparing LXX, Vulgate, &c., and looking at Commentaries. Theodoret, S. Augustine, Chrysostom and Jerome are all most useful as Commentators. Theodoret is the most handy. The Students are expected to abstain from public amusements, and from sporting, and to inform me beforehand, if they conveniently can, when they wish to be absent from our meals, and never to miss Lecture without leave. I have begun a course of weekly Lectures on Ecclesiastical History."

Subjoined is a characteristic extract from another of Marriott's letters written at this same time. It was addressed to C. F. Balston, esq.,—who had consulted Marriott concerning Coleridge's '*Aids to Reflection.*' The letter is sure to be perused with interest:—

"I well remember that in my last term 'in rooms,' having already made some little progress in Coleridge, I somehow or other found time to read the first book of Hooker's '*Ecclesiastical Polity.*' I did not then master it, nor have ever done so since; but I found within the first few pages of it enough to stay my mind in all after enquiries after Truth. I should be curious to know (unless indeed I have anticipated the question) whether you would light upon the same words, which fixed themselves indelibly on my mind, so that, for years after reading them, not a day passed but they were fresh in my recollection. Pray do,—when you have either now or at some other time read the first few pages (not to look for any one saying, but really to enter into the spirit of the Author),—let me know what strikes you as his great *dictum*. I shall not be the least disappointed if we differ, for I suppose there are hundreds of *dicta* in his writings, that singly involve the germ of all true philosophy. For every Truth has such a relation to the rest of Truth; that they cannot be apart. And Words, as Coleridge goes far to show, carry much more in them

than the first meaning we attribute to them. But more of this, if you will, some other time.”<sup>9</sup>

The hints afforded by his brief Diary at this period of his life indicate the same multifarious reading,—the same craving after diverse departments of study,—which we have already encountered. He was assiduously occupied with Hebrew and with Anglo-Saxon. His enthusiastic remarks on natural scenery (for he was a great walker) and his occasional record of the beautiful aspect of the heavens at sunset, are full of freshness and delight. We also meet with frequent indications of variable health and of a most infirm body. He complains of drowsiness and of a proneness to catch cold. We are not surprised to learn that, at the end of two years, he was forced to resign his Principalship. The demand which it made on his powers was too great. He returned to Oriel, and in October 1841 was appointed sub-Dean of his College.

Let it not be supposed that in this return of his to Oxford there was any admixture of shrinking from toil and effort. Of his absolute singleness of purpose he gave a signal illustration at this very juncture,—affording proof that he was prepared to sacrifice at the shrine of duty whatever the world had to offer that was to himself most attractive. In truth, all through life, to do *what was right* seemed the one only thing he set before himself as worth a thought. Archd. Marriott, his cousin, relates as follows:—

“I saw—(he had a special reason for showing it to me)—the letter in which he consulted Newman as to whether he should offer to accompany Bp. Selwyn to

<sup>9</sup> ‘Chichester Dioc. Coll.,’ Feb. 16, 1840.



New Zealand, when the Bishop was going out (as he then believed) without a single educated man as his helper. This was in 1841. The step would have involved the sacrifice of all Charles's habits,—of all he was specially fitted for,—and above all, of that close association in work and constant intercourse with Newman, which was the joy of his life. The question was put as simply as a soldier might have asked, at which gate he should mount guard. The only approach to an expression of feeling was, 'I like best being your servant, but one must not always go by liking.' I do not know whether the Bishop ever heard of this thought. Assuredly to be a Missionary in a new country was not Charles's vocation. The severance from his friend came in a far harder form. I do not know whether they ever met after Newman left our Church."

I will but add that his interest in the New Zealand Church remained unabated to the last. Besides keeping its Bishop acquainted with the progress of Church affairs in England, and affording him many a practical proof of his sympathy, it was for the benefit of Selwyn's candidates for the ministerial office that Charles Marriott edited a precious volume of '*Analecta Christiana*,' which deserves to be reprinted, and might well become a standard text-book in our Theological Colleges. The former part was published in 1844,—which is the date of the interesting Epistle dedicatory: the latter part, in 1848. It contains extracts from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius,—two Epistles of Ignatius,—excerpts from Clemens Alex.,—two treatises of Athanasius,—four of Chrysostom's Homilies on the Acts,—and the Apology of Gregory of Nazianzus. It extends to 371 pages.—In 1848, Marriott edited in 12mo. four of Augustine's shorter Treatises,<sup>1</sup> which he also inscribed to Bishop Selwyn,—

<sup>1</sup> *De Catechizandis rudibus.*—*De Rerum quae non videntur.*—*De Symbolo ad Catechumenos.*—*De Fide Utilitate Credendi.*

announcing at the same time his design to offer him someday something by Bernard.

Truly critical was the moment at which he re-appeared in Oxford. "From the end of 1841, I was on my death-bed, as regards my membership with the Anglican Church,"—writes Mr. Newman in his *Apologia*.<sup>2</sup> "I had given up my place in the movement, in my letter to the Bp. of Oxford in the Spring."<sup>2</sup> True, that it was not until the Michaelmas of 1843, that "beginning to despair of the Church of England," Mr. Newman resigned his *cure* of S. Mary's:<sup>3</sup> not until another two years had fully run out, that he actually lapsed to the Church of Rome.<sup>4</sup> But the good work which he had entered upon with so much zeal and alacrity in the September of 1833,<sup>5</sup> at the end of seven years he had practically abandoned; and, at the close of the eighth year, had openly withdrawn from. At *that* precise season then it was that Marriott came back to Oriel: and it soon became evident that it was *he* who must stand in the gap which Mr. Newman's impending desertion had already occasioned, or that much of the good work which had been begun must collapse. Some words which he addressed about this time to Bishop Selwyn claim insertion here, as giving his own view of the position he found himself occupying in Oxford:—

"My health continues weak, and inadequate to anything very laborious, though I hope I am not wasting my time. My advisers seem agreed that my work is here, and my sober judgment goes with them, even after every allowance for the certain truth, that our labourers abroad do as much as any body here, to strengthen us at home. *But one's way is harder to find here, and one's dangers closer at hand, and one's responsibilities incalculable.* The

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*, p. 257.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 306, also p. 325.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 366.

<sup>5</sup> See above, p. 177.

times are forcing on us a change, which under God must be prevented from issuing in confusion, and must receive a character by the efforts of a few; and though I have scarcely any judgment, or power of calculation in the matter, I have a place, which seems assigned me by Providence. It is a subordinate one; but I do not know how to relinquish it without a real desertion of duty. It is all but wrong of me to speak of this again, but really my sympathy with your Mission is such, that I cannot help thinking at times how it would be, were I engaged in it.”<sup>6</sup>

How truly agonizing this entire period [1841-45] was to Charles Marriott, may be more easily imagined than described. With his boundless power of sympathy,—his warm affections,—his unwavering devotedness to the Church of England,—it was a constant source of heart-ache to him to witness token after token of growing estrangement on the part of one for whom he entertained such entire reverence and affection. It was (to use Mr. Newman’s own image) like witnessing the dying agonies of some loved object indefinitely prolonged. What had first opened Marriott’s eyes to the approaching catastrophe as a thing probable, as well as how it affected him, is best illustrated by his letter to Newman already partially quoted in the ‘*Apologia*.’ “One very dear friend, now no more, Charles Marriott, sent me a letter at the beginning of 1845, from which, from love of him, I quote some sentences”:<sup>7</sup>—

“Bitton, Jan. 15th, 1845.

“If you saw B. in town, he will have told you that he shewed me a letter, which I think he has shewn to no one else. I must at once write you my mind upon it; though you know me well enough to be aware, that I never see through any thing at first, nor feel it as it is.

<sup>6</sup> From ‘*Littlemore*,—Sept. 13th, 1842.’

<sup>7</sup> *Apologia*, p. 361-2.

How it affects my chief concern,—the best manner in which I can hereafter serve God,—I know not. It casts a gloom over the future, which you can understand, if you have understood me, as I believe you have. But I may speak at once, of what I see and feel at once, and doubt not that I shall ever feel:—that your whole conduct towards the Church of England, and towards us who have striven and are still striving to seek after God for ourselves, and to revive true Religion among others, under her authority and guidance, has been generous and considerate; and, where that word is appropriate, I may add dutiful,—to a degree that I could scarcely have conceived possible.<sup>8</sup> The course you have adopted has been one more unsparing of self than I should have thought human nature could sustain, though I know little of it but the slight reflection of your pain at some points when perhaps it has been my lot unwillingly to add to it. If I have been too dull for your intention, I know you will forgive one who most deeply loves you, and whose very resistance to your hints arose from that love. I have felt with pain every link that you have severed, but I have asked no questions, because I felt it to be necessary that you should measure the disclosure of your thoughts according to the occasion, and the capacity of those to whom you spoke.” [Then, after a passionate inquiry whether any course of joint action could be devised as “a possible means of keeping us together amongst ourselves, as well as of uniting us to our Brethren,” Marriott concludes:] “I say no more at present, for I write in haste in the midst of engagements engrossing in themselves, but partly made tasteless, partly embittered by what I have

<sup>8</sup> So honorable a trait of character deserves to be specially commemorated. Writing to his Aunt from Oriel, (Oct. 12th, 1845,) C. M. says, —“There is hardly anything in which I more thoroughly admire Newman than the manner in which he has thrown aside the power he had in the Church of England, since

he has felt that he must be drawn out of it. It is hardly possible that I should ever have the same hold of any mind that he has had of mine; yet he contrived to detach me from depending on himself, and to give me over to Pusey, sooner than even passively allow me to be drawn after him.”

heard; . . . I do not press you for one word of explanation. It may be a self-deceiving apathy, but I think it is not. Be it as it may, I am willing to trust even you, whom I love best on earth, in GOD'S HAND, and in the earnest prayer that you may be guided into all Truth, and so employed as is best for the Holy Catholic Church and for yourself: and remain ever yours affectionately,  
 "C. M."

It was at such a juncture then, that Marriott nobly came forward,—identified himself, as he had never done before, with the 'Tractarian' movement, (with all that was Catholic in it he had been all along in profoundest sympathy),—and manfully stood in the breach. Never was there a time when such calmness and intrepidity were more needed. Not that he was one to controul, and guide, and govern. Like John Keble, he was without the peculiar gifts which are required for a leader. Indeed, only in the capacity of a subaltern could any one in Oxford have come forward at that particular moment. Hugh James Rose had been for three years removed from the scene,—“perhaps the only man” (to quote a remark of Dr. Wordsworth's to Joshua Watson) “who, not going all lengths with the authors of the movement, was really respected by them. Others may allay the storm, but *he* would have prevented the outbreak.”<sup>9</sup> Keble was far away at his country cure. Pusey was the only leader at head-quarters: and to him Marriott opportunely joined himself. He brought to the cause every good and perfect gift which at that time it most urgently needed: I mean, above all things, a well merited reputation for sound Theological learning and solid Classical attainment,—combined with what I can only designate as a truly Apostolic holiness of character,—a most conciliatory, sympathizing disposition,—entire singleness of purpose.

<sup>9</sup> Churton's *Memoir of Joshua Watson*,—ii. 145.

But his prime qualification for supplying Newman's place was his unswerving loyalty to the Church of his fathers,—his absolute and undoubting confidence in the Apostolicity of the Church of England. Cherishing no miserable suspicions on this subject, he was scarcely able to understand how they could be seriously entertained by any competently learned person. His view of what constitutes a living branch of CHRIST'S Holy Catholic Church soared far above the region of logical quibbles,—intellectual subtleties,—arbitrary definitions,—irrelevant truisms.<sup>1</sup> It was the view of Andrewes and of Hooker,—of Laud and of Bull,—of Barrow and of Bramhall,—of Pearson and of Butler,—of Rose and of Mill. Rather was it the view of GOD'S Word, as interpreted by the Church Catholic in all ages. He may,—he *must* have secretly entertained grave doubts concerning the Catholicity of the Church of Rome: concerning the Catholicity of the Church of England, he never harboured one mis-giving. "For my own part" (he said),—

"though I may be suspected, hampered, worried, and perhaps actually persecuted, I will fight every inch of ground before I will be compelled to forsake the service of that Mother to whom I owe my new Birth in CHRIST, and the milk of His Word. I will not forsake her at any man's bidding till she herself rejects me; nor will I believe, till there is no other alternative (which GOD forbid should ever be!), that she has fallen as she herself tells me she *may* fall."<sup>2</sup>

The office to which Marriott found himself promoted,—(words which I cannot write without bitterness),—was no sinecure. No pains had been taken by the authors of "the Tractarian movement" to lay foundations.

<sup>1</sup> As, '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*,'—a principle fatal to Romanism.

<sup>2</sup> To Sir J. W. Awdry,—Orientalist, Feb. 20, 1845.

The younger men to whom it appealed became speedily intoxicated with the "new wine" of which they had found themselves suddenly recommended to drink freely. They had never had it explained to them systematically *why* they were 'Churchmen,' and wherein they were 'Catholic.' They had been stirred by the war-cry of a party, in the forefront of which they recognized whatever was noblest, purest, most highminded in the University. They had learned its watch-words, and, with generous impetuosity, had adopted its principles and its practices. But what was to be done when, at the end of a few years, the leader of the movement was seen to "go over,"—and when it became the fashion for his lieutenants to speak half-heartedly of the Anglican cause, and to describe themselves from many a pulpit as "faint, yet pursuing"? Only too evident was it that leader and lieutenants alike—with all their great attainments and splendid gifts—had lost their way; were, after all, unacquainted with the impregnable strength and true Catholicity of their Anglican position. A sound Regius Professor of Divinity at that juncture would have been an incalculable blessing: but what was to be hoped for when such an one as Dr. Hampden filled the Divinity Chair? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician?" must have been the voiceless exclamation of many a faithful heart. In the meantime, with pitiful indiscretion, the disciples of 'Tractarianism' seemed bent on precipitating a crisis by the extravagance of their public utterances. Excellent and able men,—as Ward, Oakeley, Faber, Macmullen and half a score others,—openly vied with each other in their professions of unfaithfulness. What wonder if this provoked fierce denunciation,—uncompromising opposition? The worst anticipations of Hugh James Rose were more than

realized. In 1844 (Sept. 5) Marriott described to Selwyn the position of affairs at Oxford as follows:—

“In Church matters we are much at a stand. Many are in great alarm about Romanism; and inclined, for fear of it, to persecute any one who believes half the Church Catechism. Those with whom I feel most sympathy are disabled from acting publicly by people’s want of confidence; while some are pressing beyond our views, and trying to bring everything to a strictly Roman standard. Unless Captain Lysias, or some better influence, comes in, we are likely to be roughly handled between Pharisees and Sadducees.”

In the ensuing February [1845], Marriott wrote:<sup>3</sup>—

“The Bishop of London has put Oakeley in the Court of Arches for publishing a claim to hold all Roman doctrine (as distinct from *teaching* it) while he signs the Articles. The cause will come on pretty soon, I believe. . . . I wish they would not push things to such extremities as drive people mad, and almost absolutely paralyse the Church of England during the agitation. It is much the same at Oxford. The working of the University is seriously impeded by commotions.”

Throughout the whole of this trying period, Mr. Newman’s friends,—(and no man ever had more enthusiastic, more devoted adherents than he),—refused to listen to the confident language in which his impending fall was openly predicted: declined to admit any evidence concerning him but his own. They trusted him implicitly: insisted on hoping against hope; until he himself informed them (Oct. 8th, 1845) that the fatal step had been taken, and that he had actually transferred his allegiance to that Church which a few years before he had publicly denounced with unsparing bitterness as under the actual domination of Satan.<sup>4</sup> To many, when the University

<sup>3</sup> To the Rev. W. Cotton,—from Oriel.

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 264-5.



re-assembled after the Long Vacation, such tidings concerning Mr. Newman seemed simply incredible. Marriott, in a letter to Bishop Selwyn ('S. Simon and S. Jude, 1845'), expresses what was the sentiment of a hundred hearts besides his own:—

“A change has come over the whole face of things here. To many eyes perhaps there seems little difference; but to those who have fairly estimated the worth of one who has left us, all seems altered. My own hope is to labour on towards the restoration of our Church; but it must be in heaviness the best part of my days. How many we are likely to lose I do not know; but some whom I regret much are already gone. I can hardly believe that I am now going on with works and schemes for our own Church; and Newman, still living within three miles, not only wholly separated from all my undertakings, but in a manner opposed to them. Not that he has yet done anything like opposition, nor that I think he will take an aggressive line; but still, his weight is now on the side of drawing from us those whom we would keep, and so undoing what we do.”

Impossible it is to exaggerate the mischievous effect which Newman's lapse to Romanism had on the religious movement inaugurated by Hugh James Rose some fifteen years before. A master-stroke of Satan's policy it certainly was, thus effectually to paralyze the Church's newly recovered life, and to divert into many an unhealthy channel those energies which it was beyond his power to quell and render inactive. For a time there prevailed on every side nothing but dismay and perplexity,—confusion and half-heartedness,—suspicion and distrust. Much of the good which had been already effected was more than undone:—

“We are leaving no stone unturned” (wrote Marriott to his Aunt) “where we see a hope of doing anything

towards restoring and maintaining the Church of England, and towards checking the now almost prevailing tide of secession.”<sup>6</sup>

What wonder if progress—except on sectarian lines—henceforth became impossible? Writing to Bp. Selwyn (on Christmas Eve, 1845), Marriott says,—

“There has been much talk of extending Education in Oxford. Had it been 18 months ago, I could have raised money to found a College on strict principles. Now, people are so shaken that I do not think anything can be effected.”

But over and above all this, there is no describing what an amount of heart-break, and consequent spiritual misery, Mr. Newman’s defection occasioned. Many (as Mark Pattison) drifted from their moorings entirely, and subsided into something scarcely distinguishable from absolute unbelief. More grievous still, (if *that* were possible), the *moral* shock which all underwent proved incalculably severe. Men were heard to ask one another,—*Who* then is to be trusted? and *what* professions of fidelity are henceforth entitled to attention? *That* thing which the Psalmist said ‘in his haste,’—are *we* then henceforth, every one of us, to say at our leisure? Not that any respectable person in Oxford suspected Mr. Newman either of insincerity or of untruthfulness. But *the facts* being such-and-such,—What was to be made of them?

Not to dwell longer on a period which I can never recall without anguish and heart-ache,—Marriott found himself surrounded by the perplexed and half-hearted, the desponding and the despairing; by avowed Romanizers, and by men who were almost without any faith at all. He was written to, resorted to;—worried with the

<sup>6</sup> C. M. to his Aunt,—Oriël, Oct. 12, 1845..

conscientious doubts, scruples, perplexities, of a hundred persons who had no claim upon him whatever;—became at last entangled in an unmanageable correspondence. But in the meantime there had been a vast amount of literary labour enterprised by the leaders of the party: and by whom was *this* to be carried successfully forward, if not by some high-souled student, who, like the man of whom I am writing, would be content to toil on without fee or reward; without the refreshment which self-chosen labour at least brings with it; without indeed any help or encouragement, but that of his own approving conscience?

This is the proper place for making reference to the immense quantity of *hack-work* (if the expression be allowable) to which Charles Marriott cheerfully submitted. In no other way can I designate certain of his literary labours. He was for at least fourteen years associated with Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble as joint Editor of the "*Library of the Fathers*,"<sup>7</sup>—(to which undertaking however, the last-named Divine contributed *nothing* but the sanction of his name): and throughout that entire period, every most irksome and inglorious department of editorial responsibility was freely imposed upon Marriott singly. His brother John relates with truth, that "in one shape or another, the '*Library of the Fathers*' was always on his hands. Either he was translating,—or he was correcting the translations of others. He was collating manuscripts,—or else he was correcting the press. The work was carried on at all times, and wherever he was." To my own infinite disgust, I once found him (with a severe head-ache) *making the Index* to a

<sup>7</sup> The earlier volumes of that the editorship of Dr. Pusey, Mr. great undertaking appeared under Keble and Mr. Newman.

volume of Augustine,—I think it was vol. xxii. Of course I took it from him and did it myself. Between 1841, in which year he put forth the Translation of Chrysostom's Homilies on the Epistle to the Romans,—and 1855, when he was struck down by paralysis,—he is found to have edited at least 24 volumes (i. e. more than half) of 'the Library.' Twelve of these volumes were works of Chrysostom (viz. his Homilies on S. Matthew and on S. John,—on the Acts and on S. Paul's Epistles). Eight, were works of Augustine (viz. his short Treatises, his Commentary on S. John's Gospel and on the Psalms). Four, consisted of Gregory the Great's '*Moralia*' on the Book of Job.<sup>8</sup> Dr. Pusey, in the 'Advertisement' (Advent 1857) prefixed to vol. xxxix, (which is the vith and concluding volume of Augustine's Exposition of the Psalms), thus freely acknowledges the largeness of his obligations to the subject of the present Memoir:—

“The first hundred pages of this volume were printed, when it pleased GOD to withdraw from all further toil our friend, the REV. C. MARRIOTT, upon whose editorial labours the '*Library of the Fathers*' had, for some years, wholly depended. Full of activity in the cause of Truth and religious knowledge,—full of practical benevolence, expending himself, his strength, his paternal inheritance, in works of piety and charity,—in one night his labour was closed, and he was removed from active duty to wait in stillness for his LORD'S last call. His friends may perhaps rather thankfully wonder that GOD allowed one, threatened in many ways with severe disease, to labour for Him so long and so variously, than think it strange that He suddenly, and for them prematurely, allowed him thus far to enter into his rest. To those who knew him best, it has been a marvel, how, with health so frail, he was enabled in such various ways, and for so many years, to do active good in his generation.

<sup>8</sup> These volumes (Nos. 18, 21, 23, 31) bear date 1844-5-7-50 respectively. In strictness the volumes are three,—in sundry 'Parts.'

Early called, and ever obeying the call, he has been allowed both active duty and an early rest."

How laboriously and conscientiously Charles Marriott did his work, may be inferred from his Preface to vol. xxxv, which volume is the conclusion of Chrysostom's 'Homilies on the Acts.' In fact, *all* his work was first-rate, under whatever conditions of haste and discomfort it was produced. Yet could not one help feeling angry at witnessing such fine abilities wasted—(for it *was* a waste)—on what an infinitely humbler instrument could have perfectly well accomplished; while more than one great undertaking remained unapproached, which scarcely any one of his contemporaries could have achieved nearly so well as he, and which he himself wanted nothing but leisure and repose of mind to undertake at once. I am thinking especially of a Commentary on S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans which was to have been *the* work of his life,—but of which a very slight sketch is all that he ever effected. Allusion is made to the "*Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans*," which he delivered at S. Mary's during the last two years of his Ministry [1853-5], and which were posthumously published by his brother in 1859. Even this sketch does not extend beyond the xiiiith chapter. An elaborate exposition of the entire Epistle was in fact to have been *his* contribution to that 'Commentary on the Bible' which Dr. Pusey announced as to be edited by himself, and of which the several portions were actually assigned to different labourers. Of this great undertaking the only portion which ever appeared was Pusey's own precious '*Commentary on the Minor Prophets*': but I remember Dr. William Kay's telling me that he had finished his Commentary on 'Genesis,'—(which was the book assigned to *him*),—many years before Pusey's death.

Besides thus taking the labouring oar in the editorship of the 'Library of the Fathers,' Marriott was a chief promoter of the scheme for producing the original Texts of certain of the giants of old time. The '*Bibliotheca Patrum*' (for so it is called) was commenced in 1838, with Augustine's '*Confessiones*.' Field's admirable edition of Chrysostom's '*Homilies on S. Matthew's Gospel*' followed in 1839. The task of editing Theodoret's '*Interpretation of S. Paul's Epistles*' devolved on Marriott.<sup>9</sup> He collated for this purpose Codices in the Paris library. But he was evidently extending his editorial regards to other Fathers. Writing to Bishop Selwyn from 'Littlemore, September 13th, 1842,' he says:—

"I have been spending some time in Paris, looking at MSS. of S. Chrysostom, and collating some of Macarius; and I hope we shall very soon be going on again with editions of some part of the Fathers in the original. I am now spending a day or two with Newman, in his Parsonage at Littlemore, where he leads almost a monastic life, giving the whole morning to study and devotion. The quiet that reigns here is new to me, and very favourable to reflection, though I doubt whether I am equal to such a life myself."

It was at the Easter of 1850 that Charles Marriott succeeded C. P. Eden as Vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin's, which is also the University church. Nothing could exceed the zeal and alacrity with which he threw himself into the duties of his new office. He and I had always been friends; but from this time forward I saw a great deal of him. Having no parochial cure of my own, I was able at all times to assist him at his Services, to administer the early Sacrament (7 a.m.) for him, or altogether

<sup>9</sup> '*Theodoret's Interpretation in omnes B. Pauli Epistolas: ad fidem codicum Parisiensium recensuit C.*

Marriott B.D.'—Pars I, 1852.—  
[Pars II is dated 1870.]

to stand in the gap when he was away,—which happened not seldom. He was greatly loved by his parishioners ; as well he might be,—so exceedingly attentive, kind and sympathizing was he in times of sickness or trouble. He was greatly revered also. The Cholera visited Oxford while he was Vicar (viz. in 1854), and the utter disregard he displayed for his own personal safety,—his magnanimous self-sacrifice,—evidently impressed certain of his (and my) “dearly beloved brethren” far more than all our discourses put together. It was very striking to hear [1863-76] words of downright enthusiasm concerning him, from lips not by any means given to such language. “Mr. Marriott was a saint, if ever there *was* one, Vicar ! And as for those girls in black, people may call them popish, or whatever they like : but let me tell you, if ever there were Angels upon earth” . . . . . The man was choked with emotion at the recollection of those days, and could not proceed. But the events referred to demand more particular notice.

“When the Cholera broke out in 1854” (writes Sir Henry Acland) “it was Long Vacation. There was no real authority to administer the arrangements. I was put in charge. I had to arrange two departments : one, That a lady should visit all cases in the houses of the poor ;—the other, That a lady should take charge of a white-washed cow-house in a field where many cases were sent. Miss Skene undertook and fulfilled the first duty.”<sup>1</sup> “She visited daily every house (within a certain area) to instruct the Nurses, to comfort the sick, to cheer the disconsolate ; and, where need was, herself to supply a sudden emergency, or to relieve a wearied attendant. By day and by night she plied this task, and *when* she rested, or *where*,—as long at least as she knew of a house where disease had entered,—is known to herself alone.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. letter to myself,—May 4, 1887.

<sup>2</sup> Acland's *Memoir on the Cholera at Oxford in 1854*,—p. 99.

Miss Hughes carried on the latter work to the end.

“This lady, with more constancy than prudence could approve, and more energy than a woman’s strength could long endure, was by day and by night among the people; superintended all the arrangements, and provided, to the best of the means allowed to her, for all their wants. In all leisure moments, with the help of her friends, she taught the children; not only by the teaching of books and of needlework, but by the persuasion of games, and by the discipline of cleanliness, often not less necessary than unpalatable. Nor in these rude and temporary contrivances was a lesser but an important act forgotten. The cheerful decoration of flowers and of pictorial illustrations was provided at the Hospital and the other buildings; and an attempt was made to remove the horror of the pest-house, by such means as we, in this country, alas! are daily proved to understand so much less than any Continental people.

“May those orderly habits, and the nightly prayers and the hymns of the infants, be transplanted to some widowed and fatherless homes where they were not known before! While these acts of strength and love spring up in time of need, let none be heard to doubt the practical powers and noble nature of English women!”<sup>3</sup>

Miss Hughes writes,<sup>4</sup>—“In the time of the Cholera in Oxford (1854) Mr. C. Marriott gave constant and most valuable help to the sick in the temporary hospital in the ‘Field of Observation.’ *Fearless and faithful*,—is the best description of his work among them. He usually came twice a day,—certainly once each day while the cholera was at the worst,—and at any time, day or night, I knew I could send for him or Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Venables, if the dying needed spiritual help.

“You will remember the terrible cases of small-pox which occupied one part of the rough Hospital. I was unwilling that Mr. Marriott should have the risk of going

<sup>3</sup> Acland’s *Memoir*,—p. 98.

<sup>4</sup> MS. letter to Sir H. W. Acland,—Easter 1887.



into it; but he would not allow any care for himself to hinder any possible help he might give to the souls of the sick, however loathsome their bodily condition might be. And with the cholera patients he would minister to the last moment. I seem to see him now hearing the confession of a dying man in one part of the ward, while in another part the priest from the Roman Catholic church in S. Clement's was ministering in like manner to one of his flock.

“There was one case of awful despair in a poor dying woman who refused to listen to any words of the mercy of GOD, saying only ‘too late, too late.’ To her, Mr. Marriott devoted much care and many prayers. It seemed as though no impression could be made upon her. The cry went on—‘too late, too late, too late for *me*.’ But Mr. Marriott's tender fervour to bring her to faith and trust in her SAVIOUR prevailed at last. He said,—‘But you *do* believe in the love of those around you, now that JESUS sends it to you?’ With what seemed the last effort of life, she raised herself,—clasped her arms round the neck of the sister who was attending to her,—and kissing her answered,—‘Yes, it *is* love.’ The last struggle followed almost immediately and we heard her say, ‘JESUS, save me,’—the words he had entreated her to use. So his prayers had been heard. She died in hope and faith.

“There was one part of Mr. Marriott's work in the ‘Field of Observation’ which was the bright spot of the day. It was with the Children who had been brought in on the death of their Parents, or from infected localities. You will remember the two tents which were used for dormitories for the boys and for the girls; to these, late in the evening, when they were settled for the night, Mr. Marriott used to go, and after saying prayers with them, ended by singing Ken's ‘Evening hymn.’ To watch him and the children with their up-turned faces and clasped hands was a scene of beautiful harmony to eye and ear.”

In the foregoing narrative I find one little circumstance

omitted, which may not however pass unrecorded by me. The Rev. John Marriott relates,—“In the course of his attendance on the small-pox cases, Charles caught the disease, and was seriously ill for some time. But he recovered in the course of the Spring and resumed all his employments as vigorously as ever.”. . . And so much for the terrible Long Vacation of 1854.

I was a regular attendant at S. Mary's throughout C. M.'s Ministry [1850-5], as I had been when Eden was Vicar [1843-50]; and before that, during the last years of Mr. Newman's incumbency [1842 and 3]. The three men were greatly dissimilar as teachers, certainly: but they all three agreed in certain essential respects. They were original;—they were highly intellectual;—they were good *teachers*, and were evidently thoroughly in earnest as to what they taught;—they all three seemed to be (they *were*) penetrated with a sense of the sacredness of their Office, and the importance of the message they were commissioned to deliver. And yet, O how diverse they were! The sermons of the last named Divine, which have since become everywhere famous, were like those of no other preacher for their finished beauty, their pathetic interest, their constraining power. There is no telling how they affected the heart, moved the will, gratified the understanding. Concerning Eden's pulpit addresses, sufficient will be found hazarded further on. As for dear Charles Marriott's sermons, they were singularly unadorned productions; yet most precious views they were on the deepest of subjects, boldly and clearly enunciated, yet set down only in the way of hint or outline: recommended by remarks which seemed as if they had been hastily drawn up from the deep well of the preacher's own spiritual, saintly experience. He

would knit his brows, and preach very much as if he were in earnest conversation with you. Everything he said was weighty, and full of Gospel sweetness: thoroughly well worth trying to remember. But the thoughts sometimes seemed to me deficient in arrangement, as well as in elaboration and finish: the whole, sounding as if it had been committed to paper at a disadvantage. . . . I once saw him finishing a sermon,—under conditions which would have accounted for anything. It was Sunday morning,—the University sermon just over, and the bell going for the parochial Service. In less than 5 minutes he must be in Church. I rapped at his door, “Come in,”—(without raising his head). He was leaning, *sprawling* rather, over his table,—with his ink-bottle secured to his button-hole (like a tax-gatherer) and eagerly writing. He did not speak,—nor did I: but I had my own thoughts on the subject. . . . There was no pretension whatever to oratory. Like James Mozley,—he was no ‘speaker.’ (Anything but that!) It was the importance of *what he said* that constrained attention to his utterances. His manuscript (like Eden’s) was without erasure or correction of any kind.

His brother’s view of this matter claims attention:—

“Though he had no special gift of eloquence, yet, from the fulness of his mind and the careful way in which he had thought out the meaning of Scripture, his sermons were composed rapidly and with ease. They flowed from his pen without a pause, and from this facility of composition, there is an ease and freshness about them which conveys the impression of what is spoken without book. They exhibit no attempt at high finish: but abound in clear expositions of Holy Scripture, and in striking passages enforcing his own views of Divine Truth,—his own high standard of Christian life. I

should say that the main design and aim of his teaching was to bring people to a knowledge of their true position and privileges as Christians, and to exhort them to a faithful and earnest use of the high gifts bestowed upon them through the Gospel. All his powers were devoted to the earnest endeavour to do good in his generation."

It ought to have been sooner mentioned that in 1843, yielding to the urgent desire of his friends, Marriott published the former of two volumes of Sermons,—which proved the chief literary memorial which he was destined to leave behind him. He styled the volume,—‘*Sermons preached before the University and in other places.*’ They range from 1838 to 1843. In the ‘Advertisement’ prefixed, he says:—

“As the writer is conscious that many things are imperfectly explained, he begs to have that construction put upon them which is most agreeable to the doctrine of the holy Catholic Church in all ages, and in particular of that branch of it to which, through the mercy of GOD, he belongs.”

The second volume of his Sermons (‘*preached in Bradfield Church, Berks, Oriel College Chapel, and other places.*’)—appeared in 1850. It was dedicated to his excellent and devoted brother, the Rev. John Marriott, Curate of Bradfield, and was prefaced by an apology for the want of style and finish in some of the Sermons. The author points out that although he had sometimes “written at the notice of a few hours, he has often been putting down the thoughts of many years.”—I will but declare concerning both these volumes (so little known!) that they are simply priceless, and will richly repay those who will be at the pains to inquire after them.

In the ‘Preparatory Thoughts’ to one of his works,

(‘*Reflections in a Lent reading of the Epistle to the Romans,*’<sup>5</sup>) he says:—

“I must strive to order all my doings for the day, so that each may have its proper place: and it will be well even to attend to my books and papers, that they may be rightly put in place, so that I may know where I am, and where my work is, and may not spend time uselessly in looking for this and that.”—(pp. 2-3.)

Impossible it was for any one who knew the man and was acquainted with his rooms, to encounter the foregoing virtuous resolution without a smile. Those rooms were the very picture of disorder. But, I am impatient to add,—they were *not* in that respect a faithful reflex of his mind; much less of his spirit. He was no confused thinker,—neither was there any want whatever of serenity and calmness in his soul. He could find a book, and the place in a book too, as readily as any studious man of my acquaintance. If you were suddenly to ask him a profound question in Divinity, he could,—and with evident pleasure *would*,—instantly focus his thoughts, and proceed to explain. No. The disorder was the inevitable result of Marriott’s over-tasked life and over-crowded shelves;—added to the publicity of a College staircase, and (what every real student at last discovers to his regret) the insufficiency of ordinary college accommodation for one who is engaged in laborious research. Undeniable however it is that anything more untidy than Marriott’s rooms can scarcely be imagined. His library was a very fine one; but the Fathers were suffocated with dust,—supplementary shelves encumbered every wall, passage, angle,—the pamphlets, sermons, catalogues, were literally without number. . . . It is a comfort to be able

<sup>5</sup> 1849,—p. 146.

to add that, instead of being scattered after his death, his library was transferred to Bradfield,—where it is now preserved in its entirety. I remember being invited by Mr. Keble to assist in securing the collection for some Colonial see,—in South Africa, I think.

It deserves to be mentioned that it was to C. M.'s zeal and liberality that S. Mary's is indebted for its present interesting Vestry. Allusion is made to the small apartment, (once, I believe, the Chapel of S. Catharine,<sup>6</sup>) which connects the eastern extremity of the Chancel with the "old Congregation-house,"—(for such is the proper designation of the long vaulted chamber beneath the *solarium*,—once the University library, now known as the 'Law School'). Till his time, S. Catharine's chapel had been the receptacle for the University fire-engine,—then transferred to the ancient vaulted chamber already mentioned, which adjoined it on the north.<sup>7</sup>

He was pre-eminently one of those friends, (I did so greatly enjoy their society at Oxford!), who had no objection,—on the contrary, who loved,—to talk freely when we were alone together about the hard things of Scripture. Woollcombe was another of these,—and Kay another,—and Gandell, another. I cannot say how refreshing it was to get Marriott on such subjects. I never

<sup>6</sup> See Peshall's *History of Oxford*,—p. 58.

<sup>7</sup> This historical locality,—(namely, the 'old Congregation-house' of the University, which had long fallen into a state of squalid desecration),—was in 1871 zealously renovated mainly through the exertions of the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Winchester. For a

period it was used as a chapel for the '*Scholares non-ascripti*' of the University; but I am not surprised to learn (1887) that "for a long time past there have been no Services of any kind held there," and that it has again lapsed into a state of entire neglect. It is scarcely a habitable locality,—damp, dark, and much below the external level.

found him unprepared. The seemingly tangled prophecy on the Mount of Olives being once the subject of conversation, he furnished me instantly with the clue to its unravelment: pointing out that *ταῦτα* (or *πάντα ταῦτα*) is the expression invariably used to denote the event in the foreground, (*viz.* the destruction of Jerusalem),—in contradistinction from the end of the World, which is spoken as *ἡ ἡμέρα*, or *ἡ ἡμέρα ἐκείνη*.<sup>8</sup>—He was always fresh and original. [Something concerning the ancient allowance of Polygamy, which (by an oversight) will be found further on (in page 355) should have been introduced in this place.] Our talk being once about Jael, I asked him how he got over the difficulty. He replied instantly,—“I suppose she regarded Sisera in the light of a wild beast: a creature to be snared and destroyed, by any possible method.”—I perceived on such occasions that he always had his own view,—had thought the matter out *for himself*,—although he was saturated with the Patristic method, and was the last man in the world to depart from what really *was* Catholic teaching. But on *this* head,—(for the subject is not only very interesting, but of the highest importance also,)—he shall be allowed to speak for himself. To a friend who ‘objected to any appeal to Catholic Antiquity, except as speaking through Councils,’ he replied,—

“More perhaps than you are aware might be collected from the early Councils. . . . But I will not insist on that. I should rather maintain that there is a truly Divine Tradition in the Church, of which the inductions of individuals are only very imperfect pictures, but which is represented with tolerable fairness by the consenting testimony of various students. It is upon such Tradition (collected, as I believe, with supernatural aid) that the decrees of Councils are framed, as you may

<sup>8</sup> S. Matt. xxiv. 33, 34, compared with ver. 36.

read at length in Vincent of Lerins, or in the history of almost any Council. And therefore I believe such a Tradition to be a real source of Truth, though I cannot be sure that I individually get from it the exact truth. I prefer it to any modern tradition, because no modern tradition *can possibly* be Apostolic when it contradicts an *earlier universal* Tradition.”

“For using such induction, and attributing a high authority to its results, we have both the precept and the example of the Church of England: *precept*, in the Canon of 1571, and *example* in setting forth the Homilies, which make use of passages from holy Fathers as grounds of argument. On the particular subject in question” [I believe the Holy Eucharist is referred to] “you must remember that we have the Liturgies, as well as the Fathers, for testimony to the doctrine of early times; and their testimony is more like that of a Council, than that of an individual Doctor.”<sup>9</sup>

Any one reading with attention his Sermons,—the two precious little volumes (described at p. 330 as published in 1843 and 1850,)—will understand something of his delightful way of handling sacred subjects: his spirit so calm and thoughtful,—so reverent and profound. It is difficult, at the end of many years, to produce specimens: but I will recall one characteristic incident, and then pass on. Unfortunately the subject-matter on the occasion referred to has entirely passed out of my recollection; but the external circumstances of the case dwell as freshly with me as if the thing had happened yesterday, and these exhibit *the man*.

It must have been about the year 1854, (for I was commenting on S. John),—and well into the winter, (for the snow lay deep on the ground),—that I had been devoting the whole of more than one long day to the study of certain doctrinal passages in the fourth Gospel; which

<sup>9</sup> To the Rev. J. H. Walker,— —200th anniversary of the martyr-dated “*S. Leonard's*, Jan. 10, 1845, —dom of Abp. Laud.”



must evidently be regarded in connexion with one another, and explained by the same doctrinal clue: but concerning which I had made the perplexing discovery that all the *Greek* Fathers (as it seemed) interpreted them in one manner,—all the *Latin*, in another. How to reconcile the two, I saw not: and who was I to adjudicate between the giants? I was greatly distressed. The College clock—(to quote an expression of Mr. Newman's,<sup>1</sup>)—had “struck as many as ever it could,” and I was getting desperately tired: but (1), To go to bed was out of the question: while (2), To postpone the record of what had been occupying me wholly for the last 13 or 14 hours, I foresaw would be fatal. The morrow was to be a busy day: then came Sunday; and by Monday morning.—*Where* would be the many delicate threads which I now held, as it were, in my hand? There were but two men (so at least I judged,) who were competent to help me: Pusey—(but how to persuade the porter to let me in through Canterbury gate at such an hour?): and Marriott. It was a dreary night. What if he should be gone to bed? and the lamps out on the break-your-neck stairs? . . . “I can but try, at all events,” I told myself. So, wrapped in a railway-rug, I picked a path through the snow, and blundered up Marriott's staircase. There was a gleam of light under his door: so he had *not* gone to bed. Half ashamed, I rapped. “Who's *that*?” I held the door open,—and, of course, in streamed the icy blast. A fractious voice again exclaimed,—“Who's *that*? I say. Will you be so good as either to come in, or else to go out? for I'm suffering from a cold in my forehead.”

<sup>1</sup> A man came in late to a College lecture (12.15 p.m.). The gentle reproof was,—“You are *very* late, Mr. So-and-so.”—“Didn't hear the

clock strike, sir.”—“And I'm sure, Mr. So-and-so,—the clock—struck—as many as ever it could.” [From the late Rev. B. E. Bridges.]

Sincerely begging his pardon, I kicked the door to behind me, and advanced. Marriott's expiring candles just enabled him to recognize me: for fire-light there was none. He did not know how to make sufficient amends for his discourtesy. He was 'So glad to see me,'—'Wouldn't I sit down?'—'The tea was not quite cold,'—'The water would boil in a minute,'—'Pray throw off your rug,'—and so on. Meanwhile, other candles had been lighted and the dying embers had been raked together. His kindness was touching. A few words sufficed to explain my errand. I sat down and so did he. I explained, and he listened: but soon he grew restive. I named the Greek Fathers one by one, Athanasius, Gregory, Basil, &c. and stated the substance of their remarks. (I heard an impatient "yes, yes"): then I specified the Latins, informing him, one by one, what they each said, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, &c. (Again I heard, "I know, I know.") "Then, since you know, tell me how these Doctors are to be reconciled; for they seem to me to be opposed and inconsistent. I have nothing more to say." . . . He was silent, but slowly began rocking himself to and fro in his chair,—like one putting an infant to sleep: and after a considerable pause, began. It was all very lucid,—all very beautiful: disjointed but logically coherent. He kept twitching his hand before his forehead, twitching and snatching, as if he were trying to catch a fly. He explained to me very ingeniously and thoughtfully as much as I wanted to know in less than a quarter of an hour. In fact I saw it all, at the end of his second or third sentence. In a few minutes more *I* was to be heard insisting on his letting me depart,—and *he* was to be seen insisting on lighting me downstairs. I speedily regained my fire-side,—blotted several sheets of paper,—and long before

the clock struck two, had forgotten every Greek and every Latin Father, — besides Charles Marriott and S. John himself. In the morning, my last night's adventure seemed the queerest of dreams. I awoke laughing at the recollection of the dear fellow's fractious "Who's *that?*" and the proposed dilemma that I must "be so good as either to come in, or else to go out."<sup>2</sup>

I would fain, without more delay, say something which should be illustrative of this beloved friend's beautiful character. Of his many conspicuous graces I am really at a loss *which* to single out for the foremost place. Sometimes, his profound humility of spirit first presents itself to my memory: at other times, his singleness of purpose: at others, his purity of heart: at others, his utter unselfishness: at others, his candour and forbearance, (*that ἐπιείκεια* which S. Paul [Phil. iv. 4] commends). He was so indulgent in his estimate of other men's words and actions: severe only towards himself. Occasionally, it is the habitual consideration and kindness of his disposition which forces itself on my recollection as his pre-eminent grace. But straightway there spring up, side by side with these, instances of his rigid conscientiousness; or again, tokens of his boundless charity. He was about the *fairest* man I ever knew. Perhaps his consistent holiness,—the habitually devout and reverent tone of his mind,—was his prevailing characteristic. There was something unspeakably sweet, and pure, and simple in the outcome of his habitual inner life. His was indeed a heavenly character. To me he seemed habitually *to walk with GOD*. I first understood the meaning of that Scripture phrase by closely observing *him*. A brother-fellow

<sup>2</sup> Unable to recall the precise object of my visit, I am but sure that it was *not* the mystery involved in

the last words of S. John xiv. 28,—where the Greek and the Latin Fathers are similarly divided.

expresses my meaning exactly when he remarks that "he seemed to move in a spiritual region out of the reach of us ordinary mortals."

No thoughtful reader will be surprised, after all that goes before, to hear me declare that Charles Marriott afforded a signal instance of that influence for good which a Collegian of high character and holy life is enabled to exercise at the University. One consequence of this was that many young men came up to Oxford recommended to his notice by their Parents. His practice was,—besides inviting them to his rooms, calling on them, or taking a walk with them,—to hold once or twice in the term a kind of general reception in the Common Room: at which some senior men would, at his request, look in for half-an-hour. It was quite a lesson to see how Marriott conducted himself on such occasions. He invariably singled out for attention the most shy and alarmed, or the most awkward and *cubbish*, or the most stupid and silent, of the youths present. He would pursue these unpromising, unattractive creatures into the corner of the room whither they had retired for concealment: would carry them tea, toast, &c., &c., and in short, *insist* on making friends with them. The trouble he would take on such occasions used quite to astonish me. But in truth it was a part of his Religion. He was always the succourer, advocate, champion of the neglected and forlorn; the feeble and the friendless; the lowly and retiring. I have really never seen any one like him: for his acts of this class were not the result of occasional conscious effort. It was *his nature* to be thus kind, sympathizing, friendly: and to be so at all times,—and to all. And, as I was saying, his example in this respect,—the influence of his daily practice,—was felt

to be a leavening power by all who came in Charles Marriott's way.

His unfailing good nature—but in fact it was his inveterate Christian consideration—really knew no bounds. Overwhelmed (as he always was) with all manner of work, he never denied himself to any one who saw fit to call on him, or wanted anything of him. "I see you are too busy. I will not disturb you," once exclaimed Edward King,—(the present Bishop of Lincoln, who was at that time an undergraduate of Oriel,—“a royal fellow,” as C. M. used to call him,)—and was proceeding to leave the room. "That depends," (quietly rejoined Marriott,) "on the relative importance of what *I* am doing and what *you* have come to me about." The reply aptly expresses what the speaker seems always to have felt—viz. that the 12 hours of every day had to be spent in GOD'S service, and that he was not a competent judge beforehand of *how* GOD might be most acceptably served. He therefore always held himself in readiness to meet any demand which might by any one be made upon him for a measure of his time, or for a share of his attention. A singular illustration of the thing I mean, presents itself.

A poor man, (resident in his parish), having solicited an interview, communicated his trouble, which was this:—With a legal claim (as he felt sure) to considerable property, he was yet unable, in consequence of his impecunious condition, to assert his rights. Marriott bade the man bring him the evidence on which he relied,—promising to consider it. Sundry deeds, abstracts of wills, &c. were the consequence; and the Vicar,—relying on the light of nature,—proceeded to unravel the problem. It taxed his patience and his legal knowledge to the full.

But the issue was, that after a day or two of incessant (and therefore most inconvenient) labour, he satisfied himself that his client was in error. The man had no case,—and of this the Vicar convinced him . . . Let it be remembered that I am not relating this incident with unmingled admiration. Marriott should have put the matter into professional hands, and reserved himself for inquiries of a different class. But—such was the man! His compassionate nature led him to sift the case to the bottom; and he could not, of course, foresee what a dance his guide would lead him.

I recall another humble incident somewhat in point, and certainly in a high degree characteristic. One very hot afternoon in the Long Vacation, he entered my room in beaver with a troubled brow, and—“Would I go for a walk?” “Certainly.” I took my hat and prepared to follow him. “You won’t mind a couple of *brats*?” he said inquiringly. (I groaned inwardly.) “Do you mean that two boys are to walk with us?” Yes, he meant *that*. (They were two choristers, I believe, whom he had promised to befriend, and this was how he was keeping his word.) We plodded along in profound silence, and at last found ourselves on the turnpike road to Kidlington: the heat tropical,—the ‘brats’ kicking up the dust in front. At the end of the first half-mile he ejaculated,—“I hope you don’t mind my not talking?” “If you are disinclined to talk, never mind. I can think.” Rather ashamed of this, he straightway added,—“Unless you would put up with my talking about S. Augustine. I have been at work upon him all day, and I can really think of nothing else.” The rejoinder was obvious; and a truly interesting conversation followed. It proved in fact as remarkable a walk as I

ever took in my life; and would have been a delightful one,—but for the heat, the dust, and the ‘brats.’ On getting back to Oriel, he challenged me to a cup of tea. The prospect of a quiet half-hour in his rooms,—*with* Augustine for reference, and *without* the boys,—was charming: but at sight of the dusty perspiring urchins, his heart evidently melted. He let fall something about their ‘perhaps liking something to eat.’ For all reply, up rushed the young villains before us, while behind came ‘Richard’ with two breakfast commons and a pot of jam. The rest may be imagined. . . . But how was it possible to overlook the man’s sincerity and self-sacrifice,—the genuine kindness of heart,—which could be thus considerate towards the two uninteresting children who had already ruined his afternoon and were now going to spoil his evening?

From Trinity until the Christmas of 1851, Marriott’s Curate at S. Mary’s was the Rev. Robert E. Sanderson, of Lincoln College,—now a Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, D.D. and Head-master of Lancing College, Sussex. Invited to recall what he is able of those days, my friend and neighbour has furnished me with the following characteristic and interesting narrative. But he begins, of course, by lamenting the obliterating influences of six-and-thirty years:—

“What can never pass from my recollection is the clear outline of his personal aspect and bearing, his ways and manner. And these were very characteristic, and for that reason were very dear to those who loved him well for what he was in mind and heart and spirit.

“Apart from these general impressions, what remains most fixed in my memory are the evenings which, soon after I became his Curate at S. Mary’s, he devoted to the study with me of the opening Chapters of the 1st

Epistle to the Corinthians. You knew his rooms better than I could describe them. A corner of a table was cleared of tokens of disorder even more incongruous than books and papers; and we set to work with a Greek text of the New Testament only in our hands. Presently, a Commentary; then, a Greek Concordance; then, a Father: book after book was hunted up from chair and sofa and floor,—rescued from what looked more like the ruins of a sacked and plundered library, than a student's room. Of course time was lost in the search, and we seldom got through more than 3 or 4 verses in the evening. But then, not a word was passed over. And a whole flood of light was thrown from collateral points of view upon these words, until they shone out quite vividly, as words inspired. The quiet and monotonous tone of his voice, full of frequent hesitations, yet always solemn, always reverent, is in my ear to this day. He taught as one who was also learning. And *that*, I take it, is the true spirit of the expounder of Holy Scripture. Certainly it was the first real lesson I ever received in the true method of studying it. So, he knew as little as I did how the hours passed. Time and the world seemed forgotten. The manner of our reading was as if we were in the presence of things eternal, and concerned with them only.

“I think we spent two evenings a week for six months over these readings. Yet we did not get beyond the middle of the 3rd chapter of the 1st Epistle. To the student of to-day such slow work would seem a waste of time. Certainly it was not the way to prepare for ‘an Examination.’ Fresh from the Schools however, this seemed to me the very merit of the method.

“But what lavish kindness did he show in all this! nor less, in receiving me every Sunday evening to dine with him in Oriel. I have, since, often thought how unspeakably it would bore me now to have, every Sunday, to entertain the same young Deacon at dinner. But Charles Marriott never let himself seem to be bored. And I see now better, why it was so. Though of a



nature quite susceptible of provocation, he had, I doubt not, so disciplined himself by the law of loving-kindness, as to have acquired a placidity which, when he was engaged in what he conceived to be a duty, or a charity, seemed part of himself. But I know he keenly felt the irritations when they caught him unawares. When overworked and ill, the incessant rapping at his door by triflers and intruders, really was a shock to him. I can hear now his patient (yet impatient) cry 'Come in.' His nerves were wounded, as the body might feel hurt by a blow. We have all felt the same. But there was this difference:—*He* patiently endured it for years together. *We* should have quickly found a remedy.

"It was peculiar to him, in a way I never remember to have seen in like degree in others, to be asleep,—I mean, *to be* asleep, not *to seem* asleep,—and yet, as if by a kind of unconscious cerebration, (to use a cant word), to have the power of calling to mind what had been said the while in his presence. An instance of this occurred to me, when he criticized a Sermon of mine of which I could have declared,—for I saw him *asleep* during it,—that he had not heard a word. I cannot account for this. Was it possible that the brain *did* receive, more distinctly than is usual, the spoken sounds and retain them, till he awoke to recall them for use?

"If his mental powers were thus at times awake when he was asleep, there were times when he was so absent as to be really half asleep when he walked and talked as if awake. This would explain his want of readiness in giving expression to what in truth he knew. And, as if by a kind of economy, it became habitual to him to say when consulted,—'Don't trouble yourself to find this out. Pusey knows. He'll tell you.'

"In truth he so taxed, and so neglected his bodily and mental powers, that, (as was inevitable,) both gave way; and the end came before he could leave behind him any permanent mark of his really large powers. His great industry, and his wide sympathies, and his affections distracted him. He lacked concentration. This was

fatal to him and his memory. And so his life passed by."

It was often remarked that Marriott "knew something of everything." It would be truer to say that he knew a great deal about most things. The variety and extent of his knowledge, in departments quite foreign to his own, often astonished his intimates. Such was the versatility of his intellect, that it was evident he had left no branch of Science wholly unexplored. He was conspicuously of a metaphysical turn, had a most subtle intellect, delighted much in whatever problems illustrate the Science of Mind. Some of his playful remarks on such subjects were of the quaintest and most original description. I was telling him of the distress I experienced at the inveterate way a typographical error would sometimes elude my vigilance, however often I might read over a printer's proof. To comfort me, (I suppose,) he told me that he was troubled with the same infirmity of vision; gravely adding that recently while watching a certain letter, he "had *distinctly seen it uncurl itself* and turn into"—some other letter.—A quick observer too he was. He would sometimes enter my room at night, muffled up,—('the veiled prophet' we used to call him),—to tell me of a circle of light round the moon, an *Aurora borealis*, or some such interesting phenomenon, and invite me to come out for a moment into the quadrangle to gaze at it with him. He was sincerely fond of the exact sciences, and had a real acquaintance with Astronomy. On a clear night, he would often plant the fine telescope which is kept in Oriel library on the summit of the College tower in order to observe the planets. This struck one the more, because not only were his hands always quite full

of work, but his organism was so delicate that exposure to cold and damp was apt to disable him.—He studied Music, and understood its theory, though as a performer, it must be candidly confessed that he was but a slender proficient.—It must have been from his father that he inherited his aptitude for Poetry, which was considerable. I have seen him sit down and write twelve lines in short rhyming measure without serious hesitation and delay.—Though he was no draughtsman, he was the author of a large portfolio of portraits,—some of them very striking ones,—of the members of the Common Room, executed by tracing in outline the shadow of their profiles (*σκιαγραφία* the Greeks would have called it) against the wall.—At one time of his life he had made Moral Philosophy sufficiently his study to offer himself as a candidate at Magdalen College for the vacant chair. Mr. Newman in a letter to the President,—(‘emboldened by the great kindness the President had so long showed him,’)—strongly recommended his friend and brother-fellow for the office. The letter is dated Nov. 15th, 1841:—

“He has lately been Principal of the Diocesan Theological College at Chichester, a situation which he resigned from infirm health. He is a grave, sober, and deeply religious person: a great reader of ecclesiastical antiquity; and has more influence with younger men than any one perhaps of his standing. He has lately become one of the Editors of the Translations which we are making from the Fathers.”

Once, at a College meeting, the Provost having turned to him for his opinion on an intricate question relating to the College property,—perceived that he was asleep. “Ah!” exclaimed Hawkins, laughing, “it is useless asking Marriott, I see.” But Marriott,—leaving off nodding,

and opening his eyes,—to the astonishment of us all, took up the discussion at the right place, and delivered his opinion concerning the problem before the society, like one thoroughly versed in the law of farms.—He was indeed of a most inquisitive turn, and was always entertaining himself with some strange problem,—*e.g.* with the theory of *shaving*. I remember his inviting me to guess how many strokes of the razor are necessary for a single performance.—At a fellowship examination, he proposed for one of the ‘General Questions,’—(but his suggestion was overruled,)—“Explain the principle of the *boot-jack*, the *smoke-jack*, the *bottle-jack*.” Accordingly, he was greatly tickled and diverted by any utterly unscientific remark. He had been endeavouring to elicit from a humble railway official the source of a recent accident,—*why* the boiler had burst. “Don’t you see,” (replied the man), “there’s apt to remain in the boiler at night, when the fire is out, a *naasty sulphurous vaccum*,”—which, in the speaker’s view, was enough to account for any extent of disaster.—An old servant of his family, who was very prone to break the family crockery, could only explain each fresh disaster by remarking that it was “*cruel crips clome*.”—The parish-clerk of Bradfield, being much offended with the Sunday-school children’s practice of bringing their dinner to Church, and eating it between the services,—“No. I don’t like it,” (exclaimed the old man): “it do look so very *dog-matical*.”—He was quite taken aback when an undergraduate,—more skilful in driving a team than in construing Greek,—having to read in Chapel, announced “Here beginneth the first chapter of the book of *the prophet Barouche*.”

This phase of his character,—I mean, his keen appreciation of whatever was droll, absurd, or humorous,—must

have struck certain of his intimates and contemporaries forcibly; for many of them<sup>3</sup> have reminded me of it,—professing at the same time their inability to produce a single specimen. “Have you” (asks his cousin Sophia) “quite brought out the fact that, along with his deep seriousness of mind, there was a keen sense of the ludicrous,—a peculiar delight in anything quaint and odd; and even a vein of something like satire, which he would use to put down anything he peculiarly objected to?”—Of this last, I can only recall a single instance. A brother-fellow having on the previous evening, *more suo*, behaved himself somewhat overbearingly at dinner,—(they had been, with other fellows of Oriel, Anthony Froude’s guests at Exeter,)—ejaculated to Marriott on coming out of chapel,—“My friend, I’m afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night.” . . . “*I observed nothing unusual*,” was the other’s calm reply.

I wish I could bring out this lighter aspect of my friend’s character more fully, but the general impression is all that dwells vividly with me. What has been offered must suffice on this head. I was unwilling that Charles Marriott should be thought wanting in a trait which no man of genius was probably ever wholly without. But it is not the aspect of his character which habitually presents itself to *me* when I think of him; though, (strange to relate,) at the close of life, when his great mental powers gave way, the sense of what was droll and incongruous seemed among the last to forsake him.

What I am far more prone to recall,—far more fond of recalling,—is the deliberate purpose with which, (simple as a child in this behalf,) he sought (and found) repose for his spirit in the familiar Gospel page. I have seen

<sup>3</sup> As Canon R. F. Wilson, of Rownhams, Southampton.

him refresh himself in this way; and it was impossible to see it without *feeling* refreshed also. The distractions of the times in which he lived, (which, to say the truth, made Academic life a warfare),—added to the disorder of his rooms, (which really passed all bounds,)—must, one would have thought, produce a state of mental perplexity and unrest enough to crush the spirit and darken the very light of life. But it was *not* so. He had a source of inward calmness,—had access to spiritual consolations,—of which few avail themselves so largely. It seemed to me that he was of a kindred nature to that Saint who said,—“When I am in heaviness *I will think upon GOD:*” and who habitually spoke of GOD as ‘his stronghold whereunto he might always resort,—his house of defence and his castle.’<sup>4</sup> His cousin Sophia having once expressed to her brother (the Rev. Wharton Marriott) her apprehensions “that Charles’s innumerable ‘irons in the fire’ produced a burden of anxiety which would prove too much for him,”—“I do not think so” (replied the other): “he is so entirely persuaded that all things are as GOD wills,—and that *He* will determine whether it is best that anything should succeed or fail,—that I do not think he troubles himself.”

It may not however be concealed that Marriott’s best instincts were constantly exposing him to serious inconvenience. Signally was this apparent in respect of the Printing establishment which he set up at Littlemore. After the dreary events of the early Spring of 1846, when Mr. Newman made his mournful exit from that village, Marriott (besides succeeding to his rooms at Oriel<sup>5</sup>) made it his business to become possessed of the

<sup>4</sup> Ps. lxxvii. 3 : lxxi. 2. (P. B. version.)

<sup>5</sup> See below, p. 388.

humble quarters in which his friend had resided at Littlemore since 1842:—

“I have taken the premises Newman occupied at Littlemore; partly, because I did not wish that he should be embarrassed with them: partly, because I was apprehensive lest any of his new friends should be led to urge him to put a Roman colony there,—which would be no good to them and a great annoyance to us.”<sup>6</sup>

But what was to be done with those three or four cottage tenements which Newman had made into one by merely connecting them externally with a shed? Marriott persuaded himself that it would be a judicious proceeding to convert the premises into a *Printing office*. This, of course, involved the paid services of a superintendent and of press-men. He could not but be aware that all the many nameless requirements of a commercial undertaking must in addition inevitably be encountered,—as, the frequent purchase of type, ink, paper, &c. &c. &c. Above all, there must be a constant succession of works to print, or the press must stand still. The consequences might surely have been foreseen. The Littlemore printing-press was a perpetual worry to him, as well as a heavy tax on his time and drain on his finances. I cannot say how much it used to distress me to see such an one as Charles Marriott laying down a sheet of Augustine or of Theodoret, in order to unpack a heavy assortment of great and small *pica*, newly arrived from the type-founder: or, toiling up to Littlemore “to see what the printers were about”: or,—(worst of all!)—writing something with inconvenient speed in order to supply the compositors with “something to go on with.” Writing to Bp. Selwyn (May 14th, 1846), he had said,—

“I am reading S. Augustine *De catechizandis rudibus*

<sup>6</sup> To his cousin Fitzherbert,—Bradfield, Easter Day 1846.

with my Missionaries that are to be, and I recommend it decidedly to the notice of such persons, not only for doctrine, but for some very valuable practical hints." [At the end of a year and-a-half,]—"My press at Littlemore gets on slowly, and it will be some months before I can finish S. Augustine *De catechizandis rudibus*." <sup>7</sup>

At foot will be found indicated a few of the publications (not original) which emanated from this press. <sup>8</sup> In many instances however, (as already hinted,) he printed at Littlemore short things of his own. <sup>9</sup> Of these, one in particular deserves honourable mention. I allude to a little volume entitled "*Hints on Private Devotion*." It extends to 84 pages, bears date 1848, and is dedicated to Alexander Forbes, the pious and accomplished Bp. of

<sup>7</sup> Nov. 4th, 1847. See back, p. 311.

<sup>8</sup> Besides the works already indicated,—'*The Danger of Schism*,'—[a sermon preached (1806) by his father at Dr. Sandford's consecration]: Oxford, 1847, pp. 13.—'*Psalm cix*, in Parts for the day.' [It bears no date].—'*Prayers for Persons associated in aid of Christian Missions*,'—Littlemore, 1848, pp. 12.—'*Occasional Reflections upon several subjects*,' by the Hon. R. Boyle, &c. [Originally published in 1665. The preface is dated 'Littlemore,' 1848.] pp. 389.—'*Lectures on the History of England*' for young persons: vol. i. Anglo-Saxon period,—by a Lady [Mrs. Trevelyan],—2 vols. 12mo. 1850-4.—'*The Life and Times of Hincmar, Abp. of Rheims*,' by the late J. C. Pritchard, vicar of Mitcham, formerly fellow of Oriel, 1849, pp. 566. [This work had been written by his friend while at Madeira and Barbados in search of health. It was intended to form one of a series of Ecclesiastical Biographies from

the Littlemore Press, but the plan was not carried any further.]—'*Hymnale secundum Usum insignis ac praeclaræ Ecclesiae Sarisburiensis*,' &c.—'*Preces Privatae, in Studiosorum gratiam collectae, et Regia auctoritate approbatae*, A. D. 1568';—a small square volume of 690 pages. The copy he gave me ('Con-tubernali, Amico, Adjutori,') bears date March 1854.—'*Sacra Academica. Preces atque Cantica in studiosorum usum*.'—'*A Sermon preached at Littlemore, at the consecration of the new Chancel*,' by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford.—'*Family Prayers, with Prayers for grown Persons and young Children, for the Use of the Parish of Bradfield*.' [This was reprinted in 1869.] The Address is signed by 'John Marriott' and 'John le Mesurier.' '*School Prayers for Morning and Evening*': compiled by the Rev. W. J. Butler, Vicar of Wantage.

<sup>9</sup> See below, the long note at p. 370-2.



Brechin. It reached a third edition in 1850, is very valuable, and ought to be far better known than it seems to be. His publisher was Mr. Parker of Oxford.

While on this subject, it would be unreasonable to omit some record of the fact, that in the latter years of his life Marriott was drawn into supporting a Quixotic commercial undertaking which went by the name of "The Universal Purveyor":—

"The object of it" (writes his brother John) "was to place the supply of the ordinary necessities of life on (what he believed to be) a better footing; and the prevention of the adulteration of goods. It was also intended to do away with the mischiefs of excessive competition, and the practice of false advertising and puffing of goods. His friends greatly regretted that he suffered himself to become involved in this scheme.—for which he was wholly unfit, alike by education and by habits. But he believed it to be the commencement of a great work for good, and no persuasion could induce him to give it up. The result was the waste (for it proved an utter failure) of a very considerable sum of money, and a degree of worry and trial to himself, which I am convinced had a great share in bringing on the malady which cost him his life."

It has been already remarked that certain of Marriott's best instincts were apt to bring him into trouble. One sad example of this is already before the reader. I cannot help remembering that there was also a grotesque element in the practical operation of some of his chiefest graces. I am sorry to be so often funny in my reminiscences of what was in reality as sad a life as any in this collection, and of a character which was so supremely holy also. But if the reader is to be informed what manner of man Charles Marriott actually was, the

traits must be set down as they present themselves, or it will not be a faithful portrait.

He was "given to hospitality," and entertained largely. I do not mean that he gave "dinner parties." He brought his strangers into Hall. But in fact every one of distinction in the Church who visited Oxford, either knew him or else brought him letters. Sometimes it was a learned Romish ecclesiastic—as Dom Pitra—who was his guest; and delightful it was to meet men of that stamp at his table. Especially at breakfast,—(*that* characteristic Oxford meal!)—he was fond of entertaining visitors, and careful to invite men of kindred pursuits to meet them.

An American Bishop for example, attended by three of his Clergy, having crossed the Atlantic, would present himself at Marriott's door,—who instantly asked them all four to breakfast next morning, and sent off cards by his servant to certain of his intimates, who found themselves invited to meet the strangers 'to-morrow at 9 o'clock.' On his way from Hall or Chapel—or in the street—he would ask another, and another, and another, as he happened to encounter them. Unfortunately, he kept no reckoning. The result may be imagined. On entering the dear man's rooms next morning, whereas breakfast had been laid for ten, fifteen guests had assembled already. While we were secretly counting the tea-cups, another rap was heard, and in came two University Professors. All laughed: but it was no laughing matter, for still another and another person presented himself. The bell was again and again rung: more and more tea and coffee,—muffins and dry toast,—butter and bread,—cream and eggs,—chops and steaks,—were ordered; and 'Richard' was begged to

‘spread my other table-cloth on my other table.’ The consequence was that our host’s violoncello,—fiddle-strings and music-books,—printers’ proofs and postage stamps,—medicine-bottles and pill-boxes,—respirator and veil,—grey wrapper for his throat and green shade for his eyes,—pamphlets and letters innumerable,—*all* were discharged in a volley on to the huge sofa. At last, by half-past nine (thanks to Richard’s superhuman exertions) twenty of us (more or less) sat down to breakfast . . . I am bound to say that the meal was an entire success,—as far as the strangers were concerned. They were greatly entertained,—in more senses than one. There was plenty of first-rate conversation too. Good-humour certainly prevailed universally. The delightful absurdity of the whole proceeding was so painfully conspicuous, and the experience (to strangers) so unique! . . . But O the consequences of such a *scrimmage* to the poor overworked student when the guests were gone, and the serious business of the day had to commence! Chaos must first be reduced to order:—the letters must be read and answered:—the proof-sheets scrutinized and annotated:—there would be callers to attend to,—bores to encounter,—engagements to keep. And long before *that*, the second post would have come in, and perhaps another batch of ‘illustrious strangers’ would have announced their arrival. The good part in which Marriott took all this kind of thing, was to me astonishing. I remember more than once teasing him on such occasions by gravely inquiring,—“Don’t you think, dear fellow, that you and I should both be greatly improved if we were to get married?” The subject was of course far too solemn for a light response. He would reply as gravely,—“When our friends find Angels to marry them, I think you and I may be content

to let marriage alone,"—or words to that precise effect. His allusion was to Mrs. Acland,—as perfect a Christian gentlewoman as ever adorned society:<sup>1</sup> a most delightful person.

Certain of Marriott's contemporaries, remarking on his personal peculiarities, have made prominent, almost exclusive, mention of his absent manner,—his aptness to fall asleep,—his strange nervousness: have treated him in short as if he had been a curiosity, a phenomenon and nothing more. But are such matters deserving of more than slight incidental notice? They were the mere accidents of the man. Truly has it been remarked concerning him that,—

"He never spared himself, and did not allow himself sufficient rest. He seemed not to be able to spare the time necessary for sleep; and this probably helped very much to wear out his strength, which was never very great. He frequently suffered from illness, of which continual drowsiness was one of the symptoms; but he always contrived to shake it off when there was work to be done."<sup>2</sup>

His peculiarities,—call them infirmities if you will,—if they are to be insisted upon, might surely be *explained* also, as well as *counter-balanced*. Only fair, for example, would it be straightway to add that Marriott's familiar talk was always original and supremely excellent,—that his chance remarks generally left you something to think about. His words with reference to Scripture, in

<sup>1</sup> I may be allowed to mention, out of love and veneration for the memory of that admirable lady, that after her death (October 25th, 1878), more than one choice specimen of womankind remarked to me somewhat as follows:—"I be-

lieve, if here in Oxford we had to name *one* model woman whom we should wish to represent our sex, we should all agree in naming—*Sarah Acland*."

<sup>2</sup> *Literary Churchman*,—Oct. 1, 1858:—p. 359.

particular, which were always thus weighty, keep coming back to me, at the end of thirty years, when I seemed to have forgotten them. Talking of the allowance of polygamy in the ancient days,—“You may observe” (he once remarked thoughtfully) “that we are constantly told of the domestic misery which it occasioned. We are generally shown, in a subsequent page, that it eventually led to deplorable, even to dreadful consequences.” (How grand a commentary on Jacob’s,—on David’s sorrows! Why, it is the story—*ἐν ὀλίγῳ*—of the disruption of the Kingdom!)

Then, for his habits. Nothing was commoner than to hear him rallied for falling asleep at the wrong moment,—at S. Mary’s, for instance, during the University Sermon. (By the way, he once told me that the only preacher who ever had the power to keep him awake was Mr. Newman.) In part constitutional, this habitual drowsiness was certainly in part the result of excessive brain-work,—so that he was at all times not indisposed to close his eyes, and presently to slumber. He commonly wore a black silk skull-cap, the *nodding* of which, during the University Sermon, certainly had a droll effect. Singular to relate however,—(let me be forgiven for again referring to this peculiarity),—Marriott’s *power of attention* was not by any means effectually suspended. He always knew what the Sermon had been about,—better than many who boasted that they had kept wide awake.<sup>3</sup>—Again, quite true is it that when suddenly accosted in the street, especially by strangers, he would exhibit hesitation, perhaps would look bewildered, would even stare, and for a few moments not utter a word. More than that. He was at all times

<sup>3</sup> James B. Mozley had the same infirmity, and the same peculiarity. See his *Letters*,—p. 61.

prone—in the Common Room especially—to subside into fits of silence. But really, (so at least it ever seemed to me), this was only either (1), Because he was very tired and had nothing particular to say: or else (2), Because he was oppressed with secret meditation: or else (3), Because the topic in hand was one on which, if he delivered himself at all, he must speak with more deliberation, and at greater length, than was practicable at such a moment and before such an auditory: for he was conscientious to a degree. Certainly, in ordinary conversation, he was not wanting in quickness or vivacity. I do not of course forget that if, when alone together, you appealed to him for his opinion on some very grave matter, he was apt to look steadfastly at you, and pause for several seconds before making any reply: but by this, you were always greatly the gainer. *On récule* (says the proverb) *pour mieux sauter*. Unconsciously, (as it seemed), he was taking time to think; and yet, not so much pausing to clear his own views on the subject, as taking a moment to consider how he might put *his* view of the problem most intelligibly and suavisely before *you*. The consequence was that, as a rule, his words were thoughtful, weighty and worth hearing. Often, his casual remarks were profound,—far-reaching,—affording evidence that the man from whom they proceeded had well considered the subject, and had taken a larger or a deeper view of it than the generality of his fellows. I find this feature so admirably touched in a brief notice which appeared immediately after his decease, that I shall here simply transcribe the passage:—

“In society he was generally silent and thoughtful, but very observant of all that was going on around him. Seldom speaking unless spoken to, and then often taking

several minutes before he gave an answer to a question which had perhaps been asked heedlessly, but of which he saw all the bearings better than the person who had asked it, he would not give his answer until he had turned them all over in his mind: and then it would be so cautious and guarded, that *it was sometimes difficult to fathom his meaning*; but when the hearers had arrived at it, they found *a depth in it which they had little anticipated.*"<sup>4</sup>

Never, to my mind, did C. M. appear to more advantage than when for a few days he made himself one of a domestic circle. His *considerateness* on such occasions was even extraordinary. He at once threw off his cares and his silent fits, — entered into the spirit of the little household, — was full of quaint sayings (which were long remembered) and entertaining anecdotes (which were well worth telling). The tone of his conversation, the tendency of his remarks, was always the best imaginable. Chivalrously courteous and indulgent towards the ladies of the family, — instinctively seizing the most interesting aspect of the trifle of the hour, — he always seemed *to lift up* the table-talk, as well as to sanctify it. It was more than once remarked to me by one who is now, with him, in bliss, — "Whenever he comes among us, he always seems to bring a blessing with him."

His sympathy was excessive: his heart, most tender and affectionate. There was something almost womanly in his kindness. At a season of bitter affliction (it was the latter part of the year 1854) I remember receiving one particular visit from him. It was a raw comfortless night, — the wind howling up the college staircase. Who could it be? What could any one want with me on such a night, — at such an hour? . . . It was Marriott. He entered; divested himself of his

<sup>4</sup> See the reference above, in note <sup>2</sup> (p. 354).

cloak,—wrapper,—veil. I still could not imagine what had brought him,—for he said nothing: but sat down near me, and sadly surveyed the fire. I soon *felt* what his errand must be. He knew my heart was heavy—was aching. He had come—to keep me company: and he sat silent, like Job's friends; and for the same excellent reason.<sup>5</sup>

Perhaps his prevailing grace,—certainly his most interesting characteristic,—was his unbounded *Charity*, using that word of course in its Gospel sense. He recognized the good in everything and in everybody: in his opponents,—and in conflicting schools of thought,—and in rival parties,—and in unsound books,—and in false philosophy,—and in erroneous propositions. When we were reading over the papers of candidates for a Fellowship, and perhaps making merry over some extremely foggy production,—“O” (Marriott would exclaim) “the man *has a view!*” And he would proceed to hammer out what, to his apprehension, the man (though he certainly had not said it) at least had intended to say. This wonderful kindness and *considerateness* of disposition: this indomitable readiness to make allowances for everybody, and determination to see “good in everything,”—resulted in a loveliness of character which there is really no describing. He never said a harsh thing,—nor, I verily believe, *thought* very ill,—of anybody. You could not vex him more than by launching out against some common acquaintance, of whom you entertained a very unfavourable opinion.—But, in fact, you ran the risk of throwing him off his balance, if you did: for though the individual was no friend of his, but an avowed and troublesome opponent, and a highly objectionable creature

<sup>5</sup> Job ii. 13.



into the bargain,—he would not allow the harsh censure to pass unchallenged. Ready was he, on the contrary, to discover all manner of extenuating circumstances, or he would invent an ingenious hypothesis to cover the man's latest delinquency. The consequence was, he could never be persuaded to believe that any one was an impostor, or was taking advantage of his simplicity. This easiness, and utter absence of suspicion, often entailed inconvenient results. He was incessantly beset by beggars: was always being preyed upon: knew to his cost what it is to live on a College staircase, and to enjoy the reputation of being "a very kind gentleman."

No scheme of benevolence lay nearer to the heart of Charles Marriott than the founding of a College or Hall for the reception of Poor Students. Deeply impressed with the fact that this, and no other, was the avowed purpose and intention of those very 'Founders and Benefactors' to whose piety and munificence the Colleges of our two Ancient Universities are indebted for their existence, he resented, with what I can only describe as a holy indignation, the practical exclusion of poor men from the benefits of an University career. Many of the Colleges are plainly declared in their Statutes to be eleemosynary foundations. What else, for instance, is the College to which he and I belonged,—concerning which the Founder says,—

"Hoc enim in eâdem domo specialiter observari volumus, ut circa eos qui *ad hujusmodi elëmosynae participium admittendi fuerint*, diligenti sollicitudine caveatur, *ne qui præter humiles, indigentes, ad studium habiles, proficere volentes, recipiantur*"? <sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> In proof that the Colleges of Oxford—(the remark applies equally to those of Cambridge)—were intended by their Founders for the

encouragement of Learning in *the sons of poor Parents*, the reader is referred to the end of the present volume, *Appendix (G)*.

Equally patent is the fact that our ancient Colleges have entirely drifted away from this, the known intention of their Founders,—have completely lost sight of their very *raison d'être*. From causes which it is needless to specify,—Oxford has become exclusively an University for the rich. And nowhere, not even in Keble College, is it at this instant possible to procure the full benefits of an University education, except at a cost which is simply ruinous to persons of slender resources; utterly unapproachable by the actually *poor*. No doubt, if a youth is able to compete successfully for a 'Scholarship,' the case is different: but how can such a result be expected for one who has enjoyed no early advantages at all? To insist therefore that it is as fair for one as for another, that benefactions of this class (worth from 70*l.* to 100*l.* a year), should be the rewards of '*merit*,'—is to talk nonsense. It is *no* '*merit*' whatever if a youth of 18, from the sixth form of one of our public schools, produces a vastly better Greek or Latin exercise than a youth of 20 or 21 who has blundered his way into the mysteries of Greek and Latin composition with few external helps, or none. Does not '*merit*' dwell rather with *him*, who, fired with a sublime ambition, and in resolute defiance of "Poverty's unconquerable bar," presses forward,—as if encouraged by the beckoning of a viewless hand: secretly conscious of power, and only asking that he may have the means of existence provided him, and be allowed '*fair play*'? . . . '*Time and I against any two!*' says the Spanish proverb. *Who*, at some time or other of his life, has not *felt* it?

To provide some remedy for this,—(*not* by the preposterous method recently adopted by the University, of suffering men to lead *non-collegiate* lives in Oxford, and

eventually to scramble through the Schools as best they may,—with none of the advantages of the place except a barren degree),—Marriott, as I have said, was unremitting in his efforts to procure the establishment of a College or Hall for the reception of Poor Students: and so to confer upon its inmates the advantages of an University course, —without the fatal drawback of entailing upon them at the same time a ruinous outlay. This (he saw clearly) would be far preferable to the plan of planting them in the existing Colleges,—where the rate of expenditure is fixed by the tyranny of custom and fashion far higher than could possibly be made consistent with the straitened financial resources of the class which he desired to benefit. Not that the *alumni* of such a College would of necessity be drawn from a lower stratum of society. His undergraduates would probably be for the most part,—what to a large extent our undergraduates at present are,—the sons of persons exercising liberal professions or engaged in commerce: *socially*, therefore, undistinguishable from the rest of the Academic body. The one difference would have been the essential condition for their being admitted, viz. the public avowal that they were alike unable to pay from 100*l.* to 250*l.* a year —(aye, or *anything like it*),—for the privilege of an University education, and incapable of competing successfully for those prizes which are invariably the rewards of previous training of a high order,—viz. College Scholarships.

His benevolent heart was always full of this project. In 1848 he addressed a “*Letter to the Rev. E. C. Woolcombe, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, on University Extension, and the Poor Scholar Question.*” Mr. Woolcombe had previously published a Letter to the Provost of Worcester

on the same subject, to which Marriott wished to call attention, and to add further suggestions of his own. His early death was the principal occasion why this high-souled project eventually came to nothing: but he is known to have obtained promises of considerable sums of money for the foundation and endowment of such a Hall as he contemplated, and a modest fund was actually raised and vested in Trustees,—which, had he lived, might by this time have grown into a permanent blessing to the University. . . . I have said so much on this subject in the humble hope that in future years some one like the munificent Merchant-prince who in our own days has founded and endowed Hertford College, Oxford, may be moved, after reading what has been above offered, to bestow on the Church the incalculable benefit of such a College as has been indicated. Marriott, besides pledging himself largely towards the foundation of a College for poor scholars in Oxford, was a liberal promoter of William Sewell's work at Radley and of Edward Munro's work at Harrow Weald.

But there was another cognate scheme of benevolence which Charles Marriott as fondly cherished, and which at one time he considered to be on the very eve of practical development. As far back as the year 1842 he had sufficiently matured his design to announce it in the following terms to the Rev. E. Coleridge:—

“ My dear Coleridge,—If my plan is permitted, I think of sending the following notice to friends, but not making it quite public.

“ It has been determined, in consequence of communications from some of the Colonial Bishops, to open a house at Oxford for the preparation of Candidates for Holy Orders, who are disposed to begin life on the principle of

being content with food and raiment, and serving where they are most needed, and wherever the Bishop under whom they serve may place them. With this view a plan of preparation is offered to those who can be well recommended, and are at the same time willing to live by strict rule, and in a homely manner. They will have to do some things for themselves which are usually done by servants: but nothing of this kind will be expected of them, which is not shared by the person who presides over the House. They will be expected to attend the daily service of the Church, except in case of sickness; and to be regularly present at the devotions and instructions of the House; and to abstain from every practice that is in the least unsuitable to such an establishment. Each will have a bed-room to himself, but there will be one or more common sitting-rooms, according to the numbers. It is hoped that no one will apply for admission who is not prepared cheerfully to observe the utmost regularity. These terms are not likely to be tempting to many, but it is hoped that those whose views are chiefly in the service of GOD and its rewards, may find here an opportunity of fulfilling their earnest wishes, and the help of likeminded companions.

“If you are acquainted with any young men, who are disposed and fitted to take advantage of this plan, you would oblige me much by putting me in communication with them, and by informing me whether they would need pecuniary assistance towards the expenses of their stay in this place; as it may, in some cases, be obtained. Economy will be carefully observed, and no profit of any kind made from the students. You will remember that I have not yet got the consent of the authorities here, to set this on foot, but I hope to do so shortly. If they refuse, I cannot help it.”<sup>7</sup>

Such were the benevolent designs with which Marriott's heart, head, hands were always full. His brother remarks:—

“Some of his intimate friends had long felt that he

<sup>7</sup> From Oriel,—*O sapientia*, 1842.

was overtaking his strength. I often tried to press upon him the duty of keeping within bounds, and restraining the sort of nervous eagerness with which he pushed on at every thing in which he was engaged. He would listen patiently to advice of this kind, and sometimes allow that it was needed. But it seemed to produce no abatement of laborious exertion. He appeared to be under an irresistible impulse to be always doing something,—and whatever it was, his whole energy and attention was thrown into it without reserve. His charities were large and free, and he was always most ready to devote time and care to the sick, and to give them the fullest share of his ministerial attention and sympathy. At the same time he was carrying on a very large correspondence with a great variety of persons. There were many whom he had helped forward in their education, with whom he kept up afterwards regular communication. Many persons consulted him about religious anxieties and difficulties,—and he was mixed up with many undertakings of various kinds for doing good work in the Church. He also corresponded with more than one of our colonial Bishops on matters affecting the interests of the Church in the Colonies.

“In addition to these various and engrossing employments, he was in 1854 elected a member of the Council for the government of the University. He devoted a great deal of anxious and laborious thought to the questions brought under his notice in this capacity. His mind was never made up on any subject connected with the welfare of the University without a very careful endeavour to see through it in all its bearings, and to weigh exactly whatever might be brought forward on either side of the question.”

The present is confessedly rather an attempt to portray a Character, than to write the history of a Life. Room must be found however for one more historical incident; viz. for Charles Marriott's editorship of the '*Literary Churchman*' from its commencement (viz. 'Saturday, May 5th, 1855') until, at the end of ten weeks, his

connexion with that valuable periodical was suddenly brought to a calamitous close. The publication itself was a literary venture of Mr. John Henry Parker of Oxford. Very characteristic is the editorial Address prefixed to the first number: from which I subjoin an extract:—

“We believe that nothing is more fatal to the true conveyance of information with respect to religious statements, than the way of representing them which is prompted by unwillingness to admit the solid truth of any. There is more truth in a false statement, there is more truth in the garbled representation of it by an adversary, than in the cold and lifeless impression of it which comes through the medium of an unbelieving mind; and none but an unbelieving mind can be wholly indifferent. Rather, indifferentism itself is a sectarian opinion, and one of the last to which a religious mind can shew any kind of partiality.

“But Truth is better set forth by the gravity of simple enunciation, than by the violence of invective or the piquancy of ridicule.”

At foot of the page will be found enumerated the more important articles contributed to the ‘*Literary Churchman*’ by C. M., the Editor.<sup>8</sup> The latest of those Reviews

<sup>8</sup> Besides the editorial Address, or Prospectus of the Journal, (in No. 1, p. 5), a Review of Maurice’s ‘*Learning and Working*,’—Ibid. pp. 8–10:—of Pusey’s ‘*Doctrine of the Real Presence*,’—No. 2, pp. 31–4:—of ‘*Saravia on the Holy Eucharist*,’—pp. 34–6:—of Meyrick’s ‘*Papal Supremacy tested by Antiquity*,’—p. 36:—of Bp. Selwyn’s ‘*Verbal Analysis of the Holy Bible*,’—p. 36.—In No. 3, of ‘*The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*,’—pp. 56–8:—of Conybeare’s ‘*Essays*,’ pp. 59–61:—of Pinder’s ‘*Meditations*,’—p. 62:—of Wordsworth on ‘*Bunsen’s Hippolytus*,’—p. 65.—

In No. 4, of Menzies’ ‘*Reformers before the Reformation*,’—pp. 80–1:—of ‘*Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*,’—pp. 82–3:—of ‘*Liguori’s Moral Theology*,’—p. 87:—In No. 5, of Mozley’s ‘*Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination*,’—pp. 102–4:—of Taylor’s ‘*Evidences*,’—pp. 105–7:—In No. 7, of Roussel’s ‘*Catholic and Protestant Nations compared*,’—pp. 128–130. . . . Dr. Barrow, the learned and amiable Principal of S. Edmund Hall, succeeded C. M. as Editor of the ‘*Literary Churchman*.’

For all these details, I am indebted to Mr. James Parker.

must have been the last thing he ever wrote for publication.

The end came unexpectedly, and in a moment, while he was thus freely spending himself in the discharge of his many duties. I have reason to preserve a lively recollection of what proved to be, in effect, the closing scene. Reference is made to the morning which followed the night of June 29th, 1855. My servant (George Hughes) awoke me with the tidings that 'Mr. Marriott was upon the floor of his inner room, lying on his face.' Bidding him run for Dr. Acland, I hastened to the spot, raised my friend from the floor, and with the aid of his servant conveyed him to his bed. Acland presently helped us to undress him, and elicited, as consciousness and the power of speech returned, the outline of what had befallen him. He had been dining at Radley,—(S. Peter's Day, the occasion of their 'gaudy,')—and, in company with some friends, had bathed in the river on his way back to Oxford. He felt ill and faint in the water, but was brought to Oxford in a boat, and walked to his rooms. There he complained of headache and sickness, and was left by his friends intending to go to bed. The following morning he was found by his servant,—having fallen on the floor insensible by his bedside. It had been a stroke of paralysis, which had resulted in the loss of the use of his left side. His speech, though intelligible, was considerably affected.

All has been said. I might as well here lay down my pen. Remedies were of course administered, and a letter dictated by himself was despatched to his brother, who instantly repaired to Oxford.

As soon as Charles could bear the journey, he was



conveyed (23rd of August) to Bradfield in Berkshire,—the residence of his excellent brother, the Rev. John Marriott, who was Curate of that parish: and with him he remained, tenderly nursed and lovingly watched over, until his death. Hopes were at first encouraged that he might to a certain extent recover the use of his limbs; but this was not to be. He was carried from room to room, and when placed in his chair had not the slightest power of raising himself from it. He was conveyed out-of-doors daily. His cheerfulness, fortunately, never forsook him. He was fond of being read to. This sad state of things lasted for upwards of three years.

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His life-long habits of self-control were manifest during his illness, notwithstanding his weakened condition both of body and mind. It was quite his prevailing feeling that he must do what the doctors ordered, as the right thing,—although he never could be brought to understand that he was not in a fit state to go back to Oxford and return to his manifold employments there . . . . In the Spring of 1858, his strength manifestly declined. In August came a severe epileptic seizure; and early in September he suffered from inflammation of the lungs. Under this, it became manifest that he was sinking. He continued to be sensible till late on the 14th: and on the morning of Wednesday the 15th, between 7 and 8 o'clock (September 15th, 1858), with a very slight struggle, he surrendered his pure spirit to GOD, and entered on his Saint's rest,—having lived but 47 years.

On the ensuing Monday, his loved remains were laid in a vault belonging to the Rector, under the south transept of the parish Church of Bradfield. It was a delicious autumn afternoon,—bright and calm,—and there were

none present but just a few who really cared for the one who had 'gone before.' The Rev. Upton Richards, who was standing next to me, when the last words of peace were spoken, whispered in my ear,—'*Blessed are the pure in heart!*' . . . I was thinking the same thing.

I have passed thus hastily over the last three years of Charles Marriott's life, and have touched thus lightly on its close, for an obvious reason. His career had been—(surely I may say 'mysteriously')—*brought to a close on S. Peter's Day, 1855*: for it was on that day, ere yet he had completed 44 years of mortal life, that his "many excellent gifts" suffered what amounted to total eclipse. But he had "fought a good fight": he had "finished his course": he had "kept the faith." Henceforth, as we confidently hope and humbly believe, there was laid up for him that "crown of everlasting glory" which the good LORD "hath promised to them that love Him." . . . And "they shall be Mine, saith the LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

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I seem, in what precedes, to have done this dear friend no manner of justice. I have revealed not a few of his little personal eccentricities: said not a few things about him which will provoke a smile. I do not seem to have exhibited a corresponding solicitude to adumbrate the surpassing holiness of his character.

But there is nothing whatever to suggest a smile in the spectacle of one leading without effort a life wholly above the world: utterly scorning the littleness of party: absolutely devoid of self-conceit,—or self-seeking,—or self-esteem. Like Hugh James Rose, and like John Keble, and like Isaac Williams, Charles Marriott was well content to go down to the grave without experiencing

any of those marks of favour which are considered the appropriate rewards of men who have greatly distinguished themselves above their fellows, and rendered important services to the Church. He was incapable of coveting for himself any earthly reward, but that of his own approving conscience.

The purity of his spirit was extraordinary. No one who heard him deliver a certain discourse in the College Chapel, in which he spoke with horror about fornication,—will ever be able to forget it. At a Penitentiary Meeting at which Bp. Wilberforce presided, held in the College hall a short time after, I read out to the men a grand page from that same sermon, and remember to this hour the effect of the awful words,—though it was the merest *echo* of the discourse as originally delivered. . . . What fell from him on that occasion was not what any of us might have said, approaching the subject from the stronghold of Christian chivalry. It was the utterance of one standing face to face with the realities of the unseen World, and in view of the terribleness of eternal death. . . . I can but repeat that if ever there was a man in whom the Gospel became a living principle of action,—a practical thing,—the very guide of the daily, hourly, life and conversation,—*that* man was Charles Marriott. He was a great power for good in the University,—a leavening principle in the College to which he belonged,—a blessing to every society in which he mingled.

Care-worn and haggard as he sometimes looked, when one came suddenly upon him in his own dusty and untidy rooms, and found him evidently working against time; somewhat shabby too as he was in his attire when walking in public, (like certain other celebrated characters who shall be nameless);—Marriott had the hand-

somest face of any man of my acquaintance,—and (like Samuel Wilberforce in *that* respect) responded remarkably to the process of the *toilette*: looked well, in short, when “got up” with ordinary care. His noble forehead, his beautifully cut features, his mouth so full of firmness and expression, it was a pleasure to look upon. There exists no adequate pictorial representation of him. An engraving from a portrait by Drummond recalls his features with tolerable success: but it is altogether wanting in manliness, character, dignity.

It is impossible to lay down the story of such a life as the present, without something akin to disappointment. The man’s abilities were so splendid,—his attainments so rare,—his opportunities so unique. And what did he effect? What monuments of his genius or of his learning has he left behind him? Candour’s voice falters over the enumeration of Charles Marriott’s printed ‘Works.’<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Histwo ‘Lectures’ (at Chichester Theological College) have been spoken of above, at p. 307–8: also, his edition of the ‘*Canons Apost.*’—Concerning his ‘*Analecta Christiana*,’ see p. 308:—concerning his edition of Theodoret’s ‘*Interpretatio in omnes B. Pauli Epistolas*,’—p. 324:—concerning certain *Treatises of Augustine*,—p. 109.—I have noticed his posthumous ‘*Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans*,’ at p. 323.—Of his two Volumes of ‘*Sermons*,’ something has been said at p. 330.—His ‘*Reflections in a Lent reading of the Epistle to the Romans*,’ are noticed at p. 331. Of his admirable ‘*Hints on Private Devotion*’ enough has been said at p. 350.—His labours for the ‘*Library*

*of the Fathers*’ are referred to at pp. 321–2.—I only know besides, of the following occasional efforts,—chiefly single Sermons:—

‘*The Church’s Instruments for the work of the HOLY SPIRIT*,’—a Sermon on the Colonial Bishopsrics,—1841, pp. 21.—‘*Numbering our Days*,’—a Sermon preached (1842) on the death of Rev. H. Stevens, late Rector of Bradfield,—1843, pp. 28, with a remarkable Appendix of practical hints collected under eleven heads. [This Sermon seems to have also borne the more appropriate title ‘*Preparation for Death*.’]—‘*University Extension and the Poor Scholar Question*,’ a Letter to the Rev. E. Woollecombe,—Oxford, 1848, pp. 14.—‘*A Letter to the Rev. H.*

Excellent, admirable even, as they are, can they be said to have at all fulfilled the lawful expectations of his friends? Were not his days consumed in literary

*W. Bellairs*, on the Admission of the Children of Dissenters to Church Schools,'—Littlemore, 1849, pp. 14.—'Five Sermons on the Principles of Faith and Church Authority,' [preached in 1844, 1849, 1850, &c.], Littlemore, 1850, pp. 69. ["These were published in answer to the request of a friend who had claims on the author both from his office and from personal intimacy. He had found that he frequently had to answer in private the difficult question,—'What are the grounds of our belief in any of the particulars of the faith?' and he thought it might be useful to throw out publicly such a statement as might suggest to others the tone of thought most likely to lead to solid satisfaction and the attainment of Truth.

'The path of humility and good order is the way to Truth and Unity; and if every one were first to endeavour to receive the Truth as handed down to him by his own forefathers, and then to extend, in a secondary way, to others the same favourable construction which this endeavour would lead him to put on the documents of his own Church, even the present divided state of Christendom might before long be brought to an end.'" (*Lit. Churchman*. See above, p. 364.)]—'The Unforgiving Servant,' preached at S. Mary's, and dedicated (with an affectionate Address) to his parishioners,—Littlemore, 1850, pp. 24.—'Two Sermons on Civil and Social Duties, especially on the Duty of Educating the Poorer Classes,'—Littlemore, 1853, pp. 31.—'The

true cause of insult and dishonour to the Church of England,'—preached at S. Mary's, Jan. 5, 1851,—pp. 18.—'Singleness of purpose the secret of success,'—preached at S. Mary's upon the occasion of the death of the Duke of Wellington, Sept. 19th, 1852.—'The Unity of the SPIRIT,'—preached at S. Mary's (on Ephes. iv. 3,) when a collection was made for the Patriotic Fund, Nov. 1854.—'A short Catechism for very young Children,'—(pp. 11) 1852.—'Prayers before, Thanksgiving after, Holy Communion,'—privately printed [1846], pp. 32. [It bears no Author's name, but my copy was from him.]—'Letter to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., on some of the provisions of the Oxford University Bill,' (May) 1854.—'The New Year.' Plain Sermons, (No. 24,) 1849.—'God, and not system, the strength of the Church.' Sermon on Ephes. iv. 10. London, 1880.—'On the digestion of Knowledge.'—Sermon on S. John xv. 24:—Sermon on Philippians iii. 18, 19,—written, at Dr. Pusey's request, for a course of Sermons.—'Sin not imputed,' Ps. xxxii. 10 (written for Rev. A. Watson's Sermons for Sundays, &c., &c. [Series I.] 1845.)—'The joyful sound of the New Creation.' Ps. lxxxix. 15. (The same, [Series II.] 1845.)—'The Co-operative Principle not opposed to a true Political Economy; or Remarks on some recent publications on Subjects relative to the inter-communion of Labour, Capital, and Consumption.' Oxford, 1855.

At p. 350, will be found enu-

drudgery? Not by choice, but yielding to a sense of duty, did he not submit to a series of lowly tasks which two or three men of average ability and attainments might have discharged every bit as well as he? There can be but one answer to these questions.

Was then his life a failure?

No, it was not by any means a failure. A man may bequeath to posterity other and better 'Works' than the products of his pen. It is by a conventional use, or rather misuse of language, that we so limit the meaning of a familiar word. The Last Day will reveal how much of good *Work* Charles Marriott did in his generation, by his career of lofty self-denial,—his singleness of heart,—his saintliness of spirit,—his pure converse,—his consistent course. *That* sowing of his will hereafter be found to have resulted in a splendid harvest. His "works" were the daily, hourly outcome of his inward holiness,—the influence on others of the essential sanctity of his individual character. He lives at this day, he will go on living, in the good lives of others. "If I have any good in me" (remarked Edward King, Bp. of Lincoln,) "I owe it to Charles Marriott." Thousands there must be, yet living, who would eagerly say the same! His light shone steadily before men,—and *so* shone that *they* glorified GOD. There is no telling what a blessing such an one is in a place like Oxford. He insensibly moulds characters. His presence is felt to be a constraining power. Young and old,—lofty in station and lowly,—wise and simple,—*all* are the better for it. And, (as I have explained in an earlier page,) Charles Marriott's example was especially

merated certain works printed at his Littlemore press, which he must have had the trouble of supervising.

His connexion with, and work for, the '*Literary Churchman*' will be found remarked upon at pp. 364-6.

precious at a moment of general dejection, and half-heartedness bordering on despair; when the suspicion was industriously inculcated in certain quarters that the Church of England was powerless to retain within her embrace the Saints she had nursed at her bosom. *Here* was the best practical refutation of the calumny! . . . On no account may such a life be spoken of as "a failure."

We are tempted, perhaps, to deplore the want of concentration of purpose in such an one, and to regret that he did not habitually set his face like a flint to defy the distracting influences amid which he lived. Had he pursued the course which some may think themselves competent to have prescribed for the guidance of his life, doubtless the result would have been largely different. But,—Is it quite certain that the world would thereby have been a greater gainer? or that the Saint himself would have eternally worn a brighter crown?

Charles Marriott resolutely did the work which, according to his best judgment, GOD gave him to do;—did it with a single eye to the Master's glory;—did it "with a perfect heart." He lived, as I have once and again said already,—he lived *quite above the world*: lived, "as seeing Him who is invisible." Like Enoch, he "walked" habitually "with GOD." His daily "life and conversation" were a perpetual witness to the transfiguring power of the Gospel: a living commentary on its maxims and the very best illustration of its precepts. . . . *Who* will presume to judge such an one? *Who* will not rather render thanks to "the Father of spirits" for the blessing of his bright example, and pray for grace to follow—at however humble a distance—in his holy footsteps?

## (IV). EDWARD HAWKINS:

*THE GREAT PROVOST.*

[A. D. 1789—1882.]

IN the heart of Oxford, hemmed in by public thoroughfares,—on a small plot of ground which has been the possession and the home of one society since ‘the age of Scotus and Occam and Dante,’—stands a College of which from A.D. 1828 to A.D. 1882 the subject of the present memoir, Dr. Edward Hawkins, was Provost. It derives its familiar designation from the mansion (called ‘*le Oriole*’) which anciently occupied part of its site, and had been the property of Eleanor of Castile; its actual title being ‘the House or Hall of S. Mary.’ In the words of Cardinal Newman (himself a fellow and chief ornament of the same house from 1823 to 1846),—

‘The visitor, whose curiosity has been excited by its present fame, gazes with disappointment on a collection of buildings, which have with them so few of the circumstances of dignity or wealth. Broad quadrangles, high halls and chambers, ornamented cloisters, stately walks or umbrageous gardens, a throng of students, ample revenues, or a glorious history,—none of these things were the portion of that old foundation; nothing in short, which to the common eye a century ago would have given tokens of what it was to be.’

But Oriel under the Provostships of Eveleigh, Copleston, and Hawkins, earned for itself a great reputation;



achieved a name which is already a household word wherever the English language is spoken. Will the present writer be disappointed, (he asks himself) in his hope that by drawing with an affectionate hand a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of the last-named of those three Provosts, he will win the thanks of not a few generations of Oxford men who already carry with them, indelibly imprinted on their memories, the image of that dignified presence,—that reverend form,—that familiar face? EDWARD HAWKINS had in truth become an historical personage long before his resignation of the active duties of his office in 1874. And though we ejaculate '*Floreat Oriel*' as fervently now as when we used to drink the toast in his company over the Founder's cup,—(filled inconveniently full of hot spiced wine) on 'the gaudy,'—we cannot conceal from ourselves that the College over which he actively presided for 46 years will henceforth hold its onward course under essentially changed conditions. EDWARD HAWKINS was *the last* 'PROVOST OF ORIEL.'

'Our family,'—wrote his great-grandfather in 1737, (Mr. Cæsar Hawkins of Ludlow in Shropshire, to his son Sir Cæsar Hawkins, the first Baronet,)—'had a good estate at Pottersbury in Northamptonshire; at Long Compton in Warwickshire; and at Blackstone in Worcestershire. And my great-grandfather had a regiment of horse in King Charles the First's time,—which proved the beginning of the family's ruin.' Colonel Cæsar<sup>1</sup> Hawkins, the soldier who thus stands foremost

<sup>1</sup> The Provost did not know how this name (which has prevailed for at least nine generations) originally came into his family. A connection (it is presumed) might easily be

established with some immediate descendant of that Sir Julius Cæsar [1557-1636], whose history has been so laboriously investigated by Lodge, Norroy herald.

in the family annals, was a conspicuous personage during the period of the Great Rebellion. He was governor of Greenland-house in Buckinghamshire, which had been garrisoned for the King with a view to commanding the passage over the Thames from Henley and Reading to London. After gallantly defending it against the Parliamentary army under Lord Essex during a severe six months' siege, Colonel Hawkins was forced to surrender Greenland in July 1644, (the whole structure having been beaten down by cannon,) but on honourable terms.<sup>2</sup> Clarendon describes him as marching into Oxford with his three hundred men; and relates that he was immediately despatched with the royalist force under command of Colonel Gage to the relief of Basing-house. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the Colonel's grandson, was appointed Dean of Chichester [1688-99]—perhaps in recognition of the losses his family had sustained in the King's cause. Certain it is that, as Chaplain of the Tower, he 'had merited of the government by zealous service among the State prisoners, and had been particularly acceptable in his dealing with Fitz-Harris before his execution.'<sup>3</sup> At Chichester, he found a disorganized Chapter and a dilapidated Deanery. Hawkins has left a record of the former circumstance in the 'Act-book' of the Dean and Chapter<sup>4</sup>: of the latter,

<sup>2</sup> Lipscomb's *Bucks.*, iii. 576,—quoting Whitelock's *Memorials.*

<sup>3</sup> Kennett's *Collections*, Lansdowne MSS.—Details of this business are found in *A narrative, being a true Relation of what discourse passed between Dr. Hawkins and Edward Fitz-Harys, esq., late prisoner in the Tower: with the manner of taking his Confession.*—London, fol. 1681, pp. 10. Two or more copies are in the Bodleian

Library.

<sup>4</sup> He was obliged solemnly to remind the Chapter (May 2, 1695) by formal protest,—'quod omnia sub nomine Decani et Capituli contra voluntatem Decani pro tempore existentis peracta, invalida sunt,'—and that a certain transaction effected in defiance of his known will, 'omnino vacua et nullius valoris existit.' His signature follows. (*Act Book* ii. fol. 142.)

there survive large material traces. The Deanery (which then stood on the city wall) was left a ruin by the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller. Parts of the structure are yet discernible in the wall which bounds the Dean's garden on the south.

Fourth in descent from the same soldier, was Sir Cæsar Hawkins, [1711-86,] pre-eminent as a surgeon, created first Baronet of the family in 1778. He purchased the manor of Kelston in Somersetshire, from the Haringtons; razed their old family mansion, and (in 1760) erected a modern residence on a site nearer the Avon. It is described as 'charmingly placed' on a hill, overlooking the river which there makes a graceful bend. There is a portrait of him by Hogarth at the College of Surgeons. His youngest son Edward, [1753-1806,] became successively Vicar of Bisley (near Stroud in Gloucestershire) in 1778, where most of his children were born,—and (twenty years later) Rector of Kelston, whither he removed in 1800. He was the father of thirteen children, of whom the subject of the present memoir was the eldest. He died,—(it is stated on his monument,)—"5th January, 1806, aged 53."

EDWARD HAWKINS, of whom I am now to speak, was born,—not at Bisley, however, but at Bath,—on the 27th February, 1789: 'a little more than nine weeks before the opening of the States General at Versailles, and the commencement of the French Revolution.' The friend who notes this coincidence of dates, proceeds as follows:—

'The first time I was at Bisley in Gloucestershire (of which Mr. Thomas Keble was then Vicar), I found a tradition in the village, that the Provost of Oriel was born there. On my return to Oxford, I said,—"Mr.

Provost, I have just returned from a visit to the parish where you were born."—"Where have you been?"—"At Bisley, in Gloucestershire."—"No," said the Provost, "I was not born there." Then, observing my look of surprise, he went on:—"I *ought* perhaps to have been born there, but I was not. My father was in the habit of spending some time in Bath during the winter months, and at Bath I was born." I remember his adding the number of the house and the street in which he first saw the light, but the details have escaped me.<sup>5</sup>

Of his earliest years nothing is remembered except that he was of a very delicate constitution. His parents showed him to a doctor, who declared that nothing was discoverable to forbid the hope that the child might reach the appointed limit of human life. It certainly required a prophet to foretell that the weakly little boy would live to fulfil almost a century of years. At the age of seven (1796), he was sent to school at Elmore, in Gloucestershire, under the Rev. Edward Patteson.<sup>6</sup> Elmore-court, then occupied as a school-house, is the picturesque ancestral seat of the Guise family. Here, the sons of many of the gentry of Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties (as the father of the late Baronet, who himself was at school there, informed his son), received their education. From Elmore, when he was twelve years old (February 5th, 1801), Edward was transferred to Merchant-Taylors' School; and thence was elected to an 'Andrew exhibition' at S. John's College, Oxford, on S. Barnabas' day 1807,—being at

<sup>5</sup> From the Rev. Robert George Livingstone, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Oxford.

<sup>6</sup> In the '*Quarterly R.*' I had written under '*Dr. Bishop.*' I owe the correction to Miss Patteson, who was herself born at Elmore-court

in 1794. This lady adds that her father, (in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Rev. Joseph Parsons), succeeded to the School in 1788, and carried it on till 1798; when it was left by them in a flourishing state, with 52 boys.

that time third monitor in the School. The date of his admission at S. John's will have been June 29th.

Little of interest has been recovered concerning these, his youthful years. But the following incident belongs to the same early period, and may be thought to deserve insertion. The date was probably 1803, when Edward Hawkins was 14. It *cannot* be later than 1805.

'I had heard him (in my undergraduate days at Oriel) say, that he once saw Lord Nelson. I reminded him of this long after (Dec. 1880), when he stated as follows. He was walking up Holborn, and suddenly became aware of a considerable outburst of excitement in the street. People were huzzaing and clapping their hands. Looking about to discover the cause, he saw on the opposite side of the street an officer in naval uniform. He at once recognized him by his features and by the fact that he had lost an arm. It was *Nelson* who was the object of the applause of the crowd. "And," added the Provost, (with a peculiar quick movement of his head, which all Oriel men will remember,)—"I saw that he liked it." These words are, I think, characteristic of the speaker, showing how keen an observer he was, even as a boy.

'He told me that he had seen William Pitt, the statesman,—not alive however, but lying in state. Pitt died 23rd January 1806.'<sup>7</sup>

To return to Oxford, however, and to Hawkins at S. John's, in 1807. He had already (Jan. 10th, 1806) been deprived of a Father's care. 'I lost my Father' (wrote the Provost of Oriel to me, fifty years later,) 'when he was only 52. I was yet at school; and his youngest son was but half-a-year old.' By this event, Edward (the eldest of ten<sup>8</sup> surviving children) found himself, at

<sup>7</sup> From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

<sup>8</sup> Three sisters,—Sarah, who died

at Torquay in 1876:—Frances (the second daughter so named):—Mary Ann (also the second daughter so

the age of 17, in a position of greatly increased responsibility. He had been appointed joint executor with his Mother (Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Howes, of Morningthorpe, Norfolk,) and her brother. Thoughtful and judicious beyond his years, he came to be regarded in consequence by his younger brothers and sisters almost in the light of a Father; and indeed he did a Father's part by them all, most faithfully and fondly. His Mother, now left a widow, repaired with her little brood to Chew Magna, a village about 7 miles from Bristol (10 or 12 from Bath), where her husband and she had rented the Manor-house, as a place of temporary sojourn in 1800, while Kelston Rectory was undergoing repair and enlargement. It must have been a profound sense of her own desolation and the greatness of her need,—thus left with ten children (seven of them sons) to sustain, educate, and direct in life,—which determined her choice of a text for her husband's memorial tablet in Kelston church.<sup>9</sup> She claimed the fulfilment of the Divine promise, and wrote (from Jeremiah xlix. 11)—‘Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive. And let thy widows trust in Me.’ . . . At Chew Magna she continued to reside till

named) who yet lives:—and six brothers; viz. Francis, M.D., Physician to the Queen's Household and Registrar of the Royal College of Physicians, who died in 1877, aged 83, and is remembered as the ‘kind-hearted friend of the afflicted in sickness’:—Cæsar Henry, Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen, who died 20th July, 1884, and was able to relate that he had been consulted by *four generations* of the Royal Family:—George (the second son so named), in Holy Orders, who died in 1826:

—John and Charles, who died in India in 1818 and 1830:—and Robert, the present Vicar of Lamberhurst, Kent.

<sup>9</sup> For much help hereabouts, I am indebted to the Rev. Francis J. Poynton's ‘*Memoranda, Historical and Genealogical, relating to the parish of Kelston in the county of Somerset*,’—1878, a privately printed 4to. of much local interest and antiquarian ability. The author gives a pedigree of the Hawkins family at pp. 22-3.

1820-1, when she removed to Newton St. Loe near Bath.

To the same village,—soon after the period when the widow had returned there with her children,—also came to reside Mr. and Mrs. Richard Buckle. He had once commanded a vessel in the trade with the African gold-coast, which at that time was carried on in Bristol; but he now held an office in the Bristol Custom House.<sup>1</sup> A friendship sprang up between the two families; the younger members being almost always together, and sharing the same amusements. Their gardens joined, ‘and an easy path was soon made over the low wall between.’ Strong political sympathies helped to cement this friendship. A radical member (Mr. Hunt) having, to their general disgust, been returned for Bristol, the children thought it their duty to burn him in effigy: their parents looking on with undisguised satisfaction. The *Waverley* novels as they successively appeared furnished delightful occupation for social gatherings in the evenings.

Edward Hawkins and his sister Sarah,—(they were devoted to one another, inseparable, and entirely like-minded),—on the one side, and Mary Ann Buckle (the only daughter) on the other, grew fast friends. The future Provost of Oriel already displayed those characteristics for which he became distinguished in after life. A strong sense of duty was ever paramount with him. He expected to find it in others, and habitually set his brothers an example of steady application; exercised

<sup>1</sup> His father, with a large family of sons and daughters, lived at Chaseley and ‘the Mythe’ near Tewkesbury, and was connected with the Dowdeswells and Turber-

viles of Worcestershire. Richard’s wife (Mary Pryor Osborne) was of a Puritan family connected with Speaker Lenthall.

severe self-control; denied himself amusements, and whatever belonged to mere personal gratification. His sympathy for sorrow is still affectionately remembered, as well as his skill in ministering to a broken spirit. Mrs. Buckle, having suddenly lost her husband (in 1826), remarked that Edward's words were the first which procured her any measure of real comfort. He had an accomplished and very delightful brother (George) who was carried off by consumption at the age of 26,—to whom his ministerial offices were most tender as well as unremitting. In the end, the two families left Chew together, and Newton near Bath became the home of both. Their former intimacy had already ripened into warm friendship. Edward's days were spent in severe study: but he found that he could occasionally spare an evening for a walk with Mary Buckle. After an interval of so many years, a vivid recollection is preserved of the intelligence and kindness with which in one of those early walks he explained the nature of Perspective,—the principle on which those many converging lines were drawn, and which the young lady had but very imperfectly apprehended by the light of Nature. Not altogether unacceptable, it may reasonably be conjectured, to a girl of a singularly modest and retiring disposition, must have been the society of a youth so thoughtful and high-minded as Edward Hawkins.—But it is time to resume the story of his Oxford life.

Supplemented by many a studious vacation, his thirteen laborious terms at S. John's resulted in a double-first class in the Easter term of 1811. Hawkins was the fifth person, (Sir Robert Peel being the first, and John Keble the third,) who, since the establishing of the Class-list in 1807, had achieved that honourable distinction. In the next year he became Tutor of his College; and



reckoned among his pupils the late President Wynter and H. A. Woodgate, who both cherished a very high opinion of his powers. At Easter 1813 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel,—‘*in stauro*,’ as the ancient chamber over the gateway is styled in the Dean’s register.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. John Eveleigh, who had been Provost since 1781, was already entering on the 33rd (which was to be the last) year of his headship ;—Edward Copleston, John Davison, Richard Whately, and John Keble, being among the most conspicuous of the fellows. *Facile princeps* however at the time of which we speak was Eveleigh himself, —a name still remembered with veneration in Oxford. To him, in conjunction with Dr. Parsons, Master of Balliol, belongs the honour of having originated the reform of the University examinations and established the ‘Class-list.’ What wonder if Oriel rose into eminence under the guidance of such a spirit? ‘He was Provost when I was elected Fellow,’ wrote Mr. Keble to me in 1855. ‘I had known him as long as I could remember any one. He was, I verily believe, a man to bring down a blessing upon any society of which he was a member.’ Over the fire-place in Oriel Common-room hangs his portrait,—a very grand work by Hoppner: the face full of dignity and intelligence.<sup>3</sup>

Such was the College into which Hawkins was introduced on his election to a Fellowship at Oriel. To the outside world names like the foregoing are probably suggestive of none but the gravest images,—severe treatises and recondite conversation. But Oxford men

<sup>2</sup> Admission to a fellowship at Oriel, down to 1819 inclusive, took place on S. Margaret’s day, (20th July),—though the *Election* has

ever been in Easter week.

<sup>3</sup> See above, concerning Provost Eveleigh, in the memoir of President Routh, p. 50.

will not require telling that there was a playful side to all this. To say the truth, we have never busied ourselves with such enquiries as the present, without being almost diverted from our purpose by the multitude of grotesque memories which we have unintentionally evoked. Thus, one fails to recognize 'Davison on Prophecy,'—(though Hawkins is there plainly enough),—in the following story of those early days which the Provost related long after.<sup>4</sup>—Davison (rushing in),—'Hawkins, I'm horribly afraid they're going to make me junior Treasurer. I know nothing of accounts. I shall be sure to make mistakes.' Some hours later,—'Hawkins, I am a ruined man. They *would* make me serve.'—'Never fear. Put down everything, and you are quite safe.'—A year elapses: re-enter Davison. 'I told you so, Hawkins. I'm a ruined man. My accounts are wrong by hundreds.'—'Don't be alarmed. Let me see them.' The quarter-book is brought and patiently examined. 'Added up quite right': (Davison turns deadly pale:) 'but *you had no occasion to add in the date of the year.*'——An aged member of Christ Church (long since departed) declared to the present writer that the only thing he could recall of the Oriel Common-room of that period was a frolicsome tournament on the hearth-rug between two mounted combatants (known to the public for encounters of a very different kind), armed with the hand-screens which for many a long year used to adorn (?) the mantel-piece.—A rustic parson, whom Whately *more suo* had been for a long time enlightening after dinner, before going away came up to the oracle with much formality,—gathered himself to his full height,—and gravely thanked him 'for the pains he had taken to instruct him throughout the evening.' 'O, not at all' (exclaimed Whately). 'It's

<sup>4</sup> To Canon Eden,—of whom a memoir is given further on.

a very pleasant thing to have *an anvil to beat out one's thoughts upon.*'—The Provost himself told a friend<sup>5</sup> in 1880, that 'when he was examined for his Fellowship, at Oriel, the examination took place in the Ante-chapel; and the weather being bitterly cold, two of the candidates had a boxing-match in order to keep themselves warm.'

"It was Milman, since Dean of S. Paul's,"—(the Provost related long after,<sup>6</sup>)—"who brought me tidings of my election. When he entered my rooms, he found me reading a book. After telling his news, he glanced on the book in my hand, and burst out,—'But I'll tell you what it is, sir! If the Provost and Fellows had known what the book is which I have found you reading, they would never have elected you to a fellowship at Oriel.' The book I was reading,"—(proceeded Hawkins, his features assuming a look of the quaintest humour)—"was Hume's *Essay on Miracles.*"

It requires an effort to realize the change which has passed over English life,—manners, dress, habits,—since the date referred to, viz. A.D. 1813. 'The first time I saw Whately, he wore a pea-green coat, white waistcoat, stone-coloured shorts, flesh-coloured silk stockings. His hair was powdered.' Heber, when the Provost first saw him, 'was dressed in a parsley-and-butter coat.' Arnold, in a 'light blue coat with metal buttons, and a buff waistcoat'—(I am quoting words of the Provost spoken

<sup>5</sup> The Rev. Robert G. Livingstone, who also supplies the following anecdote:—'Another poetical contemporary was Reginald Heber. In his first term of residence the Provost found Heber's card on his table. He had not expected a visit, and assumed that the card must be a

hoax. In the ensuing vacation he discovered his mistake, and of course took the earliest opportunity of going to Heber's rooms and frankly explaining why he had not sooner acknowledged his courtesy.'

<sup>6</sup> To Dr. Bright, Canon of Ch. Ch.

in 1857)—must have been a less picturesque object. As late as 1847 the senior fellow of Oriel (the Rev. Edward Miles Rudd), used to appear at the College 'gaudy' in black shorts. He had travelled up from Northamptonshire in a fly—devoting to the journey two days.<sup>7</sup> Rudd however was an exceptional case, for he was senior Fellow as early as 1819. At an earlier period, (if Archd. Berens' contemporary sketch may be trusted), he was decorated with a pig-tail.—Better deserving of record is the fact, that the fellows of Oriel were the first in Oxford to break through the tyranny of fashion by abandoning the immoderate use of wine which prevailed in the upper ranks of English society until a period within the memory of aged persons of the last generation. This was the first Common-room where *tea* was drunk. Dr. Macbride, the venerable Principal of Magdalen Hall, once

<sup>7</sup> 'O yes,' writes the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, of Clyst St. George, Devon, (a contemporary of the Provost), on being appealed to for any reminiscences of the Oriel of early days,—'I can jot down *de vestitu* in 1808-9. When I was matriculated and went into residence, all the Tutors and Dons wore black breeches and silk stockings from morning to night: the undergraduates, breeches and white stockings. I have heard my father (who was at Wadham) say, that when Provost Eveleigh came to matriculate he had on *blue worsted stockings*.' [The reader is invited to refer back to the Memoir of President Routh, p. 12]. 'Dinner was at 4, where none could appear without silks, breeches with knee-buckles, silver or gilt. The gentlemen commoners wore the *dress gown* at dinner and in chapel. Gaiters were not allowed with gown. Cloth

boots came in. We called them *buskins*. One day, after lecture, Copleston asked me if the Proctors allowed me to wear gaiters? When Rigaud was Proctor [1810], the men tried to wear trousers, and he allowed them, and gave great offence to the Dons for the lax discipline. I once travelled outside from Bath with Tom Kennaway, in shorts and whites without any leggings or boots. He caught cold, sickened and died at Balliol. I attended his funeral in the Churchyard hard by. I often boated in cap. Beaver was seldom worn within a mile or so of Oxford. Men were sconced if accidentally they appeared in Hall undressed. The sconce-table was hung up in the buttery.' . . . Strange, that trivial matters like these should take such a fast hold of the memory, while so much of living interest has been entirely forgotten!

described to me with great *naïveté* the contempt with which, some sixty-five years ago, it used to be said,—‘Why, those fellows drink *tea!*’ ‘The Oriel tea-pot’ became a standing joke in the University.

Much to be regretted is it that the practice has not been adopted in Colleges of perpetuating, in connection with each set of rooms, the names of its successive occupants. Failing this, it seems strange that no pains have been taken to preserve a record of the rooms which were tenanted by men who afterwards became famous. ‘The only room in which I ever regularly resided,’ (wrote the author of ‘*The Christian Year*’ in 1855, in reply to my inquiry,)—‘was up one pair of stairs, *I think on the left*, opposite C. C. C. gateway. Davison had it before me,—Dornford afterwards. Is it not Marriott’s now? my head is confused on that point.’—Sure of approval I have transcribed the entire paragraph before stating that, as a matter of fact, the door of what was Mr. Keble’s sitting-room (effectually identified by the gateway opposite) is on *the right* of one who has ascended one pair of stairs.<sup>8</sup> Charles Marriott, from 1844 to 1855, occupied the corresponding rooms on *the next* staircase (No. 3) towards the Chapel,—first floor to the right: his immediate predecessor having been John Henry Newman.<sup>9</sup> But any one who can recall the studious aspect of the apartments in question while occupied by those two famous Divines,—ill-carpeted and indifferently furnished, as well as encumbered with book-shelves in every part,—would

<sup>8</sup> It is on the left-hand of *the staircase*,—to one who stands in Oriel quadrangle and approaches the foot of the stairs. Such an one, if the college were suddenly removed, would find himself facing the gateway of C. C. C.

<sup>9</sup> “I am just going to change my rooms in College and take Newman’s, of which I hope the atmosphere may do me some good.”—(Charles Marriott to Bp. Selwyn,—‘Bradfield, Sept. 5th, 1844.’) . . . See above, p. 348.

entirely fail to recognize them in their present guise. They were mercilessly smartened up after Marriott's sad death.

'You succeeded Newman in these rooms, I know,' (remarked the present writer to Charles Marriott, while watching beside his sick-bed). 'Didn't I once hear you say that Newman succeeded Whately?'—'Yes, and he told me that when he took these rooms, he found the last of Whately's herrings still hanging on the string before the Chapel window.' To render this story intelligible, it requires to be explained that, (before the Chapel underwent renovation some five-and-twenty years ago), a partition of lath-and-plaster separated the bay of the west window from the Ante-chapel,—making it a nondescript appendage to the set of rooms of which we are speaking; available as a larder, an oratory, or a lumber-closet, according to the taste of the occupant. It was a 'fad' of the future Archbishop to pull a herring daily from the string, and to frizzle it—*sine ullá solennitate*—for breakfast, on the coals of his fire. His ways in truth were very peculiar: some of them, rather nasty.

Dr. Whately, as fellow, had also lived in the rooms opposite: and, as an undergraduate, in Robinson's buildings, ground floor to the right. Under Newman's rooms lectured (not lived) Bp. Hampden, 1831-3. The same rooms in 1846 were occupied by Dean Church. Over Newman lived Hurrell Froude. Oriel men will remember that they are the only rooms on that side of the college with a window looking East. Dr. Pusey's rooms were on No. 1 staircase, first floor to the right,—subsequently Fraser's, the late excellent Bp. of Manchester. Samuel Wilberforce lived in the rooms immediately beneath,—the corner rooms on the ground floor. Robert Isaac Wilberforce occupied and lectured in the Dean's

rooms in the corner of the further quadrangle, looking into Magpie Lane,—now ‘Grove Street.’ Copleston, at the time of his election to the headship, lived on No. 5 staircase, first floor to the right. Arnold, during the six years when he was a Fellow, never occupied rooms in the college: and Hampden left Oriel almost immediately after his election to a fellowship. In his undergraduate days he had occupied the rooms over John Keble’s. [ It shall only be added that Hawkins is believed to have occupied the rooms above those which Pusey subsequently occupied,—viz. in the south-west angle of the college looking towards Canterbury gate. Pusey’s rooms were mine from 1847 to 1876. I followed James Fraser.

Of the fifteen years during which Hawkins was fellow of Oriel (1813–28), the first six were unencumbered with the responsibilities of college tuition; and he availed himself of the opportunity which was presented to him of accompanying to the continent as tutor, James William, Lord Caulfeild, only son of the Earl of Charlemont; making one of the family party.<sup>1</sup> All that is remembered of this incident has been set down by the same interesting pen<sup>2</sup> which has already supplied us with more than one notice of the Provost of Oriel’s early life,—obtained in 1880 from the Provost’s lips:—

‘During the interval between the restoration of the Bourbons and the return of Napoleon from Elba, Mr. Hawkins was in Paris: where he saw Raffaele’s “Transfiguration” and the other masterpieces which Napoleon had plundered from the picture galleries of the continent, hanging on the walls of the Louvre.

<sup>1</sup> The Earl’s residence was ‘6 Rue Royale, près la place Louis XV,’—as appears from a letter addressed to ‘Edward Hawkins, esq.’—containing the well-known verses on

Dean Gaisford’s marriage: (*‘Hail to the maid who so graceful advances, ’Tis sweet Ellen Douglas if right I divine,’* &c.)

<sup>2</sup> Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

‘The news of Napoleon’s escape from Elba was, (he said), most unwelcome in Paris. The Parisians believed, not unreasonably, that it had been effected with the connivance of England. They argued thus:—Napoleon was shut up in an Island. The English were masters of the Mediterranean, their ships cruising everywhere. If Napoleon escaped, it must have been because they allowed him to do so. There was a great outburst of popular indignation against England in consequence, and the Provost was warned not to venture into out-of-the-way parts of Paris by himself, lest he should be exposed to insult,—perhaps to violence. He stayed in Paris as long as he possibly could, only quitting the city on the morning of the day [20th March, 1815] on the evening of which Napoleon entered it. As he hurried to the sea coast, he had some misgivings that he might be arrested, and treated as English travellers in France had been treated at the time of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. But the general opinion was that Bonaparte would not repeat in 1815 the policy which, without really serving his interests, had made him intensely hated in 1803. Mr. Hawkins reached England without molestation. He at once went down to Oxford.

‘It was on this occasion (I think) that he told me there was with him in the stage-coach between London and Oxford only one other passenger,—a gentleman endowed with a singular charm of manner and great powers of conversation. At Nuneham, (which was his destination,) the stranger on leaving the coach said to his companion,—“I hope the next time you are in London, you will call on me.”—“Nothing,” said Mr. Hawkins, “would give me greater pleasure; but—I do not know your name.” “Oh!” said his fellow-traveller, “my name is Wilberforce.”—“What! are you *the* Mr. Wilberforce?”—“Well,” (replied the other,) “I suppose I must say I am.” This was the Provost’s first introduction. He called on his new acquaintance in London, and from that time till his death enjoyed a considerable degree of intimacy with him.

‘He told me that the object of Mr. Wilberforce’s journey



to Nuneham was to make arrangements for placing his sons under the tuition of a clergyman there. I suspect that it was the conversation between London and Nuneham, and the friendly intercourse which ensued, which eventually determined his choice of a college at Oxford for three of his sons.'

In the year 1824, Mr. Wilberforce strongly urged Hawkins to undertake one of the two newly-founded Bishoprics,—Jamaica and Barbadoes. 'I had however laid out for myself a different course of life,'—added the Provost in recounting this incident, long after, to his friend, Archdeacon Grant. The sees were eventually accepted by Lipscombe and Coleridge.

Returned to Oriel (in March 1815), Hawkins addressed himself seriously to the study of Divinity. This was not his earliest passion. His strong desire had been to become a lawyer. In truth, his mind was essentially *legal* in its texture; and had he made Law the business of his life, no one who knew him will doubt that he would have attained the highest rewards which that profession has to offer. What determined him to take Holy Orders and to devote himself to the sacred calling, was his supreme anxiety to assist his Mother,—a widow left with ten children and a slender income. In other words, he regarded it as a paramount duty to do a Father's part by his six younger brothers: and he knew that the career which awaited him in Oxford would second his inclinations far more effectually than the problematical rewards of the Bar. He gave himself up to sacred studies therefore. And thus we reach a period of his life, concerning which some interesting notices have been preserved in the Autobiography of the most famous of his contemporaries,—Dr. Newman. It should be explained that this remarkable man was elected from

Trinity, of which college he had been a scholar, to a fellowship at Oriel in 1822: that in 1823, Hawkins became Vicar of S. Mary's; and that in the next ensuing year, Newman was ordained to the curacy of S. Clement's. This fixes 1824-5, (when their ages were respectively 35-6 and 23-4,) as the period referred to in the ensuing recollections:—

'From 1822 to 1825 I saw most of the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, at that time Vicar of St. Mary's; and when I took Orders in 1824, and had a curacy in Oxford, then, during the Long Vacations, I was especially thrown into his company. I can say with a full heart that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more. Moreover, in me such provocation was unbecoming, both because he was the Head of my College, and because, in the first years that I knew him, he had been in many ways of great service to my mind.'

The passage which follows will be more conveniently introduced further on [p. 432]. After which, Dr. Newman proceeds,—

'He was the means of great additions to my belief. He gave me the "*Treatise on Apostolical Preaching*," by Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration. In many other ways too he was of use to me, on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic. It was he too who taught me to anticipate that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the Books and the Canon of Scripture. I was brought to the same belief by the conversation of Mr. Blanco White, who also led me to have freer views on the subject of In-

spiration than were usual in the Church of England at the time.

‘There is one other principle which I gained from Dr. Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism than any that I have mentioned; and that is the doctrine of “Tradition.” When I was an undergraduate, I heard him preach in the University pulpit [May 31st, 1818] his celebrated Sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher; but, when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay he does not reach it; but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was in him original, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, viz. that the sacred Text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it: and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church; for instance, to the Catechism, and to the Creeds. He considers that, after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequences, opened upon me a large field of thought.’<sup>3</sup>

There is no need to enlarge on the remarkable Dissertation thus introduced to the reader’s notice. Yet, inasmuch as it seems to be little read, we may be allowed to declare that those 88 pages deserve the attention of every student of sacred Science. Such an one is invited to suspend his judgment till he reaches the end. He may then perhaps be of opinion that the Author would have done well to define and limit *the province* of Tradition: but the reader will assuredly be most

<sup>3</sup> ‘History of my Religious Opinions,’ by John Henry Newman, 8vo. 1865, pp. 379: being a new edition

of his ‘Apologia,’ p. 8 to p. 9. The reader will be reminded of p. 392 when he reaches p. 465.

of all struck by the explicit statement of what he knew before indeed, but had never before seen distinctly formulated: viz. that it seems to have been, from the first, 'the general design of Heaven that by oral or traditional instruction, the way should be prepared for the reception of the mysteries of Faith; that the Church should carry down the *system*, but the Scriptures should furnish all the *proofs* of the Christian doctrines.'—(Page 18.)

The New Testament does indeed presuppose throughout—(witness the preface to S. Luke's Gospel)—considerable knowledge of Christian doctrine. But in fact this entire province of enquiry will be found explained and expanded in the same writer's 'Bampton Lectures' for 1840,—which have for their object, 'An inquiry into the connected uses of the principal means for attaining Christian Truth;'<sup>4</sup> 'the connected uses, that is to say, in order to this end, of the Scriptures and of the Church; of human Reason and of illuminating Grace.'<sup>5</sup> In the meantime, the '*Dissertation upon the use and importance of unauthoritative Tradition, as an introduction to the Christian doctrines,*'<sup>6</sup> published in 1819, at once established the reputation of the writer as a thoughtful Divine. He was then thirty years of age.

The most popular of his writings,—an elementary '*Manual for Christians,*' which was probably suggested by the requirements of his parishioners, now appeared, and went through at least seven editions. A characteristic '*Letter upon compulsory attendance at the Communion,*' pub-

<sup>4</sup> See the Preface, pp. vii.—viii.—Quite similar is the purport of '*Christianity, not the Religion either of the Bible only, or of the Church,*'—a sermon preached at Maldon, July 28, 1830, at the Bp. of London's primary Visitation.

<sup>5</sup> See the '*Advertisement*' prefixed to the 3rd Edition of his Sermon.

<sup>6</sup> '*Including the substance of a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, May 31, 1828, upon 2 Thess. ii. 15.*'

lished anonymously in 1822,—together with a thoughtful Sermon entitled ‘*Systematic Preaching recommended*,’ delivered at S. Mary’s, June 4th, 1825,—are his only other original productions of the same period. But in 1824, he edited Milton’s poetical works in four volumes,—an admirable performance, which bears in every page tokens of that unfailing conscientiousness which characterized whatever he took in hand. His editorial notes are subscribed ‘E.’ One, of peculiar interest, occurs at pp. xcix–ci, in which he gives his own estimate of the poet’s opinions and character. He considered Milton’s views Arian:—

‘Dr. Routh remarked to me one day’—[these words, dated 1848, are written in the editor’s own interleaved copy, facing page c],—‘that the Arian hypothesis was *better suited to a poem*. Milton, however, would not have admitted anything of Arianism even into a poem, had it not been his own belief. See the posthumous work “*De Doctrinâ Christianâ*,” published in 1825 [Cantab. 4to] by the present Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Charles Sumner.’ [A translation was issued by him in the same year and place.]

Next in importance to Hawkins’s ‘*Dissertation on Tradition*,’ is his sermon preached before the University some ten years later (viz. Nov. 11, 1838), on ‘*The Duty of Private Judgment*’: of which the object, (as might be divined from its title), is not to vindicate *the right*—but to explain and enforce ‘*the duty of Private Judgment*.’ It reached a third edition in 1854. The author had intended that it should form part of a larger work,—which however eventually shared the fate of so many other similar projects, in never attaining fulfilment. The ‘Bampton Lectures’ (already referred to) were the nearest approach to the large systematic Treatise which prior to 1854 he had cherished the hope and intention

of some day giving to the world. . . Henceforth I shall content myself with merely enumerating Dr. Hawkins's published writings.<sup>7</sup>

The period of his incumbency at S. Mary-the-Virgin's (1823-8) was rendered memorable to the University by the energy and skill with which he commenced and brought to a successful termination the present internal arrangement of the University church: happily reconciling the conflicting claims of the University and of the parish, and securing an apportionment of the seats which has proved satisfactory to both parties, down to the present time. In this great work he was supremely fortunate in procuring the professional services of a gentleman named Plowman,—a native and resident of Oxford,—who (as Sir Gilbert Scott pointed out to the present writer) was far in advance of his time in his knowledge of Gothic architecture, and in his sense of propriety of arrangement. Those were very early days. Church restoration had not as yet been thought of. But under the guidance of the accomplished architect already mentioned, the work proceeded admirably. The chancel was wisely let alone: but the organ-loft was furnished

<sup>7</sup> In 1861, appeared his Sermon on '*The Province of Private Judgment, and the right conduct of Religious inquiry*'; and another in 1863, on '*The liberty of Private Judgment within the Church of England*.' These had been preceded (in 1831) by an elementary sermon on '*The Way of Salvation*' (pp. 36).—His '*Discourses upon some of the principal objects and uses of the Historical Scriptures of the O. T.*,'—1833 (pp. 193),—is an interesting volume. He also contributed two sermons to a series of 'Original

Family Sermons,' put forth by the S. P. C. K. in 1833 and following years: viz. '*Building on the sure Foundation*' (i. 155-168), and '*Church Music*' (v. 149-164).—In 1838, appeared his sermon on '*The Duty and Means of promoting Christian Knowledge without impairing Christian Unity*.'—In 1839, he pleaded for '*Church Extension in England and Wales*.' [In the Notes at the foot of pp. 394, 421 and 447, will be found enumerated all his other known publications not mentioned in the Text.]

with a stone front towards the nave ; while the beautiful pillars were disencumbered of the monuments which until then encrusted and disfigured them. These were transferred to the walls of the church. In March 1828, he had the satisfaction of resigning to his celebrated successor (Mr. Newman) a renovated church, and a parish in which he had laboured conscientiously for six years. Full forty years after the time of which we are speaking, 'Rebecca' (the dear old sextoness of S. Mary's) might be seen invariably, at the close of the University sermon, to station herself near the more easterly of the two doors on the south side,—by which the Provost always left the church ; and he was observed *never* to fail in bestowing upon her a bow of friendly recognition.<sup>8</sup> He abounded in such acts of courtesy and consideration,—which *all* appreciate, but especially the brother or sister of low degree.

Previously to the Provost's incumbency, there seem to have been no fixed seats in the nave of S. Mary's. The Vice-chancellor's chair was at the extremity of the church, in front of the west door, and therefore faced the east. This arrangement had prevailed at least from the days

<sup>8</sup> 'Rebecca' was quite an institution. Her memory went back to the præ-historic period. She had evidently learned to regard the Vicars of S. Mary's in the light of an interminable procession of rather troublesome individuals. One of them, (in 1863,) was so rash as to address her as follows :—' I wish, my dear, you wouldn't rattle your keys quite so loud when you unlock the pew-doors.' Rebecca began to cry. ' O don't cry, Rebecca.' ' I *must* cry': then, sobbing and soliloquizing, —' First there was Muster Hawkins with *his* ways :—then there was

Muster Newman with *his* ways :—then there was Muster Eden with *his* ways :—then there was Muster Marriott with *his* ways :—then there was Muster Chase with *his* ways :—*and now, there's you with yourn.*'—When questioned concerning Dr. Newman, she invariably wound up her reply with,—' Yes, it was *his* mother as gave *my* mother her six silver spoons.' For example,—' Tell me, Rebecca, where he used to stand when he consecrated the elements.' ' He used to stand and do exactly as you do . . . Yes, it was *his* mother,' &c. &c.

of Charles II, for Aubrey speaks of the 'Doctors' men' coming in at the end of sermon, from the ale-house hard by, wiping the foam from their beards.<sup>9</sup> As for the parochial services of S. Mary's in 1828, they were the same which his successor maintained, viz. 'Two services and one sermon on Sundays and Good Friday: one service and sermon on every festival: and a service (without a sermon) daily throughout the rest of Holy week, and on Ash Wednesday.' The Sunday sermon at 4 p.m. (which afterwards became so famous) is believed to have been introduced by Hawkins.—He was now also Whitehall preacher (1827–8), and was accounted impressive in the pulpit by men most competent to pronounce an opinion. Let it further be noted as a marvellous token of his ability and shrewdness in estimating character, that he should at this period (1827) have predicted 'that if Mr. Arnold were elected to the head-mastership of Rugby, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.'<sup>1</sup>

With the year 1828 came the great event of his public life, namely, his election to the Provostship of Oriel. Dr. Copleston, who had presided over the college with singular ability and success since the death of Dr. Eveleigh in 1814, was appointed Bishop of Llandaff towards the close of 1827: and Hawkins, in February 1828, was elected to succeed him by the unanimous vote of the society,—which at that time reckoned among its fellows Keble (elected in 1811): Henry Jenkyns (elected in 1818): Dornford, Awdry, and Rickards (all three elected in 1819): Jelf (elected in 1821): Newman (elected in

<sup>9</sup> Aubrey's *Lives*,—Vol. ii. P. ii. p. 421. The public-house referred to ('*the City Arms*') is an ancient

tenement which faces the west entrance to S. Mary's.

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's '*Life of Arnold*,—i. 51.



1822): Pusey (elected in 1823): R. I. Wilberforce and Hurrell Froude (both elected in 1826).—Davison (who had been elected in 1800), and Whately (in 1811), as well as Hampden and Arnold<sup>2</sup> (both elected in 1815), were no longer fellows.—Under ordinary circumstances such an incident might well have been passed over with the mere recital of the fact. But a mistaken opinion prevails so inveterately concerning the Provost's election, that it may be as well here to produce a few interesting letters which establish the facts of the case beyond the risk of misconception. The first two are from Mr. Keble,—both written at the close of 1827:—

‘Coln St. Aldwin's, near Fairford, December 9th, 1827.

‘My dear good Hawkins,—I have brought over this sheet of paper to my Father's little parsonage that I might write on it to you between the Services, and thank you for the pleasure and comfort of your kind little letter this morning. It would be too bad for you and me, who have been working together so long in the same cause, to begin snarling and growling at this time of day and in the middle of Advent for an affair of this sort: and I never was much afraid of it, I may say not at all: but now we have it under one another's hand and seal, we are bound in honour to behave well. And I am in great hopes that by not caring too much for things, we shall be enabled to turn what might have been unpleasant into a time of comfortable recollection as long as we live. You and I agreed to remember one another at a trying time for us both, a little more than a twelvemonth ago: if you please, we will do the same now.

‘I hope I am not putting anyone to inconvenience or annoyance by not writing as yet more decidedly on the subject. If it is wished, I will do so immediately; but

<sup>2</sup> The successive holders of *that* fellowship stand thus in the Dean's register:—‘1814 [*sic*, but it is a mistake: it should be 1815], T.

Arnold,—1822, J. H. Newman,—1846, J. W. Burgon.’ (Communicated by C. L. Shadwell, esq., fellow of Oriel.)

if not, I believe I ought to wait about two or three posts more.

‘ Give my very kind regards to the Provost and all the fellows, and believe me ever, my dear Hawkins, your most affectionate *enemy*,

‘ J. K., Jun.’

‘ Fairford, December 28th, 1827.

‘ My dear Hawkins,—Having brought all into a sum, (as George Herbert says,) I have pretty well satisfied myself that greatly as the college would be benefited were the choice of the majority, in this important matter, to fall on me, it may yet do very well,—provided you are a good boy and do your *very very* best,—under your auspices: and such being the case, and I having private and family reasons of my own, which lead me, as a matter of taste, not to wish for the office, I really see no reason why the college should be troubled with any difference of opinion about the matter. I wrote to this effect, last night, to Froude, and shall probably write to Plumer and Newman to-day: and I feel very well satisfied with myself for what I have done: so please not to make any objection, for I shan’t change. At the same time, to prevent misconception, I must tell you that I don’t at all do this, as shrinking from the Office itself. I have not at all a *Nolo episcopari* feeling towards it: and perhaps I do not think it so very much more difficult a trust than any other pastoral employment,—nor have I any other reason to think, from what experience I have had, that I am particularly deficient in the art of managing youths of that age. I say this, because I don’t want to have it imagined that I am eaten up with a kind of morbid mistrust of myself: and also in order to prepare you for a little amicable discussion as to the principles of University discipline, with which you may expect to be regaled when I next have the pleasure of seeing you. Not that I think there is any great difference between us: I am sure we used always, I thought, to agree very well on those as well as on most other matters, and so I dare say we always shall.

‘ Good-bye, my dear Hawkins. Remember me to all

the Christmas dirge-men if there be any, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

‘J. KEBLE, Jun.’

Next in date is a letter from Robert Isaac Wilberforce, written from his Father’s house :—

‘Highwood Hill, January 3rd, 1828.

‘My dear Hawkins,—Your letter to me was so kind, that it encourages me to write to you in return with openness. It would be very presumptuous in me, were I not forced to it, to undertake to pass any judgment between such persons as yourself and Keble. But having been pressed by Newman to make up my mind, it seems but right to you, after the very kind way in which you have treated me, that I should tell you myself that it appears to me upon the whole that I ought to vote for Keble. I cannot however say this without expressing the very great pleasure it will give me (should the decision be, as it seems it will, in your favour,) to see you in a situation for which you are so well suited.

‘I have received a letter, as you are aware, from Keble, which had it come sooner would perhaps have prevented my coming to any conclusion on a point which I have found so difficult; but as I had made up my mind just before this letter arrived, I think it would hardly have been honest to you not to have mentioned that I had done so. As I understand that half the number of Fellows have declared their intention of voting for yourself, I suppose there is little doubt what will be the result of the election, but at the same time it seems to me but right to wait and know what is the opinion of those who agree with myself, before I declare for any other person than Keble.

‘I have written this in a very confused and awkward way, both because I feel rather at a loss how to express myself properly in regard to persons whom I have been so long used to look up to; and because I have been hurrying that I may not be too late for the post which is just departing.

‘Allow me to conclude by again expressing the great

pleasure it will give me to see you in the high Office which is about to be vacant; and by thanking you for the kind way in which you have written to me. Believe me, ever your obliged and affectionate friend,

‘ROBERT I. WILBERFORCE.’

Though the actual election to the Provostship did not take place till February, it is evident from a letter from Pusey to Hawkins, (written from Berlin, 12th January, 1828,) that the society had come to a practical decision on the subject several days before the date of Pusey’s letter. A single extract will suffice:—

‘I had received the intelligence which your letter of this morning confirms, some little time ago through one from Keble to Newman, and only delayed the expression of my satisfaction at the comfortable mode of the termination of the election, till I should receive an official account. . . . The whole affair (from the candour and kindly feeling which has been shown) has been particularly satisfactory; and we have each our particular sources of pleasures. I, in seeing an anxious wish thus fulfilled; and you, in possessing so fully the confidence and approbation of all the members of your body; and without making invidious parallels with the late Provost, (whom, as a man, every one must respect,) I anticipate infinitely more both for our College and the University from his successor.’

On the 22nd January, Robert Isaac Wilberforce again wrote from Highwood:—

‘The whole matter may now be considered as settled, and I can truly say that I feel the greatest pleasure in being able to congratulate you on your appointment to an Office, in which I can only wish that you may be as useful as your own desires would lead you to be: and this is after all wishing you happiness in the truest sense.

‘I did not understand, I see, what you said about Awdry, or my last letter would have been rather dif-

ferent. . . . I wish I had used more diligence in ascertaining his sentiments and Churton's, but the latter I tried in vain to find; and the former I have hardly ever seen, so that I felt shy of going to call upon him. Had I communicated with either of them, I should of course have stated my intention of voting for you *unconditionally* in my last letter.'

The next, from Richard Hurrell Froude, written on the following day, deserves to be given entire.

'January 23rd, 1828.

'My dear Hawkins.—Though I don't set so high a value on the emanations of my pen as to volunteer a superfluous communication, yet, from what Churton said to me in his note, I fancy I ought to supply an *ἔλλειμμα* in my last letter, by making a more formal declaration of my unconditional and uncompromising determination to rank myself among your retainers. I am really very sorry that my stupid delay in answering your letter should have caused you any *bother* (to use a studiously elegant expression, than which I cannot hit on a better): and this is the more provoking, as I actually had written you an answer the first day; but as I said something at the end of it about my Brother, which afterwards I thought too gloomy, and which, I believe, was suggested by seeing him look particularly unwell from some accident, I thought it rather too hard to call on you for sympathy in my capricious fancies.

'I suppose I may take the liberty to enclose this in a cover to the Bishop, otherwise I should hesitate to draw on your purse as well as your time for such a scribble as this. However, I have left you enough clear paper at the end to work out a question in Algebra, or make the skeleton of a sermon. And as this is probably worth more than any words I have to put into it, I shall conclude by begging you to consider me yours ever affectionately,

'RICHARD H. FROUDE.'

Lastly, John Henry Newman, who was then examining in the Schools,—(he had been ill and was much depressed

by the recent death of a loved younger sister<sup>3</sup>),—in an undated note which clearly belongs to the same period,—thus refers to the Provost's altered position in the college, where however he was still lecturing and discharging the duties of the 'Dean':—

'My dear Dean,—Round, and my other kind colleagues, will not let me go into the Schools to-morrow or next day. Dr. Kidd has advised me to go out of Oxford, and Wilberforce has persuaded me to go home with him till Friday or Saturday. We shall start at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12. Let me know if you see any objection to this. I would call, but your lectures are in the way. I hope this will be the last week for ever that *lectures* will hinder me calling on you. I wanted to talk with you in our walk to-day on this interesting subject. You must excuse me. I have implied above the substance of what I had to say. Yours ever affectionately,

'J. H. NEWMAN.'

In a subsequent letter, Newman expressed his satisfaction at the result of the election as *best* for the College; though he could not have voted against Keble. Indeed, so late as in 1877, when paying his brother-in-law a visit at Plymtree,

'Among many other interesting things, he mentioned his extreme surprise at Pusey having stated, in a sermon (I think he said) on the opening of Keble college, that he (Newman) came to regret the vote and influence he had used in the election of the Provost.'<sup>4</sup>

The actual election took place on the 2nd February, and was attended by the usual traditional forms of

<sup>3</sup> 'The delay of the election will afford a most welcome respite to poor Newman, who, (you perhaps have heard,) lost, last Saturday after only 24 hours' cessation of apparently strong health, his youngest sister. Every consolation, which a

brother can have, he has most richly—her whole life having been a preparation for that hour.'—(Pusey to Hawkins, dated '*Berlin, Jan. 1828.*')

<sup>4</sup> Rev. T. Mozley to the Provost, 3rd July, 1878.

admission to the Headship. *One* thing that happened was informal:—

‘You must have heard from Mr. Golightly,’ (writes the friend to whom we are already indebted for not a few interesting notices<sup>5</sup>), ‘the ludicrous incident connected with the event. Part of the ceremonial of installation consisted in solemnly closing the college gates. The newly elected Provost was then required to knock, in order to be formally admitted by the Dean, and received by the fellows assembled under the archway. Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman was at that time Dean of the college. The gates were duly closed, and the fellows stood waiting for the expected signal. At last a knock was heard, and the Dean advancing asked “*Quis adest?*” “Please sir,” (replied a tremulous voice), “It’s me, the college washer-woman.” The gate was opened, and between the Fellows, drawn up in two ranks, passed a venerable matron laden with baskets of clean linen.

‘Again the gate was shut, and again there was a false alarm. At last three sharp incisive taps were heard. “I knew,” said Mr. Golightly, “before a word was spoken, that *now* there was no mistake.” Again the question “*Quis adest?*” was asked, but this time with the response—“*Edvardus Hawkins hujusce collegii Praepositus.*”—I have heard that Cardinal Newman, being asked within the last twelve months about this little episode, declared that he had no recollection of it. My informant was an undergraduate eye-witness of the scene, and I can hardly believe that he was mistaken in his recollections.’

As the news of Hawkins’s election to the headship of Oriel spread through the provinces, in the tardy fashion of those days, it was the signal for a shower of interesting letters of hearty congratulation from distinguished men. The best known name is that of William Wilberforce, three of whose sons had been educated at Oriel. By one correspondent, the event was hailed as a blessing

<sup>5</sup> Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

to the Church and to the world. All alike regarded it as fraught with advantage to the college and to the University. Arnold's letter of congratulation (written from Laleham, Feb. 8th) seems to reflect the history of this election, with entire truthfulness and accuracy. All eyes had been directed to *two* fellows of the college,—Hawkins and Keble,—as the fittest to succeed Copleston in the headship. Both were general favourites: and with the election of either the entire society would evidently have been fully content. The majority, under any circumstances, would have been with Hawkins: but, as a matter of fact, *Keble declined to come forward.* 'Let good old Hawkins walk over the course,'—was the deliberate decision of his rival. And now for Dr. Arnold's letter:—

'I am by no means certain that this will find you in Oxford; but I do not know where else to send it, and I do not wish to delay any longer my most hearty congratulations on your election to the Provostship.—I will not pretend to say that my rejoicings would have been equally unmixed, had Keble been a candidate against you; but as he is better pleased to continue as he is, I do rejoice most sincerely and entirely, both for your sake and that of the college;—and though I should have been *no less* glad to see him Provost, yet I can safely say that not even his election, nor that of any other man, would have given me *more* pleasure than yours has done.—But my pleasure is now unmixed, because there is not the disappointment of one friend to set against the success of another.'

After all that goes before, it is pleasant to get back to the charities of domestic life, and to encounter such a touch of nature as is found in the congratulatory letter of W. D. Conybeare: "—

<sup>6</sup> Dated Cardiff, Feb. 7th. He and subsequently became Dean of was Bampton Lecturer in 1839, Llandaff.



‘That your establishment in life under circumstances so honourable has taken place while you had yet a Parent alive to share, and more than share in the gratification it affords,—is one of the most material additions of pure happiness which such success can admit. I think of your mutual congratulations not with envy, but with some distant hope that some of my own boys may hereafter have a similar treat in store for their own Mother.’

In the Dean’s register book, and in Provost Hawkins’ handwriting, (for he was Dean at that time,) is to be seen his Address to the Fellows (Jan. 30th, 1828) after reading to them their late Provost’s instrument of resignation,—as eloquent a tribute of affection and dutiful regard as ever was penned. Copleston—(‘Spell it,’ he used to say, ‘with the fewest letters you can’)—was certainly a very remarkable personage. But his celebrity was *local*. He made his reputation at Oxford, where he was confessedly supreme, and exercised extraordinary influence. When he went forth from the University, it was ‘*cum bonis omnibus votisque* ;’ but it was found that he had left his great reputation behind him. He made no figure either in his diocese or in the senate,—nor yet in the republic of letters.

His successor, as already stated, entered on the duties of office on the 2nd of February. It remains to add that before the year was ended (20th December) he was united to the object of his early attachment,—Miss Mary Ann Buckle. They were married at Cheltenham, by the Rev. F. (afterwards Dean) Close. And thus began that long course of domestic felicity which was only interrupted by his own death: for he had certainly found the gentlest, most devoted, and most helpful of wives.—No producible recollections remain of that early period, except a general impression of the exceeding brilliancy

of the conversation, and the high intellectual character of the Fellows of the College,—of whom, at first, Mrs. Hawkins was slightly afraid. There was indeed an unattractive stiffness and formality in the highest Academic circles, at the time we speak of, which since then has all but disappeared. To return, however, to what is our proper subject.—A passage claims insertion here, which was written with reference to the Provost's marriage. Mr. Wilberforce, after apologizing for being somewhat tardy with his congratulations, wrote concerning himself as follows:—

“It is really true that not long before I entered into the state of wedlock, I had almost been led into forming a resolution to continue through life a single man. And even when I was enjoying the first pleasures of the union, I could not so well appreciate the blessings of the state, as now when entered into my 70th year, I find my infirmities soothed and my spirit cheered by the affectionate endearments of a Wife and Children.”<sup>7</sup>

Since George Anthony Denison, who succeeded to the Provost's vacant fellowship, made acquaintance with Oriel at this very juncture, it was obvious to challenge my friend for some reminiscences of the place and the period. There is a freshness, a truthfulness in his narrative which quite lays hold of the imagination:—

“I came from Ch. Ch.; from a life as distinct in sundry ways from the life of Oriel Common-room as could well be. The grave interests which were stirring to their depths, or at least beginning to stir, the Oriel life and conversation, were not present to me. . . . Charles Neate and I soon became fast friends. We agreed that Common-room, with all its great elements of life, was an inordinately dull place. We found the reason to lie in this,—that the men were afraid of one another: were living together under the restraint which

<sup>7</sup> *Highwood Hill*, 5 Jan. 1829.

attaches naturally to a sense of incipient—to become pronounced—divergence. And we set ourselves to bring into it some life and pleasantness; not without considerable success.

“I recall the sentence pronounced upon it some few years after by my dear old friend Charles Drury, himself an Oriel man of some 18 years before me. ‘Come and dine in Hall’ (I said) ‘and we will go to Common-room.’—‘Well, I think it will be dull from all I hear, but let us go.’—He was a man of wonderful humour and great conversational power. After a while, I saw him making faces at me: which I understood, and moved to go. When we got outside, the wrath of the man exploded. Soon afterwards I sent him a yearly present of brawn. He wrote,—‘My dear George,—When I had unpacked the brawn and set it on end, it looked much pleasanter, and tasted a great deal better, and was every way more agreeable than the Fellows of Oriel.’ But” (proceeds my friend) “look at the men. Now and then Hawkins, Whately, Keble, Senior, Arnold: commonly, Newman, R. Wilberforce, H. Froude, Blanco White. I have not, I see, added Dornford,—who had his own special vitality, but a little overdone with Aristotle, and military recollections. The sum of all is, that it was very dull. What was really filling minds was either suppressed, or touched sometimes not very pleasantly.

“But with all this, I can recall no instance of unkindness: many of truest kindliness. And here I like to repeat to you what passed between Newman and myself 20 years after . . . . He wrote back most kindly, saying that he would rather have the kindliness of my letter than what I might have been able to do for what he wished. He then went on to say, that it had long been in his mind to tell me that he was afraid that not unfrequently, when we were together in Common-room, he had been harsh and unkind in his manner towards me, and that he wished now to take the opportunity of saying it.

“I was greatly moved at this, and wrote to say that I had no recollection of anything like what he referred to; but that if it had been so, it was probably to be

accounted for by the fact that, at that time, he was more in earnest than I was.

“As I end writing this, I remind myself that it is to be found at p. 68 of ‘*Notes of my Life.*’”<sup>8</sup>

Only fair to the men of that day is it, after what immediately precedes, that room should be found for the impressions of another impartial and competent observer, writing confidentially to a friend at the same period. William Jacobson, at the age of six-and-twenty,—(he was not yet fellow of Exeter,)—relates as follows:—

“I spent three days at Oxford on my way back to this greenest of islands. My friend Neate insisted on my quartering myself upon him at Oriel, and assuredly I had no sort of reason to quarrel with the peremptoriness of his hospitality. The high-table and common-room of that College are, I should imagine, as good specimens of their genera as one could easily find. With regard to the Chapel, I certainly had no idea that any thing like it existed at either University. The decorum, the full attendance, the uniformity of response, were all delightful. It seems to be the rule that whatever fellows are seen *at dinner* should show themselves also *at Chapel*. This cannot but have the happiest possible effect on the whole system. How differently must the daily Service be regarded in such a case, from the way in which it is viewed in the many colleges where for the seniors to go to Chapel is the exception,—to stay away, the rule! Neate’s mind certainly is wonderfully improved since his election.”<sup>9</sup>

To the Provostship of Oriel, (which is an ecclesiastical office), Queen Anne annexed a Canonry at Rochester in 1714. This entailed the necessity of a three months’ residence in the Cathedral precincts,—which proved as beneficial to the Cathedral body as refreshing to Hawkins

<sup>8</sup> *East Brent*,—Aug. 4th, 1883. (See the Index to the present

<sup>9</sup> *Dublin*,—March 5th, 1829. To volume for the name of that gentleman.)  
George Sydenham Fursdon, esq.

himself. His habits of business and his *appetite* for work, joined to his lofty integrity and soundness of judgment, made him an invaluable member of the Chapter. When he had seen about 80 years of life, he remarked (to the Principal of S. Mary Hall) that 'in consequence of *the age and infirmity of some of his colleagues,*' he was obliged to bestow increased attention on Cathedral business.

The Provostship of Oriel was further endowed with the Rectory of Purleigh in Essex,—where of course personal residence was impracticable: and, (let it be recorded to the Provost's honour,) no one more than himself desired the separation of that living from the headship. In the meantime his practice was to place at Purleigh a trustworthy *locum tenens* with an ample stipend, and to hold himself individually responsible for all parochial charities and benefactions. Quite in keeping with his large-hearted liberality was it, that when his first Curate became disabled through paralysis, the Rector continued to him his stipend until his death.—On the other hand, to prevent the severance of the Canonry at Rochester from the Headship, was the object of the Provost's supreme anxiety to the latest moment of his life. As the years rolled out, and 'liberal' opinions developed themselves in the society, it became, on the contrary, the chief aim of the majority of the fellows to achieve the severance of the Canonry, with a view to secularizing the headship of the College<sup>1</sup>,—to which the Canonry was supposed to be the immediate obstacle. The Provost,

<sup>1</sup> By ineffectual application to the House of Lords in 1869:—to the Prime Minister and to the Lord Chancellor, in 1871—and 1875.—But in 1879, the College made 'the singular suggestion, that funds ap-

propriated by the representative of the Founder and by Parliament to the Head of the Society should be taken as a *contribution (to University purposes) of the College itself from its own revenues.*'

on the other hand, maintained that there are duties attaching to the Headship of a College as 'a place of Religion, Learning, and Education' which a layman is incapable of discharging. This, which may be called the *Pastoral* aspect of his Office in regard to the young committed in some measure to his care, he never lost sight of, but was thoroughly conscientious in its discharge.

Thus, it was his practice to send for *every* freshman, and to question him as to his religious knowledge, before admitting him to Holy Communion. A former scholar of Oriel<sup>2</sup> relates,—

'He asked me whether I had been confirmed? who had prepared me for Confirmation? and if I knew what work was the basis of the lectures on Confirmation which I had attended? I happened to be aware that Secker's Lectures were largely used by the head Master of Rossall, and I had subsequently read them myself. "Didn't you think it a very dry book?"—to which I readily replied in the affirmative. He further questioned me in order to ascertain if I understood the nature of the Ordinance and the obligations therewith connected. This was his invariable practice with freshmen.'

The Provost's care and consideration for the younger members of his college were remarkable. So was his discernment. An incident is remembered in connection with one who has since achieved for himself a great reputation.—One of the Tutors (Clement Greswell) was unduly severe towards a certain undergraduate at 'Collections' (as the examination at the end of Term is called); which the Provost perceiving, came to the youth's rescue. Having conducted him patiently over his books, he ended by complimenting him on his work; adding that he possessed excellent abilities, and might, if he cultivated them, command success and future dis-

<sup>2</sup> Rev. R. G. Livingstone.

inction. The youth so encouraged was the present Viscount Cranbrook,—whom Mr. Disraeli privately spoke of as his ‘right-hand man.’ It should be recorded, to Clement Greswell’s honour, that this incident did not in the least affect his subsequent friendly bearing towards his pupil. I suspect by the way, (and I speak as one who lived on a college staircase for thirty years,) that the elder members of such a society little know the impression made for good (or for evil) on the juniors, by their casual utterances.

In connection with this part of the subject, (the friendly relation, namely, which the Provost maintained with the undergraduate members of his College), his punctual *hospitality* deserves special mention. ‘Given to hospitality’ as he conspicuously was, *they* came in for their full share,—as many of them will remember and gratefully attest. . . Often have I in Vacation time,—(when the cook, suppose, had begged for a holiday, and there was not so much as a ‘remainder bisket’ left in the cupboard,)—availed myself of the known proclivity of my Chief.—Once, at mid-day, Nature asserted herself so imperiously, that,—(exclaiming ‘I really *must* run over to the Provost’s for something to eat,’)—I presented myself at the Provost’s luncheon-table. I was received with undisguised pleasure,—not unmingled with merriment when it had been explained that (to speak plainly) nothing else but a pang of hunger had brought me. While crossing ‘quad,’ I had secretly resolved to repay the anticipated hospitality by making myself as pleasant as I could: so I began to tell the Provost the drollest stories I could think of. The Provost laughed till he fairly cried, and finally (to his guest’s infinite satisfaction) took off his spectacles in order to wipe them.

Vain satisfaction! short-lived boast! The Provost availed himself of the interval (*so* like the dear man!) to give me a lecture. 'I declare, Burgon, you are most agreeable and entertaining. Now, *who* would believe that you could be so severe with your pen? Why, when you are writing controversially,'—Heaven knows *what* wholesome but unpalatable truths were going to follow. Providentially the recollection of the last story at this instant recurred, and again the Provost began to laugh. What need to say that his guest availed himself of the golden opportunity to make his bow to Mrs. Hawkins and to effect a speedy retreat?

It was characteristic of the Provost that,—strict, even severe as he was in respect of minor irregularities on the part of the undergraduates,—whenever a case of real misconduct came before a College meeting, it was generally *he* who interposed between the offender and the extreme sentence of collegiate law; counselling the less severe course, out of consideration for 'the young man's prospects.' Woe to the 'young man' however if he made his appearance at 'Collections' smelling of tobacco! The Provost had a great abhorrence of it; and would inveigh against its use, referring to the cigar as a 'nasty weed,'—much to the amusement of offending undergraduates. . . . One summer's evening, it became plain to him that the obnoxious smell was gradually infecting every part of his 'lodgings.' The *fons et origo mali* he could not divine. Could it be some practical joke of the undergraduates? The odour seemed to come from above. Upstairs accordingly he went: and at last discovered his guest, Abp. Whately, quietly enjoying a cigar on the leads.

Another characteristic story comes to mind and claims



insertion.—The Provost from his library window, (it looked out on the back quadrangle), espied on a certain Monday morning two undergraduates chasing one another (*more juniorum*) over the grass. The sermon in the college chapel overnight had been preached by ‘Charlie Daman,’—its subject, ‘*The childlike spirit.*’ The Provost sent for the offenders, and addressed them somewhat as follows:—‘Mr. Evans and Mr. Cruickshank, I believe you both heard Mr. Daman’s sermon yesterday evening.’ The men bowed. ‘I suspect you misunderstood its drift. It was *the ‘childlike’*—not *the childish*—disposition which the preacher recommended. Good morning!’

The same conscientious solicitude for the undergraduates of his college it was, which made him at the very outset of his career as Provost, oppose the desire of the Tutors,—(Newman, Wilberforce, Froude,)—to remodel the lectures, introduce new books, and establish far closer relations between themselves and their pupils. The result of the Provost’s refusal to sanction these innovations, was Newman’s retirement from the tutorship in 1831. It is needless to linger over a controversy which has long since lost its interest, and is only traditionally remembered. Something infinitely more important awaits us.

The period at which Edward Hawkins became Provost of Oriel will be for ever memorable in the annals of the Church of England. Men of the present generation are little apt to realize what was then the posture of affairs. The Church’s prospects seemed desperate. I have already, in an earlier part of the present volume, endeavoured to set forth the disastrous facts of the case in outline. It must suffice on the present occasion to

remind the reader of what was offered concerning the state of public affairs [1827-33] from page 150 to page 160. It will be remembered that under the pretext of 'Reform, the country seemed to be on the brink of a Revolution,—in which, together with the social and political fabric which had been the growth of ages, the Church itself as a visible Institution was to all appearance destined to be swept away. The Bishops were recommended to 'set their house in order.'—How churchmen woke up to a sense of the impending danger and bestirred themselves at this juncture,—as well as with what success,—has been already set forth somewhat in detail. The climax was reached when a Bill for the extinction of ten Bishoprics and two Archbishoprics in Ireland was introduced in the beginning of 1833. The immediate result was the Oxford Movement. An appeal which was made to members of the Church met with a noble response. A clerical Address to the Archbishop of Canterbury was signed by 8000 of the Clergy. A lay declaration of attachment to the Church was signed by upwards of 230,000 heads of families. "From these two events we may date the commencement of the turn of the tide which had threatened to overthrow our Church and our Religion."<sup>3</sup> The Church found herself the object of warm popular affection. Immediately after appeared the '*Tracts for the Times*.'

The one strong hand, which at that juncture was competent to steer the good ship safely through the storm which still lay heavily upon her, was unfortunately away. Calamitous to relate, the current of religious enthusiasm became early diverted into an unhealthy channel, and assumed a party character. All this matter however has been explained so fully in an earlier page, that I

<sup>3</sup> Perceval's '*Collection of Papers*,' &c. (1842),—p. 12.

will not reproduce the dreary details here.<sup>4</sup> How the Tracts pursued their brilliant career until the year 1841,—when, at the instance of the Diocesan, they were abruptly discontinued,—is familiarly known to all. But no one personally unacquainted with Oxford at that period, can have any idea of the amount of feverish partizanship which attended the later ‘Tractarian’ movement, or of the extent to which suspicion and distrust marred endeavours, well meant but certainly injudicious, which ought to have been productive of unmingled good. The Tracts became tinged with a foreign element. They lacked the genuine Anglican flavour. Some who had been foremost in promoting the Revival were in consequence held responsible for views which they would have sternly repudiated. Thus, discredit was brought on the good cause. Its best friends were offended. They insisted that the authors of the Tracts were removing the old landmarks,—were building on insecure foundations. At a much earlier period, the keen eye and powerful intellect of Hugh James Rose had foretold that ‘the next great conflict of the Church of England would be *with Romanism.*’ Personal friendship however, and regard for great principles held in common, kept men silent. In the meantime Mr. Newman met the taunts of those who charged him with ‘Romanizing’ by employing fiercer language concerning Rome than had ever been heard before. He denounced her as ‘a lost Church’: ‘a Church beside herself’: ‘heretical,’ ‘profane,’ ‘unscriptural,’ ‘impious,’ ‘blasphemous,’ ‘monstrous,’ ‘cruel’: ‘resembling a demoniac,’ and requiring to be treated ‘as if she were *that Evil One which governs her.*’<sup>5</sup> His words were received by

<sup>4</sup> See above, pp. 205-25: 242-3: *Office of the Church, viewed relatively to Romanism and popular*  
274-5, &c. &c.

<sup>5</sup> ‘*Lectures on the Prophetical Protestantism,*’—1838, pp. 102-3.

his friends as trustfully as they had been by himself sincerely spoken.

But the appearance (Jan. 25, 1841) of Tract No. 90, ('*Remarks on certain passages in the 39 Articles,*') brought matters to a crisis. It put a non-natural sense on the Articles; rather, it explained them away. The Heads of Houses, (at that time the governing body of the University,) proposed a sentence of condemnation; and entrusted the Provost of Oriel with the responsibility of formulating the document. It was publicly declared (March 15, 1841), that 'modes of Interpretation, such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the 39 Articles, and reconciling Subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of the Statutes.' A war of pamphlets followed. But, the Tracts having been stopped by authority, the prosecuting parties might well have rested satisfied with their advantage. Newman was still Vicar of S. Mary's, and his affecting and beautiful sermons (at the 4 p.m. service) exercised a wondrous influence for good over the younger men of the period. All refused to believe that one who had denounced Romanism a few years before in such tremendous language, could ever unsay every word of it: forsake the Anglican communion, and walk over to the opposite camp.

When, however, Mr. Ward of Balliol openly avowed his joy and wonder at finding *all the Roman doctrines* pervading the whole body of English Churchmen; and asserted that, for his own part, in signing the Articles he had renounced *no one Romish doctrine*: especially when it

became apparent that such monstrous unfaithfulness was spreading, and infecting the younger members of the University;—the Heads became alarmed. Four years had elapsed when, at the instance of 470 Oxford graduates, they consented to invite Convocation to ratify their own condemnatory ‘*Declaration*’ of 1841. Even *then* however faith in the sincerity of Mr. Newman’s professions remained unshaken. Thus, on reading an announcement in the paper (Feb. 6, 1845) that, on *that* day week, ‘members of Convocation will be called upon to condemn the mode of interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles suggested in the 90th “*Tract for the Times*,” as evading rather than explaining their sense, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of Roman Catholic errors,’—Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Provost of Oriel pleading for time:—

‘I freely avow my hope that, if the University enters upon the consideration of a particular and limited portion of his works, they will not exclude from view the great mass of his teaching. I cannot forget what the standard of life was in Oxford at the time when I was myself a resident, nor conceal from myself that he, by his Parochial Sermons and otherwise, has had no small share in its elevation to what it is now believed to be. I ask to be allowed to think, by myself and with others, what acknowledgment may be due to him *for his great work on Romanism*, when I am called to guard against the consequences of other works supposed to be in its favour.

The Provost (Feb. 8th) replied:

‘You consider that we ought to weigh Mr. Newman’s other publications, and even to compare the good and ill effects of his teaching. Were this so, certainly I could never vote upon such a question at all. I could not even enumerate his works, and I have not actual knowledge of the fact as to several of them which are anonymous. But no human being can possibly estimate the

comparative good and evil consequences of his writing and teaching, &c. ; although we ought to be desirous and ready to acknowledge the good we believe him to have effected. Yet I greatly fear that your impressions at a distance, and mine on the spot, are very different.'

The end of the matter was that on the eve of the proposed 'Declaration and Degradation' (Feb. 12th, 1845), the Proctors, (H. P. Guillemard of Trinity, and R. W. Church, now Dean of S. Paul's,) notified to the Vice-Chancellor their intention, in virtue of the prerogative of their office, to negative the Decree against Tract 90.—It was perhaps the best solution of the business which could have been devised, and proved a great relief to a vast majority of the residents.

I well remember the events concerning which I write: remember too how warmly I took Mr Newman's side throughout, (for I sincerely loved him :) and how heartily I rejoiced in the action of the Proctors who bravely cut the knot which there was no untying. Yet am I bound to admit,—looking back calmly at that period through the long vista of intervening years,—that I see not how it was possible for the 'Hebdomadal Board' of those days, as conscientious and honourable men, to pursue a different course from that which they actually adopted. In Joshua Watson's words:—

"The cards were dealt to them; and if they had refused to play, they had surely failed in their duty to the University as *custodes juventutis academicae*. Nothing could release the body from their obligation to protect those entrusted to their charge from looking upon the bonds of Subscription as a mere rope of sand. Let who will bring the bill, they were bound when it was brought, by their oaths of office, to find it a true bill, and send it to the regular tribunal for judgment."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Churton's '*Memoir*,'—ii. 152.

I have been constrained thus again to refer to the early history of that great religious movement with which the name of Oxford will be ever associated, not only because it supplies the frame-work of twelve of the most eventful years of the Provost of Oriel's life [1833-45],—but because it so largely influenced his public acts and determined the character of his writings,<sup>7</sup> as well as affected his individual happiness. He was throughout in the very thick of the fight. His position was in truth a most difficult one. Utterly alien to his habits of thought,—his tastes and sympathies,—as was the method of the Tractarian writers, the chief of them had been, nay, still were, his personal friends. In sending to a fellow of the College (in 1851) his '*Sermons on Scriptural Types and Sacraments*,' he wrote,—

"My principal object in publishing this volume was not to treat of Types, so much as to meet R. Wilberforce's views of the Incarnation, &c.; but I was unwilling to publish a book solely against an old friend and member of Oriel, and therefore I introduced several other matters into the last two Sermons, and added the first two."

His '*Sermons on the Church*' in like manner were occa-

<sup>7</sup> It must suffice in this place merely to enumerate the productions of his pen at this time. They were,—'*Oxford Matriculation Statutes. Answers to the "Questions addressed to Members of Convocation by a Bachelor of Divinity [Dr. Pusey]" with brief Notes upon Church Authority*,' &c. By a resident Member of Convocation [Dr. Hawkins].—Oxford, 1835 (pp. 29).—'*A Letter to the Earl of Radnor upon the Oaths, Dispensations, and Subscription to the XXXIX. Articles at the University of Oxford*.' By a resident Member of Convocation [Dr.

Hawkins].—Oxford, 1835 (pp. 26).—'*The Ministry of Men in the Economy of Grace, and the danger of over-rating it*.' 1840—(pp. 42).—'*The Apostolical Succession*' (2 Tim. i. 6, 7). Feb. 27, 1842 (pp. 46).—'*The Nature and Obligation of Apostolic Order*.' May 29, 1842 (pp. 30).—'*The presence of God in the Church by the HOLY SPIRIT*.' June 4, 1843 (pp. 30).—'*Sermons on the Church, preached before the University of Oxford* [in 1843-4-5].' 1847 (pp. 225). See above (p. 421-2) concerning this last-named volume.

sioned (as he explains in the Preface) by that series of events which, commencing in 1833, came to a head in 1841, and finally resulted in the open defection of many members of the Church of England in 1845.—Those who had no personal acquaintance with the period of which we speak (1841–5) must be referred to what has been already offered on the subject.<sup>8</sup> Like inexperienced swimmers when the stream is running strong, men were borne onward,—drifted they knew not whither. The disciples of the Tractarian movement were in many instances tempted to say much more than they either believed or felt. Some, with fatal instinct, carried out principles to their logical issues, and far outwent their guides. To the Heads of Houses realizing the responsibility of their office, and doubtful ‘whereunto this would grow,’—it became a matter of supreme distress to witness among the undergraduates unequivocal tokens that the movement contained a *Romeward* element, which recommended itself to warm and impulsive natures. The Provost of Oriel’s life was thoroughly embittered by the perpetual antagonisms into which the inflexible integrity and conscientiousness of his disposition,—together with his thorough loyalty to the Church of England,—brought, or rather *forced* him.

The catastrophe arrived but too soon. After the Long Vacation of 1845, it became known that Mr. Newman had already deserted to the enemy’s camp. *Hoc Ithacus velit*. A terrible triumph was thus given to the ultra-Protestant party. But the event was also a miserable fulfilment of the worst fears and predictions of not a few good and faithful men; while it was a source of deepest grief and absolute dismay to as many as had

<sup>8</sup> *E. g.* in the Memoir of Charles Marriott,—pp. 312–21.



resolutely hoped against hope,—entirely trusted as well as loved their teacher. We felt that we had been betrayed, and we resented the wrong which had been done us. *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas.*

Then came the recoil. The shock, which had been thus given to the moral sense of the University, was tremendous. Its remote effects are experienced to this hour. At Oxford, men fairly reeled beneath the intelligence; and though but few, comparatively, followed Mr. Newman to Rome, hundreds who remained behind in very perplexity drifted from their moorings,—lapsed into indifferentism,—were prepared to believe, or to disbelieve, almost anything. One of the most able and accomplished of Newman's clerical adherents, Mark Pattison, became (in 1861) a contributor to the shameful '*Essays and Reviews.*' It is anguish at the end of three-and-forty years to recall the sharpness of the trial which assailed us when, amid the falling leaves and shortening days of October 1845, we went back to Oxford; and were made sensible of the partial paralysis of the great Anglican revival which had been entered on with so much promise some thirteen years before. How far the flood of Infidelity, which has since invaded the University, is to be ascribed to the great break-up of 1841-5, is a secret known only to GOD.

It was confidently expected by the Provost's friends,—indeed it was often announced in the public journals,—that he was about to be appointed to a Bishopric. For a series of years, whatever politics were in the ascendant, at every fresh vacancy, the eyes of all in Oxford were directed to *him*;—a great and just tribute to his honesty and courage. 'Now that the English Church Bill has passed,' (wrote Hampden from Ewelme, Aug. 15, 1836,)

‘I have been looking out for your name among the nominations to the bench,—which would give me pleasure on every account, except for Oriel and Oxford, where it is too evident you could not be spared. A fortnight before this reached him, it was so confidently rumoured that Hawkins had been designated for the vacant see of Chichester, that Dean Chandler wrote to recommend to his notice as the fittest person to be his ‘provincial secretary,’ the gentleman who had discharged the duties of the same office to the late Bishop. It was currently reported that one reason why he was not raised to the Episcopal bench, was the condition of Oriel previous to 1841, which rendered it certain that Newman would have been elected Provost if Hawkins were removed:—an event which would have been greatly deprecated by the dispensers of patronage long before the appearance of Tract No. 90.

It may also be here mentioned that, first in 1840 (by the Duke of Wellington), and again in 1870 (by the Marquis of Salisbury), the office of Vice-Chancellor was pressed upon his acceptance; but was by him firmly declined for grave and good reasons.—The Bampton Lectureship, (of which we have spoken already), was simply forced upon him, in 1840.—A yet more remarkable proof of the Provost’s ‘capacity for taking trouble’ was afforded by his undertaking a few years after, when requested to do so, the office of Dean Ireland’s ‘Professor of the Exegesis of Holy Scripture.’ His ‘*Inaugural Lecture* read before the University, Nov. 2nd, 1847, with brief Notices of the Founder,’<sup>9</sup>—is valuable and interesting. Ireland himself [1761–1842], who became Dean of Westminster, was of humble origin, and

<sup>9</sup> Published in 1848,—pp. 59.

had been a 'Bible-clerk' at Oriel. This Professorship Dr. Hawkins held for fourteen years,—resigning it, Oct. 19th, 1861. It is needless to declare that he threw himself into the office with conscientious earnestness, and discharged its duties with exemplary fidelity; largely increasing his own private library, for purposes of study, with books in this particular department of Divinity: which books, by the way, he bequeathed to his successors in the chair of the 'Exegesis of Holy Scripture.' He lectured three days weekly,—devoting one of the days to a general lecture which he read: the other two, to the exegesis of some Epistle. Canon Farrar of Durham attended the Provost's lectures for one or two years, and thought very highly of them. He reminds me that the Professor used to place in the hands of each pupil a printed list of Commentators, classified, with particulars of the works and dates of each. He was *the first* 'Ireland Professor.'—And now to proceed.

One war was no sooner completely over, than the Provost of Oriel found another, of quite a different kind, but even more formidable, thrust upon him. It is not needful here to discuss at any length the next great event in the history of Oxford,—the Revolution effected by the 'Universities Commission' of 1854. But it marks an epoch: and Hawkins is too inextricably mixed up with the fortunes of Oxford that I should pass it by with only a few words.

At the period referred to, the government of the University was practically vested in the Heads of Houses. These constituted the 'Hebdomadal board,' which exercised the initiative in all measures. It had long been felt in Oxford that some opening of initiative power to

members of Congregation was necessary, and that a Representative board ought to exercise the function hitherto monopolized by the Heads. Other changes there were, which the University was both able and willing to adopt for its own improvement. The 'Tutors' Association' formulated not a few suggestions for internal reform, which were favourably received in Oxford, but were disregarded by the Commissioners. The Government scheme,—which originated with men either unacquainted with Oxford or else inimical to its best interests, and which was finally thrust upon the University by an unfriendly House of Commons,—was nothing else but a moral and constitutional wrong; a needless invasion of the liberties of the University and of the Colleges, as well as a shameful perversion of the known intention of Founders and Benefactors. Fellowships which had been expressly endowed for the maintenance of students of Divinity, and for half a thousand years had been the means of maintaining in the Church of England a body of learned Clergy, were now for the first time alienated.<sup>1</sup> It was not pleaded that there no longer existed the need which had occasioned their original foundation. Notorious it was, on the contrary, that the need was greater than ever. Neither was it pretended that they were either unworthily filled, or were not discharging their educational function in strict conformity with the known intentions of their Founders,—with signal advantage to the State, and with high honour to the University. In open defiance of Right, the Clerical tenure of fellowships was reduced within certain arbitrary limits: by which act of injustice to Founders and to the Church, a fatal precedent was established for a yet more sweeping act of confiscation at the end of less

<sup>1</sup> See the *Appendix* (F).

than 20 years.<sup>2</sup>—The claims of Poverty had been the object of paramount solicitude with Founders.<sup>3</sup> This qualification and condition of election to Fellowships and Scholarships,<sup>4</sup>—never omitted among the requirements recited by them, and generally recited *first*,—was now formally abolished.—One-fifth of College Revenues was further claimed for the endowment of University Professorships.—The right of internal management on the part of the Colleges, was unreasonably interfered with. It seemed as if the House of Commons had entirely lost sight of such elementary facts as the following:—That collegiate revenues are in no sense of the word ‘National property’: that *trusteeship* is not *ownership*: that the State at best is but supreme Trustee: and that, so long as the actual trustees of property are discharging faithfully the provisions of a beneficial trust, the State has no right whatever—legal or moral—to interfere. Least of all was it warranted in interfering destructively with ‘the oldest, the freest, and’ (let the enemies of Oxford say what they will) ‘by far the purest of the ancient Corporations’ of this Church and Realm.<sup>5</sup>

How distressing to such an one as the Provost of Oriel were the grave organic changes thus thrust upon

<sup>2</sup> ‘*Clerical Tenure of Fellowships, a Letter to Sir W. Heathcote,*’ by the Rev. F. Meyrick,—1854, pp. 15. All that has happened since the first Universities’ Commission is there clearly foretold. See the *Appendix* (E).

<sup>3</sup> See the *Appendix* (G).

<sup>4</sup> The following clause occurs, *verbatim*, in the Statutes of Merton and Oriel Colleges:—‘*Circa eos qui ad hujusmodi eleemosynæ participationem admittendi fuerint, DILI-*

GENTI SOLICITUDINE CAVEATUR NE QUI PRAETER *honestos, castos, pacificos, humiles, INDIGENTES, ad studium habiles et proficere volentes, ADMITTANTUR.*’—It cannot be too plainly stated that College endowments are of an *eleemosynary* character throughout.

<sup>5</sup> ‘*Objections to the Government Scheme for the present subjection and future management of the University of Oxford,*’ by Charles Neate, —1854, pp. 40.

the University, and upon the College over which he had honourably presided for six-and-twenty years,—no need to explain. As a good man, he resented the secularization of revenues set apart for a clearly defined sacred purpose. As an honest man, he deplored the injustice done to the poor by defrauding them of their birthright. Since Founders and Benefactors bestowed their bounty on the express condition that none should partake of it but those who really needed it, he denounced the legislation by which this pious intention of theirs was wholly set aside. The transparent fallacy of claiming that henceforth the ‘*Merit*’ of candidates shall alone be considered,—while all that is *meant* by ‘*Merit*’ is *the number of marks obtained at a competitive examination*,—he remarked upon with just ridicule and displeasure.

Especially offensive—(where all was unacceptable)—to one in his peculiar position was that enactment of the new ‘*Ordinance*’ which henceforth made it competent for the youngest member of the foundation, at College meetings, to initiate proposals for further changes in the government of the College, or in the management of its affairs. The experience of all history, the vocabulary of every nation in the civilized world, condemns the principle of such license. Idle moreover it were to deny that the consequence of the new Constitution to the peaceful well-being of Oriel was simply disastrous. We gladly hasten over this period; recording only concerning the Provost, that with characteristic uprightness he loyally accepted his entirely changed position: held his own, as well as he might, by the dignity of his manners and by the singular admixture of gentleness with firmness which had become natural to him: made the best of the new order of things, and maintained a cheerful front

notwithstanding. Not in the least degree did the adverse course of events sour him: rather did it seem as if the bitter experiences of life were producing in him the opposite result. Meantime, he clung to whatever remained of the good ancient order: still as of old, observing the Founder's requirement that thrice a-year his venerable Statutes [dated Jan. 21st, 1326],—(so far at least as they still remained in force,)—should be read in the hearing of the assembled society,—though no longer as heretofore at the close of Divine service, and in the College chapel.

In Oriel Common-room are to be seen three as fine portraits of three successive heads of a House as are to be found anywhere in Oxford:—viz. Dr. Eveleigh [1781–1814] by Hoppner: Bp. Copleston [1814–27] by Phillips: Dr. Hawkins [1828–82] by Sir Francis Grant. So truthful and life-like is the last-named work, that we deem it superfluous to say anything concerning *the person* of the subject of the present Memoir,—except to remark that he was rather short in stature, which would hardly be inferred from the picture. The desire of the society to possess a portrait of their chief on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his Provostship, was a gratifying incident at this anxious and sorrowful period of his life. The history and date of the picture are interestingly commemorated by the following letter to myself:—

“Vines,<sup>6</sup> Rochester, Aug. 29, 1854.—I called on Mr. Grant on my way from Hampshire to Rochester, and, (without an actual *sitting*, for which the day was unsuitable,) he got his *idea* of the picture. I have since gone

<sup>6</sup> ‘Vines’ (an appellation recently dropped at Rochester) used to be the designation of the Houses in

the Precincts,—which anciently constituted the *monks’ vineyard*. The Provost’s residence was there.

up from Rochester to give him three very long sittings, and he wished for no more. If all goes well with me, I am to go to him again in October. But the picture is far advanced, and he is himself much pleased with it. Neate gave him the choice of the size of Bp. Copleston (which is a 'Bishop's half length'), and of Eveleigh ('half length'): and he chose the latter. I left him entirely to himself. He is a clever man, and a skilful painter. And if my journeys are a little fatiguing, my sittings with him are really agreeable."

Resuming the style of remark which will be found above at pp. 411-5, let me be allowed in this place to collect and exhibit together certain of those personal characteristics which made up the man, and gave him his marked individuality; causing him to be feared by many, and loved by more;—disliked by very few, and certainly respected by all. Everyone who was brought into intimate relations with him, was observed in the end to conceive a sincere affection for him. Let it only be considered how entirely diverse the men were, with whom he was thus brought into close relation, and occasionally into sharp antagonism,—(for he touched Keble, Newman, Pusey, on one side: Whately, Arnold, Hampden, on the other; )—and when it is further remembered that he was to the last on friendly relations with them *all*, something else strikes one as deserving of notice, besides *the breadth* of the Provost's sympathies. It was remarked concerning him by those who knew him best, that '*he never lost a friend.*'

"There is one point" (I quote from a letter of James Fraser, Bp. of Manchester),—"which I always thought remarkable,—*the influence he exerted in the most opposite directions*: upon Arnold and Hampden, in one,—and upon Newman (at least at one time) and S. Wilberforce, in another. This, I think, you have hardly brought out sufficiently.



“I remember Neate telling me that he was once talking to Sir Francis Baring (at the time he was his private secretary) about the Provost, and said, ‘He ought to have been made a bishop.’ Sir Francis replied, ‘By which party?’ And Neate answered, ‘By either.’ This illustrates what I mean.”<sup>7</sup>

The very key-note of all his actions,—the one sufficient clue to whatever he said or did,—was his high *conscientiousness*. Beyond everything he was solicitous to be truthful,—exact,—impartial,—just. And this fundamental feature of his character manifested itself in many and very different ways. For example, it made him unduly lenient towards those who had conscientiously experienced a divergence from the orthodox standard of belief. Moreover, in the trying period of his Provostship, he seems to have been constantly brought into contact with men who, having thus got severed from their early moorings, found themselves tossed on a sea of interminable doubt. No better illustration than the following can be appealed to, of the indulgence and forbearance he was prepared to display towards those who (in his judgment) were thus suffering for conscience sake:—

‘There is still another painful (extremely painful) separation to which I must submit,’ (wrote Blanco White to him in 1835): ‘I do not conceive that you, as head of Oriel college, could allow a professed anti-Trinitarian to be one of its members. To spare you therefore the painful necessity of excluding me, I beg that you will take my name off the College books. My heart is deeply affected as I resign the external honour which I most valued in my life: but I should prove myself unworthy of ever having belonged to your society, if I could act deceitfully towards it.’

<sup>7</sup> *Manchester*,—Oct. 30, 1883.

The Provost's reply is characteristic :—

'As to the business part of your letter, I am not the person to exclude you from this college because I hear of a conscientious change in your Theological views. I shall not withdraw your name therefore; at least, at present. But the use I shall make of your letter, if I should be driven to such a step, (which however I do not anticipate,) will be, to cut short any proceedings against you from any other quarter in the University, by declaring your withdrawal.'

So, when Arthur Hugh Clough once and again communicated certain difficulties of his own in respect of Subscription, the Provost discouraged his scruples,—invited him to reconsider the matter,—was indulgent, to a fault. Such conduct was liable to misconstruction. He appeared to be only half-hearted himself. But it was not so. At the root of the matter lay his desire to be inflexibly just. His essential kindness of nature determined the course which he pursued in each particular case.

Even a more conspicuous manifestation of the same habit of mind was his scrupulous exactness of statement and inveterate solicitude for entire accuracy :—

'He was the first who taught me to weigh my words,' (wrote Dr. Newman in 1864), 'and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation,—which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savour of the polemics of Rome. He is a man of most exact mind himself, and he used to snub me severely, on reading, as he was kind enough to do, the first Sermons that I wrote, and other compositions which I was engaged upon.'<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> 'History of my Religious Opinions,' p. 8.—See above, p. 392.

What has already been said will account for the complexion of the Provost's Divinity. He never kindles enthusiasm. It is never his object. His solicitude is rather to warn his reader against some error of excess or defect. To guard a subject against exaggerated, inaccurate, or one-sided statement;—to resist any attempt, at the end of an argument, to import into the conclusion one atom more than was contained in the premisses;—to secure for every adverse view a fair hearing, and to require that the amount of Truth which it contains, (be it ever so little, and *that* little ever so overlaid with error,) shall be candidly recognized:—*this* is invariably the good man's way,—the sum of all his striving. Of course it is neither winning nor attractive; no, nor is it agreeable. And yet, those who *talked* Divinity with the Provost, learned to do something more than respect him. They fairly *loved* the man. And why? Because,—(*besides* being compelled to admit that there really was a great deal of truth and wisdom in what he said),—they soon found out that his practice was so very much better than his theory. Thus, (as he once told the present writer,) his favourite book of Devotions was Wilson's '*Sacra Privata*': but he characteristically added,—'Not that I agree with all he says. He is an inaccurate writer.' 'Inaccurate' however as Bp. Wilson may have been, his Prayers were continually in the Provost's hands,—from early manhood to the end of his life. Speaking of 'self-denial,' or rather of self-discipline (in his sermon, '*CHRIST our example*'), he has a remarkable reference to it, which he concludes by recommending the '*Sacra Privata*' as 'an admirable work for daily use' [p. 20]. (Strange, that even *here*, he deems it necessary to introduce the caution that Bp. Wilson 'is *not indeed an accurate writer.*')

The characteristics I have thus indicated,—(biographical honesty requires that it should be confessed),—were sometimes attended, in the practical business of daily life, by inconvenient results. Rigid truthfulness and perfect exactness of statement become grotesque or annoying, as the case may be, when they come to the front unseasonably or are pressed to an unreasonable extent. A multitude of instances here suggest themselves, some of which it is impossible to recall without a smile. Woe betide the man who in telling a story in his presence introduced the wrong person, place, or date,—quoted the wrong book, or gave the wrong reason! . . . Invited once to preach the Easter sermon in the College chapel, I took for my subject, '*The walk to Emmaus.*' For my own part (I ventured to say) I would rather have heard *that* discourse than any other mentioned in the Gospels. The passages possibly referred to by the Divine Speaker,—the probable outline of His discourse,—the preciousness of such a specimen of Interpretation:—all this was dwelt upon. At the end of a few minutes the preacher was to be seen accompanying the Provost (according to custom) across 'quad' in the direction of his 'lodgings,'—not indeed expecting, but certainly desiring from his Chief a few words of sympathy if not of approval. After a considerable pause, the Provost turned short round,—'I observe you pronounce it "*Emmáus.*" Why do you pronounce it "*Emmáus*"?'—'Isn't it *Emmáus*?' 'No. *Emmäus. Emmäus.*' By this time the Provost's door was reached. It only remained to bow and part,—and to return to one's solitary quarters wondering at the introduction into 'the walk to Emmaus' of so petty (and problematical) a matter as the accentuation of the 'a.'

Another incident comes back.—The same individual

ventured once to present himself on a begging errand. The Provost was in his library, writing at his very small, and (as it seemed) most inconvenient, desk. He rose at once, greeted me kindly, and—'Won't you sit down?' 'Thank you, I only came to ask if you could spare a sovereign out of the college Communion-alms for one of our laundresses, who has lost her husband suddenly, and (I find) is in distress for a little ready money.' After making some enquiries concerning the case,—'The chapel Communion-alms! Are you aware that you speak of a fund which is largely in my debt? It has been drawn upon until it exhibits a considerable deficit.' 'That settles the question of course,'—and I was already hastening to the door. 'No, no, come back! *That* fund is exhausted: but' (here he transferred his hand to the opposite corner of the same drawer and drew out a well-filled green purse:)—'but I can give the poor woman a couple of sovereigns with pleasure, out of *another* fund,' &c. &c. An effort was made to express satisfaction and to return thanks, but it was rendered unsuccessful, (1st),—By the assurance that the laundress was perfectly welcome, and that if more relief was needed, more could be had: but especially, (2dly),—By the recital (for the second time) of the fact that the 'Communion alms,' as a source of bounty, had long been in a state of *non esse*, and that the present relief came from a different quarter: in short, I must go away convinced that *I had made a mistake*. It was difficult to get off on such occasions without letting him see that one was bursting with laughter. (As if one cared a snap of the finger out of *which* of his purses the two sovereigns came,—so long as the widow had them!)

This painful accuracy in exceedingly minute matters,

*Possibly not.*

*But the request "smacked of" alms*

amounted to a passion. On having to administer to his Mother's estate,—(she attained the age of 94, and died in 1859),—he was obliged, (at least he was determined), to recall every particular of certain transactions which had occurred 40 or 50 years before. He was enabled, (by means of a queer little memorandum-book in his possession), to ascertain the exact days on which he had written every letter, and on which he had received every reply. No detail seemed to escape him. He had a *genius* for such minute accuracy of detail.—‘I always felt,’—(remarks one<sup>9</sup> who, like Neate,<sup>1</sup> was ever loyal to his Chief),—‘that if, in matters of business especially, there was a blot, he would be sure to hit it: and I think this rather lessened than increased the care with which one prepared for his judgment. One was apt to shift the responsibility on the critic.’—At college meetings, his fastest friends could not help many a time recalling an epigram of Charles Neate's,—(as true-hearted and faithful a Fellow of the college, by the way, as any that have ever adorned its annals):—

‘Hic est Praepositus,  
Cunctis oppositus:

Qui magna gerit,  
Et tempus terit,  
Dum parva quaerit.’

And yet, (let it be in common fairness added), there was not one present who would not have eagerly recognized the truth of the concluding lines of the same witty strain:—

‘Vir reverendus  
Et metuendus,  
Sed—diligendus.’

Every member of the Society must have felt that it was nothing else but rigid *conscientiousness*, after all,

<sup>9</sup> The Rev. Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall.

<sup>1</sup> Concerning this dear friend, see the footnote in vol. ii. p. 221.

which, in nine cases out of ten, was at the bottom of whatever in the Provost sometimes occasioned certain of us considerable annoyance.

‘His imperfections’ (writes a former Fellow), ‘were only the reverse side of his good qualities. He had the strongest sense of duty and responsibility; and in following this out, during the early days of his Provostship, he was apt to think he must prescribe to others what they must do *and think*. But O, how the *ἀναισθησία* prevails! . . . I have always suspected that I did not do justice to his character. His brave integrity I was never blind to: but my own mind (if I have one) and his, were of such different shapes, that neither of us could be trusted to describe the other. I know he would deserve more than it would occur to me to say. On one point, *all* accounts agree; that what might have been considered the less attractive features of his character got wonderfully softened as he grew older. “*Lenit albescens animos capillus.*” . . . So far, Canon Eden of Aberford.

Interesting it is to obtain from an entirely different quarter precisely the same generous and discriminating estimate:—

‘The two things which specially come into my thoughts when I remember him, are these:—His singularly high conscientiousness, even where it seemed to me it was a mistaken conscientiousness. And,—I think I never knew such an instance of the mellowing effect of increasing years. They do not always have that influence. With him they *had*. There was all the alertness, the keenness, the brightness, of the old days. But the *sharpness* which used to be so characteristic of those days, was gone. And I don’t think I know such a change in any one else.’ . . . So far, Dean Church.

Reference has already once and again been made to the strength of the Provost’s domestic affections. ‘Should you not say that his prevailing characteristic was his

inflexible *love of Truth?*—asked I, conversing with his brother Cæsar. There was a pause.—‘Tell me what you consider the prevailing feature of your brother Edward’s character.’ ‘*Affection for his family,*’ was the emphatic reply.—‘Losing our Father a few months after my birth,’ (so writes his brother Robert,) ‘he may be said with truth to have filled the place of a Father to me through all my life. To his inflexible uprightness and integrity, and to his unwearied kindness and liberality, I owe all that I have, and all that I am.’—The reader will be grateful, and the writer<sup>2</sup> must and shall forgive me, for the following extract from a private letter of his (addressed to a very young lady,) where this feature of the Provost’s character is exquisitely touched:—

‘Circumstances happened to make me familiar with this topic, when as yet I knew little or nothing about Theological controversy,—in which I need not tell you, the Provost as time went on took a prominent part. One does not know how long controversies will live; but domestic piety is remembered. Have you patience for an anecdote? In Plutarch’s Life of Antony, mention is made of a certain “Proculeius.” *Who* knows anything about him now? The most accomplished poet of his century says his name shall *not* perish; being embalmed by one circumstance,—his tender care and protection of his brothers. I will not spoil Horace by translation: you have plenty of College friends who will translate for you:—

“Vivet extento Proculeius aevo  
*Notus in fratres animi paterni;*  
 Illum aget penna metuente solvi  
 Fama superstes.”’

Golightly,<sup>3</sup>—(another Oriel man, one of the truest and most warm-hearted of friends,)—once remarked to the

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Canon Eden, of Aberford Memoir appeared, viz. in October (Aug. 1883),—who was *inter vivos* 1883.  
 when the first draft of the present <sup>3</sup> See his name in the General Index.



present writer,—‘I think,’—(and here he assumed an air of comic gravity),—‘if I were called upon to characterize our dear Provost by an epithet which should be least of all expressive of his actual temperament,—I should describe him as—as—*gushing*.’ . . . Yes. *That* is precisely what the dear man *never* was. A constitutional dread of overstepping by a hair’s breadth the strict limit of truth, (so at least it seemed), not only guarded him effectually from anything approaching to sentimental outburst, but even kept in check ordinary expressions of warmth: restrained him—even *unpleasantly*, if the truth must be told—while in converse with those whom he really did love and trust, as if through fear of possibly overstating his feelings. Illustrations of this will occur to many who read these lines, and constrain some to lay down the page in order to recount with a hearty laugh some experiences of their own. Dr. Chase relates as follows:—

‘In the October Term 1874, after the appointment of a Vice-Provost, but before the Provost left Oxford, we met Pusey. Pusey, *digressu veteris confusus amici*, was beginning an affectionate but rather mournful farewell, and used some expression implying that it was final. “O, not at all! I hope we may meet here again.” . . . And yet, this was the man who kept death so habitually in view, that whenever, before the Long Vacation, he made any arrangement for the ensuing October term, he always prefaced it with—not “*When*,” but—“*If* we meet in October.”’

I often had occasion to call upon him on an affectionate, at all events on a *dutiful* errand; and always found him writing at the same uncomfortable little desk, occupying the same little arm-chair, (a keepsake evidently),—in which it was impossible to lounge. He would rise and offer me *two of his fingers*. “Give me your whole hand,

Provost. I won't take your two fingers." He gravely surrendered all the five. "Well, Mr. Burgon? . . ." ("Mister" at the end of 20 years! It almost made one cross to be so accosted. But he did not *mean* it,—as the tone of the subsequent conversation, when he had thawed a little, plainly showed.) "I wish you wouldn't call me *Mister*." He turned up the whites of his eyes,—half amused, half astonished at such frivolity.

Those who appreciated and sincerely loved him, were chiefly annoyed,—(and this is a part of the truth which *also* requires to be stated,)—because by this habit the Provost did himself such gross injustice: *seemed* so unlike what he really *was*. Those who called him 'the East wind' were wholly unaware that though the arrow had a bad habit of *pointing* that way, the wind was in reality blowing due South. He had the warmest as well as the most feeling heart. An illustration presents itself. Upwards of five-and-thirty years ago, a youth of fortune came up to Oriel, who ought to have been absolutely prohibited wine. He was at once invited to an undergraduate party. Maddened by two or three glasses, he effected his escape from his bed-room on the 'bell staircase,' and got out on the roof of the college. The result might have been foreseen. The night was dark. He fell. "George,"—(my faithful "scout," who had a passion for telling me something dreadful the first thing in the morning),—woke me with the intelligence that "Mr. [I forget the poor fellow's name] is lying dead in the quad." Bidding him (half asleep) "Send for a doctor and tell the Provost,"—I rose, and was out in less than five minutes: in what costume, may be imagined. There, sure enough, on his face, close to the Chapel-door, lay the poor youth: his black curly hair blown this way and that by the chill morning wind.

Life was extinct. A broken bone, somewhere near the wrist, protruded. I stood transfixed with horror. In about an hour, the Chapel-bell began to ring. When at last the Provost appeared, *his bands were tied perfectly square*. Shocked he evidently was, but he betrayed so little emotion that I was astonished. Of course the event made a deep impression on the entire society: but, by the end of term, it had become a thing of the past with all—*except one*. Mrs. Hawkins, in conversation with me, expressed herself so “glad that the Provost would be soon going to Rochester,” that I ventured to inquire *why* she was so glad? I learned that he passed wretched nights,—“*always seeing on his pillow the pale features of that young man who was found dead in the quadrangle.*”

‘Shortly after I took my degree’ (writes Mr. Livingstone), ‘an undergraduate (Denis Bond) died during one of the short vacations; dictating to his Father, on his death-bed, a very touching letter of farewell, which he desired should be sent to certain of his Oriel friends, whom he named. One of these permitted me to make a copy, and I showed it to the Provost. On the following Sunday evening, in his sermon, he referred to poor Denis Bond’s death, and read, or rather *tried* to read, some extracts from the letter. But several of the undergraduates present told me that he was so overcome by emotion, his voice so trembled, that it was with difficulty that they could make out what he wished to say. They were much surprised’ (adds my informant) ‘at seeing the Provost, usually so calm and self-possessed, so completely overmastered by his feelings.’

But by far the most touching incident in his domestic history was his profound grief on the death of his eldest son, Edward, (named after Dr. Pusey, his godfather,) who may be truly said to have died a martyr’s death,

—October 8th, 1862, aged 29. A copy of the affecting Memoir which the heart-broken Father compiled on that occasion and confided to a few private friends, deserves a place in our chief public libraries; for, apart from its personal interest, it supplies a page in the history of the African Church which, besides being faithfully remembered in Heaven, ought not to be forgotten upon earth. The young man, full of Missionary ardour, came home but to die:—

‘And so, his spirit fled in the chamber adjoining that in which he was born; and in the Cathedral where I had baptized him, there we joined in the service at his funeral; and in the Cathedral cemetery above St. Margaret’s hill, we laid his remains in the grave. . . . May I not in my son’s case apply the SAVIOUR’S words,—“Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel’s, the same shall save it”?’

Some very sweet, very affecting verses conclude this narrative of (what seemed) an untimely end.—In 1870, (December 6th) the Provost also lost his eldest daughter, ‘Meta’ (Margaret), who lies interred at Oxford in the sweet funereal garden of Holywell,—another great grief. But his first bereavement had come early (July 11th, 1846),—when he lost his saintly little daughter, Lucy Anne, before she was quite 8 years and-a-half old. She sleeps in Oriel ante-chapel. It is to *her* that the Provost makes pathetic reference in the last page of the Memoir of his son, already spoken of:—

‘I have even administered the sacrament of the LORD’S Supper to a dear dying child, not of age to be confirmed, but not too young to live and die in the true faith of CHRIST.’

Grave and sedate as he was for the most part in his speech, he could unbend delightfully on occasions. His

table-talk was in fact first-rate, and should have been taken down. He had known a surprising number of famous men; had read many good books; and his observations about either were never either weak or ordinary. His memory also went a long way back, and (like President Routh's) was both minute and exact. He was not only very hospitable, but he evidently *enjoyed* entertaining his guests. He would tell a good story with capital effect: but his prevailing solicitude throughout was evidently that what he related should be *accurate*. He is believed once,—but *only* once,—to have been guilty of the indecorum of a joke, (it was in fact a *pun*,) in the Convocation House:—

‘Mr. Neate had proposed a change in the Academical dress of the commoners,—on the plea that if their gown were less unbecoming, they would be less disinclined to wear it. The Provost of Oriel rose, and to the astonishment of all announced himself in favour of the change. “But,” added he,—(so the story runs),—“I am of opinion that the change should be made—*by Degrees.*”’

Utterly incorrect however is the notion such an anecdote would convey of the Provost. Far more characteristic is a pathetic incident which also occurred in the Convocation House, between 1870-4:—

‘A proposal had been made to abolish the Saint's-day Sermons at S. Mary's, on the ground that so few went to hear them. The Provost protested against the change, saying that an institution good in itself should not be abolished because people were too indolent to profit by it. It was in fact lowering the Church's standard to the practice of the careless and the indifferent. He concluded by saying that as he saw the great majority of those who heard him were in favour of the change, he would not divide the house, but he could not allow the measure to pass without a protest. A few moments afterwards the question was put in the usual form,

“*Placetne vobis, domini Doctores?*” and we heard the Provost’s “*Non placet.*” There was no division, and so the measure passed. Two or three minutes afterwards, he quietly withdrew from the house. Somehow, the whole scene,—the appearance of the man; his snow-white hair and venerable aspect, his few earnest words, and then his quiet departure,—made a great impression.

‘And let it not be supposed that this was merely a sentimental appeal on his part. He *invariably* attended the Saint’s-day Sermons himself. A dear friend of ours who was much in his confidence (E. C. Woollcombe) once informed me that, observing how badly those Sermons used to be attended, the Provost and a few others had pledged themselves, early in life, to be regular in their attendance at S. Mary’s. He, at all events,—busy man as he was,—is found to have adhered faithfully to his purpose to the end.

‘One of the Provost’s last appearances in the University pulpit I well remember. His sermon<sup>4</sup> had for its object to point out the different degrees of importance attaching to different religious duties, and he quoted with admirable effect from Bp. Burnet the pathetic story of the meeting in Bocardo prison of Bishops Hooper and Ridley after their quarrel about the colour of the episcopal robes,—when the one was on his way to his painful death at Gloucester; the other, awaiting martyrdom in Oxford: and when both of them doubtless viewed with very different eyes the question which had once divided them.’<sup>5</sup>

There is in most characters a contradictory side,—so to speak: an aspect of the character utterly alien to what seems to be its proper and prevailing aspect. No

<sup>4</sup> ‘*The duty of weighing the relative importance of Questions, specially of Religious Questions.*’—Jan. 29th, 1871,—pp. 20.

<sup>5</sup> From the Rev. R. G. Livingstone.—I once supposed that this had been the very last sermon which

the Provost preached at S. Mary’s: but I am reminded by a writer in ‘*the Guardian*’ [Oct. 31st, 1883,—p. 1632] that it was not. He preached before the University for the last time on the 26th Oct. 1873.

one who knew the Provost only in his public relations would ever have suspected him of writing jocose verses, — sending his sister Sarah—(her birthday was Feb. 14th)—a yearly ‘Valentine’; and insisting on calling his brother Cæsar’s house (No. 26, Grosvenor Street) the ‘Oriël Hotel.’ He invariably addressed his delightful sister-in-law as the ‘landlady,’ and styled himself her ‘faithful and affectionate customer.’ Thus, in 1869, he sends some playful verses about ‘Inns’ in general to ‘the landlady of the Oriël Hotel,’—following up his verses with speculations as to their possible meaning:—

‘And there are Antiquaries who think they have ascertained the locality of that particular Inn, which they find flourished about 300 years ago in the neighbourhood of a great square, at that time the resort of the nobility, and called “*Grovenor*” or “*Grosvenor Square*,” but now deserted for a swamp called “*Belgravia*.” They think also that the “*Oriël Hotel*” derived its name from an old gentleman, whose initials alone have been discovered, but whose title they find on an old tombstone; thus,—

“Here lies E. H., of whom nothing is memorial  
But that he lived and died Provost of Oriël.”

‘The old spelling (“Oriël”) favours this conjecture; but the point is still involved in obscurity, and imperatively demands and deserves further investigation.’

In 1874 (Dec. 28th) he thus concludes a letter to his ‘landlady’:—

‘P. S.—Thanks to dear Cæsar’s care and skill  
His patient here (who felt so ill)  
Now feels, and says, he’s greatly better.  
And thus I close my stupid letter.’

So late as Feb. 6, 1877, he sent the same gentle creature the ‘Pillow thoughts of an aggrieved guest, after obeying *the imperious Lady’s* command to go to bed early.’

In the autumn of 1874 (October 3rd), Dr. Hawkins resigned into the hands of the Lord Chancellor, (for the Crown is the Visitor of Oriel,) the active duties of the Provostship. Though he had very nearly completed his 86th year, he was still unconscious of the decrepitude of age: but (in his own words) he 'had for some time been led to contemplate this step, from a growing consciousness of duties neglected,—and especially of those opportunities of usefulness, not easily described but highly important, which the Head of a College ought to find in his relations,—social, pastoral, parental,—with the younger students with whom he is officially associated.'<sup>6</sup> His failing sight in particular rendered correspondence onerous and difficult. Other considerations, which it is painful to recall, may have concurred to second his resolution to resign to a Vice-Provost the active management of the College. One less keenly conscientious than himself, especially had his lot been cast in happier times, would unquestionably have retained his office to the last. Lord Chancellor Cairns, in acknowledging the Provost's letter, with the Petition which accompanied it, remarks,—

'I have read the letter with mixed feelings of regret and admiration. Regret, that you should find the weight of advancing years oblige you to withdraw from the College any portion of the personal superintendence which, with such great public advantage, you have so long exercised over it: admiration, at the testimony which your lucid and comprehensive explanation gives that the weight of so many years sits so lightly upon you.'

A graceful intimation follows, that this last consideration alone occasioned the Lord Chancellor any difficulty in complying with the prayer of the Petition. A Vice-

<sup>6</sup> To D. B. Monro, esq., at that time Dean of the College,—Nov. 19th, 1874.



Provost was however duly appointed in the first days of December: and thenceforth, to the day of his death, the Provost occupied his Canonical residence at Rochester continuously. He crossed *for the last time* the threshold of the College over which he had so long and so faithfully presided,—on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th day of December, 1874. An enumeration of his several published writings since the list last given, (viz. in page 421), will be found at the foot of this page.<sup>7</sup> . . . He left

<sup>7</sup> ‘*The duty of Moral Courage.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the first Sunday in the Term,’ Oct. 17, 1852. (pp. 21.)—‘*A Letter to the Principal of Magdalen Hall [Dr. Macbride] upon the future Representation of the University of Oxford.*’ By the Provost of Oriel,—Oxford [Feb.] 1853. (pp. 16.)—‘*CHRIST our Example.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the first Sunday in the Term,’ Oct. 16, 1853. (pp. 22.)—‘*A Letter to a noble Lord [Earl of Radnor] upon a recent statute of the University of Oxford with reference to Dissent and occasional Conformity.*’ By the Provost of Oriel. Oxford, 1855. (pp. 22.)—‘*Christian Unity.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford,’ Feb. 18, 1825 (pp. 26.)—‘*Spiritual Destitution at home.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford,’ Feb. 12, 1860. (pp. 34): [a very earnest and interesting plea, based on the increase of our population from 10 millions and-a-half to very nearly 21 millions,—*the doubling of the number of the people within the space of 50 years.*]—‘*Notes upon Subscription, Academic and Clerical.*’ 1864. (pp.

69.)—‘*Additional Notes on Subscription, Academic and Clerical: with reference to the Clerical Subscription Act of 1865,—the Republication of Tract XC.,—The Tests’ Abolition (Oxford) Bills.*’—1866. (pp. 66.)—‘*The Pestilence in its relation to Divine Providence and Prayer.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford,’ Dec. 9, 1866.—1867, (pp. 29.)—‘*Our debts to Cæsar and to God.* A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on Advent Sunday,’ Nov. 29, 1868. (pp. 28.)—‘*Judgment according to our privileges: Duties, according to our powers.* A Sermon preached at the re-opening of the Chapel of S. Mary Hall, Oxford, on Whit-Sunday, 1 June 1873.’—‘*Considerations upon the public use of the Athanasian Creed and the proposed Synodical Declaration*—[dated May, 1873].’ (pp. 14.)—‘*A Supplement and an Appendix to Considerations upon the public use of the Athanasian Creed, and the proposed Synodical Declaration.*’ [June 1874] pp. 23.—In this same year (viz. 1874) was published by the S. P. C. K. the Provost’s ‘*Notes on Church and State,*’ (pp. 23),—an admirable pamphlet.

behind him, (it has been admirably declared), 'the recollection of a pure, consistent, laborious life, elevated in its aim and standard, and marked by high public spirit and a rigid and exacting sense of duty. In times when it was wanted, he set in his high position in the University an example of modest and sober simplicity of living; and no one who ever knew him can doubt the constant presence, in all his thoughts, of the greatness of things unseen, or his equally constant reference of all that he did to the account which he was one day to give at his LORD'S judgment seat.'<sup>8</sup>

The changes which subsequently befell his beloved University,—the second *Revolution* rather which it was destined to experience,—he watched at a distance with profound anxiety and concern. Already was it foreseen, in well-informed quarters, as 'not improbable that new strifes are impending. The vultures scent the carcass and are hastening to their prey.' In truth, it required no prophet to make men aware that, disastrous as had been the Legislation of 1854-7, there remained in Oxford far too much of its ancient Religious constitution and character to satisfy the secularist party. A heavy blow was inflicted in 1871 by the 'Universities Tests' Act,—subsequently to the passing of which, no declaration of Religious belief was any longer allowed to be made at the taking of any degree other than degrees in Divinity. In this way, the door was set wide open for *the Secularization of University teaching*. Something was indeed said about 'proper safeguards for the maintenance of Religious instruction and worship:' but at the end of five years even this flimsy provision was swept entirely away. Nothing less had been clearly foreseen by the friends of Religion in Oxford. '*The effect, whatever may be the*

<sup>8</sup> *The Guardian*, Nov. 4, 1874.

intention of Mr. [now Lord Chief Justice] Coleridge's Bill, can be nothing less than *the de-Christianizing of the Colleges.*' (These are the first words of Dr. Chase's pamphlet on this occasion.) 'I cannot conceal from myself' (wrote Dean Mansel) 'that your Tests' Bill is but one of a series of assaults destined to effect *an entire separation between the University and the Church.*' Accordingly, in 1876 a fresh 'Oxford University Commission' having been appointed, it became the one object of the enemies of the Church to oust the Clergy from their endowments and to de-Christianize the Colleges. The *animus* of the proposed legislation no one could mistake. A fatal error had been committed by the framers of the Commission when they gave to an unknown and irresponsible triumvirate of three from every College,—often its junior fellows, elected by the 'liberal' majority of the governing body,—equal powers with the Commissioners themselves in framing a new Constitution. Thus, the death-blow to Oxford was dealt by those whom Oxford had nourished in her bosom, and was even now sustaining by her bounty. In the meantime, no pains were taken to disguise the intentions of those at whose mercy the entire Collegiate system was thus placed. The Chancellor of the University (the Marquis of Salisbury) having appointed one Commissioner who was known to have the interest of Theological study and Religious Teaching in the University supremely at heart, the secularists—after having been defeated in the Upper House<sup>9</sup>—did not rest until they had procured from the Government the exclusion of that man's name from the Commission.<sup>1</sup>—The draft of the Statutes proposed for Magdalen College—which secured for the College *at*

<sup>9</sup> See the 'Times' of April 1, 1876. the Dedication prefixed to the Ser-

<sup>1</sup> This will be found explained in sermon quoted below in note 6,—p. 451.

least 5 (out of 40) *Clerical Fellows*,—was actually in print when Lord Selborne resigned his chairmanship. Thereupon, the secularists, under a new Chairman, re-opened the entire question; recalled the draft Statutes already in print; and by a majority of one vote (5 against 4) reduced the number of Clerical Fellows to 2.<sup>2</sup>—The case of Lincoln College is sufficiently remarkable to merit independent notice. In the Royal Charter of foundation, confirmed by Parliament in 1427, Robert Flemming, Bp. of Lincoln, was empowered to unite three neighbouring Churches into one: “Et easdem Ecclesias sic unitas, annexas, et incorporatas, ‘Ecclesiam omnium Sanctorum’ nominare: et eandem Ecclesiam in Ecclesiam collegiatam sive Collegium erigere.” Lincoln College therefore is something more than a College of Priests, its fellows being all of necessity graduates in Divinity. It is a *Collegiate Church*. Each Fellow has his ‘stallum in choro et vocem in capitulo.’ Will it be believed that in the proposed new Statutes for Lincoln no provision was made that *one single Fellow should be in Holy Orders?*<sup>3</sup>

In brief, the number of Fellowships to be held by Clergymen was reduced in every College to two, one, or none. The possibility was contemplated of there *not being a single Fellow of the College in Holy Orders*,—notwithstanding that the Colleges are, without exception, *Ecclesiastical foundations*, openly and avowedly endowed for the sustentation of the Clergy.<sup>4</sup> The new Statutes abolished in all the Colleges (except two<sup>5</sup>) the requirement that the Head shall be in Holy Orders,—thereby

<sup>2</sup> See the *Appendix* (E).

<sup>3</sup> This discreditable proposal was only frustrated in the House of Lords by the brave and determined opposition of the Visitor,—Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bp. of Lincoln.

(Εὖ δοῦλε ἀγαθὲ καὶ πιστέ!) Well may secularists be so anxious to substitute Lay for Episcopal visitors.

<sup>4</sup> See the *Appendix* (F).

<sup>5</sup> Viz. Christ Church and Pembroke College.

depriving the Church of its only remaining guarantee that the Head of a College shall be a Christian. Henceforth, there is nothing whatever to prevent a College being presided over by a Socinian, or a Papist. The education, in any College, may at any time pass entirely into the hands of avowed Unbelievers. Christian parents henceforth send up their sons to Oxford *without any guarantee whatever* that those sons shall be Christianly brought up. . . . Public attention was faithfully directed to this subject at the proper time,<sup>6</sup> but without effect. To interfere, seemed to be nobody's business.

Nor is this all. That the Colleges were specially intended for the encouragement of Learning in the sons of *poor* parents has been often proved,<sup>7</sup> as well as largely insisted on.<sup>8</sup> Next to a burning jealousy for God's honour and glory, nothing is more conspicuous in the records of these ancient foundations than a holy solicitude on *this* head. But, by the new legislation, the sacred claim of Poverty,—(meaning of course thereby those '*pauperes Scholares*' who would gladly come up to Oxford, could they in any way afford to do so,)—is set at nought. It is no longer possible, except at what would be to such persons a ruinous cost, for a man to obtain the full benefits of an University education. Thus the poor have been robbed of their birthright,—on the plea that

<sup>6</sup> '*The Disestablishment of Religion in Oxford, the betrayal of a sacred Trust:—words of warning to the University*':—a sermon preached before the University Nov. 21st, 1880,—by the Dean of Chichester; 2nd edition, with Appendices.—pp. 56.

<sup>7</sup> See *Appendix* (G).

<sup>8</sup> See the following by the Rev. Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary

Hall:—(1) '*A Plea for John, Lord Craven, and the Eleemosynary purpose of Founders generally*' [n. d.]:—(2) '*The rights of "Indigentes" in respect to College Foundations*,' A Letter to Sir J. Pakington, 1856:—(3) '*Education for frugal men at the University of Oxford*.' (*An account of the experiments at S. Mary and S. Alban Halls*, 1864.) See at the end of *Appendix* (G).

the surplus revenues of the Colleges are required for increasing the incomes of what is demonstrably an *uselessly* enlarged Professoriate.<sup>9</sup> The consequence is, that we are drifting back into the state of things out of which Walter de Merton rescued the University in 1264. In Oxford, at the present instant, far more than a tithe of the Undergraduate body, 'unattached' to any College, are living sparse about the city; picking up their learning under the gravest disadvantages, and ostracized from the society of their fellows. The 'Unattached' system is a retrograde movement,—an imposture and a sham. The recent Legislation will infallibly result in a deteriorated Clergy, and the decay of sacred Learning,—whereby the Church of England will be despoiled of its distinctive boast and ornament.<sup>1</sup> It only remains to add, that the substitution of the Professorial for the Tutorial system;—the establishment of bodies of married Fellows, who block the way to advancement and fatally retard progress;—the system of combined College lectures, and the consequent severance of the bond which ought to subsist between Undergraduates and their Tutors, as well as the destruction of the entire system of Collegiate life:—all these things, coming at the heels of the organic changes adverted to at the outset, have established a

<sup>9</sup> The reader is invited to inquire for a 'Return' made on the subject of *Professors* and *Professorial Lectures*, by order of the House of Commons, and ordered to be printed 11 July, 1876. It is certainly little calculated to stimulate the founding of additional Professorships,—certainly not the increasing of the actual emoluments of Professors. Interesting it would be to ascertain how many of the existing staff sometimes count their auditory on the

fingers of one hand.

<sup>1</sup> 'If there be one gem in the diadem of the Church of England which shines with a brilliancy beyond the rest, and a brilliancy peculiarly her own,—that jewel is the large, and profound, and sanctified learning, which has characterized her Clergy.' (*Clerical Duties*, an Ordination Sermon preached at Ch. Ch., Dec. 30th, 1835,—by Rev. W. Jacobson, since Bp. of Chester.)

hopeless gulf between the Oxford of the past and the Oxford of the future. Rather has the *de-Christianizing of the Colleges* effectually abolished what has hitherto been the prime ornament of this Church and realm. Men will certainly wake up, when it will be all too late, to the magnitude of the crime which has thus been committed; the irreparable injury which in these last days has been inflicted on our two ancient Universities. Posterity will demand an account of it: will call for the production of the obscure names of the principal offenders: will pass on them a sentence of severe condemnation. But only in 'the great and terrible Day of the LORD' will it become fully known how hateful the secularization of religious endowments, *which were doing their work well*,—and the de-Christianizing of ecclesiastical foundations, which, had they been let alone, might have provided a bulwark against the growing infidelity of the age;—how hateful, I say, are these acts in the eyes of the great Head of the Church, to whom those endowments were deliberately given and still rightfully belong; and for whose honour and glory the foundations were confessedly set apart.

The Provost of Oriel's latest public act (March 5th, 1879) was to memorialize the Commissioners concerning '*the New Code of Statutes framed for Oriel College.*' He complains that the proposed Code 'proceeds on a wrong principle':—

'It repeals all the existing Statutes, together with the Ordinance framed by the Commissioners in 1857, *including the Founder's original Statutes*, and those relating to subsequent Benefactions; leaving out of sight *the main design of the Foundation*,—*which the Commissioners desire to keep in view, and which the Provost and Fellows are above all others concerned to maintain.*

‘The true course was surely that which was observed by the Commissioners in 1857; who left the existing Statutes in full force, except so far as they were either expressly, or by manifest implication, repealed. It is in fact *only from the Charter of the Foundation, and the original Statutes* (which are its complement), that we learn *the main design of the Founder, and the true character of the Institution.*

‘It was to be *Ecclesiastical: a School of Divinity; not for Education generally, but specially for Theology, and the training up of Christian Ministers*:—“COLLEGIUM SCHOLARIUM IN SACRÂ THEOLOGIÂ STUDENTIUM,”—established “AD DECOREM ET UTILITATEM SACROSANCTAE ECCLESIAE” . . . “*cujus ministeria personis sunt idoneis committenda, quae velut stellae in custodiis suis lumen praebeant, et populos instruant doctrinâ pariter et exemplo.*” [‘Charter,’ p. 5: ‘Statutes,’ p. 7.]

Accordingly, the Provost and all the Fellows (except three) were to be in Holy Orders. And this fundamental enactment has been maintained inviolate throughout upwards of half-a-thousand years. It is especially on this, (‘*the Ecclesiastical character of the Provostship and of the Institution,*’<sup>2</sup>) that the aged Chief of the College founds his protest; as well as on the manifest injustice and inexpediency of the proposed revolutionary changes. Clear it must needs be to every honest mind, that inasmuch as College endowments—fenced about with safeguards which the Founders themselves deemed impregnable—were given, accepted, and have ever since been held, *expressly for the support of Religion* throughout the land;—now at last to divert these to secular uses is nothing else but *the betrayal of a sacred Trust*. In the words of Earl Cairns,—

‘Because Ecclesiastical property is held in trust for others, *that trust has to be protected; and therefore the*

<sup>2</sup> The reader is again referred to the *Appendix* (F).



State has a duty to perform. But the only duty which the State has to perform, and the only power which the State, morally speaking, possesses, is the duty and the power to see that the trusts are executed, and that a proper object of the trust remains. And provided the trust is executed and the object of the trust remains, I maintain that *Parliament is no more competent, morally, to deal with property of that kind than it is to deal with private property.*'

Enough on this sad subject. As might have been anticipated, the Provost's Memorial was of no manner of avail. Will the present governing body, (we ask ourselves),—after abolishing their Founder's Statutes and contravening in every respect his plainly-declared intention,—*still*, on their three Commemoration days, solemnly confess before GOD their bounden duty so to employ their Benefactors' bounty '*as we think they would approve if they were upon earth to witness what we do*' ?

It only remains to sketch the closing scene of what may be truly described as an historic life. The Provost's lot had been cast in a most eventful period of the history of the Church of England,—in *the* most eventful of the fortunes of her two ancient Universities. His days had in consequence been spent amid fierce Academic conflicts ; and in these, he had consistently and prominently borne a part second to none in importance and in dignity. A life it had been, from first to last, of obstinate and prolonged antagonism,—of uncompromising resistance, and of stern unbending protest,—against two great successive movements : the 'Tractarian' movement,—which he condemned, as disloyal and dishonest ; the 'Liberal' movement,—which he abhorred, as irreligious and revolutionary. Of the one, so far as it was local, he was mainly instrumental in occasioning its

break-up in 1845.<sup>3</sup> The other he lived to see triumphant. So varied and so grave an experience has fallen to no other head of a House since Oxford became an University. . . . Whether the liberalism of the old Oriel school,—the school of Whately, and Arnold, and Hampden, to which, some fifty years before, Edward Hawkins had himself belonged,—was not largely responsible for the disorganisation of the University which has subsequently prevailed,—I forbear to inquire. Principles were then surrendered, views were then strenuously advocated, which paved the way for yet larger demands and yet more fatal concessions. We know on the best authority that they that have “sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind.” But men cannot see, and will not be shown, the end from the beginning. . . . The same Article proceeds:—

“Impossible it was, in the meantime, for those who had occasionally found themselves most strongly, and perhaps most painfully opposed to the Provost of Oriel, not to admire and revere one, who, through so long a career, had, in what he held to be his duty to the Church and to Religion, fought so hard,—encountered such troubles,—given up so many friendships, and so much ease;—and who, while a combatant to the last, undiscouraged by odds and sometimes ill-success, had brought to the weariness and disappointment of old age an increasing gentleness and kindness of spirit, which is one of the rarest tokens and rewards of patient and genuine self-discipline. A man who had set himself steadily and undismayed to stem, and bring to reason, the two most powerful currents of conviction and feeling which had

<sup>3</sup> See an interesting and admirably written Article, headed ‘Retirement of the Provost of Oriel,’ in the ‘*Guardian*’ of Nov. 4, 1874.

agitated his times,—left an impressive example of zeal and fearlessness, even to those against whom he had contended.”

Henceforth, happily for his peace of mind, the Provost was entirely removed from that unquiet atmosphere, and from those harassing influences which had long since passed beyond the sphere of his individual control.

The subdued and restful, the happy and very humble spirit, in which the few remaining years of his life (1875 to, 1882) were spent,—within the precincts of the Cathedral with which he had been for nearly half a century connected, and in the domestic seclusion of his own peaceful home,—surprised, even affected, those who were nearest and dearest to him. It was a greatly diminished circle: for his only surviving son, (Cæsar, <sup>4</sup> whom he saw last in 1878,) was in India; and there remained to him, besides his devoted wife, only his daughter Mary. Two little grandchildren however, Maude and Kate, who had been recently added to his household, were—(what need to say it?)—a prime refreshment and solace. (He is remembered to have been once caught rolling the bowls, with one of them, on the beautiful turf of S. John's,—his own ancient college. Never, in truth, did he appear to more advantage than when in the society of children. They seemed fond of him.) His rather confined and by no means ornamental garden now became a continual source of pleasure to him. The works of GOD, as *His* works, were a downright joy,—perpetual reminders of the Divine wisdom, the Divine goodness. It seemed now as if every budding tree and flowering

<sup>4</sup> Cæsar Richard,—born at Oxford, at Umritsur in the Punjab. He  
Feb. 6, 1841:—Deputy Commissioner married at Amballa, Oct. 16, 1867.

shrub ministered thankful delight,—leading him, as it did, to expatiate to those about him on the wonderful variety and beauty of Nature, and on the mysterious chemistry of Creation. He never failed, (except when actually forbidden,) to attend Divine Service in the Cathedral once a day; and till within the last year or two of his life, he even took part in the Communion Service. His devoutness was remarked by many.

The Psalms were now his constant manual of Devotion: Latterly they were read to him, and he would repeat the alternate verses. His widow informed me,—

‘Your own “*Short Sermons*,” of which I read many to him on Sunday evenings in the garden, pleased him much. “*The teaching of the Harvest*,” he greatly liked. I could name many others, if I searched the volumes. They were not new to him, of course: but you would have liked to see the expression of his face, as he thus renewed his acquaintance with them, in our pleasant shady garden.’

This is touching enough,—especially as the author of the Sermons in question has experienced from those honoured lips many and many a salutary snub. He recalls affectionately one particular walk back from S. Mary’s with the Provost, after an unlucky Palm-Sunday sermon in which a mystical reference had been claimed for ‘the multitudes that went before, and that followed.’<sup>5</sup> ‘You are too fanciful,’ was all that the preacher got for his pains.—‘I am sorry you think so.’—‘Yes, Burgon, you are too fanciful.’ But he said it very kindly. It was like a Father reproving a Son for some slight indiscretion.

<sup>5</sup> S. Matth. xxi. 9; S. Mark xi. 9. *καὶ μετὰ τὴν παρουσίαν, ἀγίων τοῦτ’*  
—(Οἱ προάγοντες καὶ οἱ ἀκολουθοῦντες *ἔστι Προφητῶν καὶ Ἀποστόλων.*—*Cor-*  
*derii Cat. in S. Matth. p. 651.*)  
*συμβολά εἰσι τῶν πρὸ τῆς παρουσίας,*

The present Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Thorold),—aware of what I am about,—writes to me as follows :<sup>6</sup>—

‘ Though my recollections of the Provost of Oriel travel back 43 years,—to a time when the Head of a House was a kind of demi-god in Oxford, whom an undergraduate could hardly pass without the shiver of an unspeakable awe,—my personal knowledge of him only dates from July 1877, when I went to pay him a visit of ceremonious, but sincere, respect on first arriving as Bishop in the Cathedral city;—and, if I mistake not, met him coming to bestow the same mark of consideration on me. Urbane, and with a certain stateliness of manner, which however was wholly devoid of pomposity, (he was too real a gentleman to be pompous),—he had nothing of stiffness or austerity. He had evidently become mellowed into softness by his multiplying years.

‘ He was one of the most delightful of *raconteurs* ; and I was only too thankful to sit at his feet, listening to a flow of anecdote which went back to the great war,—seasoned with an Attic flavour which, if pungent, was never bitter. More than once he advised me on Diocesan matters with singular sagacity : especially in respect of Lay work, which I was just then busily organizing, and in which he expressed much interest.

‘ *Exactness* was a passion with him. He would have set a King right, if his Majesty had slipped in a date. And if this defines one side of his nature, *the disciplinary instinct* in him indicates another. His personal Religion, though it may be thought to have been lacking in what is commonly understood by *unction*, always impressed me as unusually sincere, reverent and practical. I am not sure that I should have welcomed many opportunities of preaching before him, had I been a young man expecting criticism.’

So far Bishop Thorold. I have availed myself of his interesting jottings, not because they throw fresh light on the Provost’s character, but because they correspond

<sup>6</sup> Selsdon Park, Croydon,—7 Nov. 1887.

so exactly, and from a wholly independent point of view, with the impressions carried away by others: of which indeed one more specimen has yet to be given.

It was remarked during these last years of his life how greatly he seemed to enjoy the visits of his old Rochester intimates,—especially those of his immediate neighbour, Archdeacon Grant. Canon Colson, rector of Cuxton (a neighbouring parish,) who throughout this period seldom passed a week without seeing him, and often accompanied him back to his house after the Prayers,—relates of himself that, being a Cambridge man, and only knowing the Provost by his great Oxford reputation, he ‘expected to find him rather stiff and awful.’ ‘But, to my great surprise,

‘Of all the gentle courteous men it has ever been my good fortune to know, he was I think the most so. There was not a particle of *donnishness* in all the intercourse I had with him; and his great and sweet gentleness increased as he drew nearer to his end. He never, for instance, allowed one to leave his house, without himself coming to the door; and in all outward demeanour, was to my mind the model of unassuming kindness and courtesy. Then, too, there could be no greater treat than to get him to talk about old times, and the great Oxford movement in which he had taken so large a part; and he was always most ready to do so. But never, so far as I can remember, did he speak with bitterness of any one; always preserving what (I suppose) had been his uniform character,—calm, gentle, judicial impartiality, free from all personal prejudice.

‘I may mention another point of interest. For many years we have had two meetings of the Clergy of the three Rural Deaneries in this neighbourhood, in the Chapter-room. The Dean and Canons are of course invited to attend. I do not remember any of these meetings taking place without the Provost’s being present, unless illness prevented him; nor without his taking

a most keen interest in the discussions. He did not often speak; but, no matter what the subject, or however insignificant the speaker, he was all attention; and, on one occasion, wrote and distributed a small pamphlet on the subject which had been before the meeting. I mention this as a mark of his gentle loving sympathy; as of course, with a few exceptions, the speakers at such a gathering were only the Clergy of the town and neighbourhood,—who had no special claim on his attention.<sup>7</sup>

The same feeling pen which has already contributed so many valuable reminiscences of the Provost of Oriel, corroborates in an interesting passage the foregoing remarks. The Rev. R. G. Livingstone writes:—

‘Almost all the information I have sent you was derived from his own lips during a visit which I paid him at Rochester (Dec. 1880), when he was within a few weeks of completing his 92nd year. Never can I forget the kindness and courtesy of my venerable host during that visit:—how he apologized for not being able to accompany me to the Dockyard at Chatham;—how he urged me to prolong my stay over the coming Sunday in order that I might hear his favourite preacher, Archdeacon Grant;<sup>8</sup>—and much beside. The last time I saw him was Monday, 20th December 1880. It was a wild stormy day,—the rain pouring in torrents, the wind

<sup>7</sup> From Canon Colson, of Cuxton.

<sup>8</sup> This excellent Divine, who occupied the House immediately facing the Provost's, died 25 Nov. 1883, aged nearly 78 years. He was the author of an admirable course of Bampton Lectures (1843) on ‘*The past and prospective Extension of the Gospel by Missions to the Heathen.*’ The Rev. Charles Marriott, —[see above, pp. 310-3,] writing to Bp. Selwyn from Bitton, May 15th, 1843, says:—“Dr. Grant, of New College, is giving Bampton Lectures

on Missionary work, which will be one of the most interesting volumes of the year. I think they will be read with pleasure and profit by our Antipodes. There is a good deal of historical matter in them, which I believe will be illustrated in an Appendix. The principles seem thoroughly good, and he preaches them like a man who would go at a wink to Japan or Tartary. If they don't do some good, I shall think we are a set of stock fish.”

blowing boisterously. The moment came for my departure. I had taken leave of the entire party in the drawing-room, and was hurrying across the hall. On looking round, I saw the Provost following me. In vain I implored him not to expose himself. It was to no purpose. He would accompany me to the door and see the last of me. . . . I recall with affectionate interest this last instance of that gracious courtesy of manner which I had so often admired in the venerated Head of my old College. It was the conclusion of a long series of kindnesses received at his hands since I entered Oriel, almost exactly twenty-four years before that day.'

With such an εἰδύλλιον one would have been glad to bring this sketch to a close: but a few sad words remain still to be added. Painful it is to have to record that yet another great domestic affliction befell the subject of this memoir within six weeks of his own departure: the death, namely, of his daughter-in-law Alice, (his son Cæsar's wife), whom he was expecting from India, and of whom he was devotedly fond. Her little son, Edward Cæsar, almost brought the tidings of his mother's death. It was a very great sorrow; and yet was sweetened to the Provost inexpressibly by the sight of his only grandson. . . . So chequered, from first to last, with shade and sunshine, is this mysterious mortal life of ours!

It shall but be added that there have not been found among his multitudinous papers any such memorials of his own times as some expected and more desired. It is perhaps matter of regret that posterity will not enjoy, from that just and discriminating pen, notices of the events which he assisted in moulding, and of the famous personages with whom he was brought into close contact. He kept a Diary indeed,—kept it regularly: but it was of a strictly private description. It is written in a kind



of cipher, and is nothing else but a *conscientious* record of the writer's state of mind and employment of his time. It cannot be made useful to others in any way. It was intended to be as secret a thing as his personal religion, —and was in fact part of it. Far better it is that from such records the veil should never be withdrawn. But the inner life of such an one as EDWARD HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel, would be more instructive than many homilies. It is suspected that it would also furnish a salutary rebuke to an age of unbounded license, shameless expediency, immoderate self-indulgence.

During the last three months of his life, his bodily strength had sensibly decreased. There was however as yet no positive illness. An attack of pain in his chest and side, which took place on the night of Monday, 13th November, was the first premonitory token of what was to follow. It was a serious symptom, but it occasioned no alarm. He was better on the Wednesday; and met and conversed with Archd. Grant, as well as took leave of his little grandson, who was returning to school. Late on Friday night, the pain returned in a severer form, and he never rallied: but—conscious of his state—passed away at about 9 in the morning of Saturday, November 18th, 1882; when he was within three months of completing his 94th year.

On the ensuing Friday he was interred close to his loved son Edward, in the Cathedral precincts' cemetery, on the breezy hill-side which looks down upon the Medway. He had himself been the means of recovering that parcel of ground from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, being part of the original endowment of the Cathedral by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in the lifetime of

Justus, first Bishop of Rochester. (The charter is dated 28th April, A.D. 604). Singular to relate, the fall, that very morning, of a railway-bridge near Bromley, so effectually blocked the line, that a large party from Oxford,—consisting chiefly of Fellows, Scholars, and other undergraduate members of Oriel, together with many of the College servants,—were unable to reach Rochester in time to be present at the funeral. Many there were besides who desired to follow their Chief to the grave; but who, having got as far as Bromley, found themselves absolutely prevented from proceeding any further. One former fellow of the College—(I had come on to Rochester at an earlier hour)—represented the Society. I cannot say how strange it seemed to me to find myself standing by that open grave without any of the rest: without at least Chase by my side! . . . Dean Scott pronounced the words of peace over his ancient friend, and has since penned the inscription which marks the spot where the Provost of Oriel '*a laboribus tandem requievit.*'

It seems worth recording that there appeared in the public journals on this occasion several admirable biographical notices of the Provost,—some of them displaying a very just appreciation of his excellence; all of them containing interesting and discriminating remarks on his career and character. It seems to have been universally felt that a great historical personage had disappeared from the scene. Men of all parties showed themselves aware of his moral and intellectual greatness, and generously vied in paying a warm tribute to his memory. Those notices are public property. But the few words which follow, expressive of personal regard and private regret,—(they were addressed to his Widow in

her 'supreme desolation,')—are not to be found elsewhere and will be read with profounder interest:—

'I have followed his life year after year' (wrote Cardinal Newman<sup>9</sup>) 'as I have not been able to follow that of others, because I knew just how many years he was older than I am, and how many days his birthday was from mine.

'These standing reminders of him sprang out of the kindnesses and benefits done to me by him close upon sixty years ago, when he was Vicar of St. Mary's and I held my first curacy at St. Clement's. Then, during two long Vacations [1824-5] we were day after day in the Common Room all by ourselves, and in Christ Church meadow.<sup>1</sup>

'He used then to say that he should not live past forty, —and he has reached in the event his great age.'

---

My task is now ended.—From the Provost's published writings, supplemented by his large private correspondence, future historians of the Church of England will be just as competent as any of ourselves to estimate his character as a Divine and a Controversialist; and to assign him his rightful place in the history of his times *More* competent, it may be: for passion will then have subsided; prejudice and partiality will by that time have ceased. My one endeavour has been with an affectionate and dutiful hand to trace, as faithfully as I know how, those personal outlines—to fix those vanishing lineaments—which will enable posterity to identify and individualize *the man*. At this instant they dwell vividly with not a few of us. Pass a few short years, and they will begin to die out of men's remembrance; and once departed, such things can never be recalled.

<sup>9</sup> Nov. 1882.

<sup>1</sup> See above,—pp. 392-3.

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## A P P E N D I X (A).

### DR. ROUTH'S LIBRARY.

[Referred to above, at pp. 81-5.]

My friend Canon Farrar, Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham, has been so good as to furnish me with some account of the President of Magdalen's very interesting and valuable Library, now at Durham. It was obvious to weave certain of the materials thus placed at my disposal into the story of the President's Life. Accordingly, some account of the formation and contents of his library,—as well as how it became alienated from Oxford,—will be found given above, from p. 80 to p. 87: whither the reader is referred.

The impression made by the sight of those many books on one visiting the President's lodgings, is noticed in pages 67-8:—their *locus* is recorded in the note (9) to p. 77:—the President's perseverance as a book-buyer to the end, is exhibited at pp. 82 and 93-4. Canon Farrar shall now be heard:—

“The Library of a Scholar has a value as a record of his tastes and employments, apart from the information afforded by the manuscript notes which he may have inserted in his books. Accordingly, a short account of Dr. Routh's Library becomes a *desideratum*.

“He left behind him a library of printed books,—a Collection of MSS., and separate papers or notes written by himself. It is probably to these last, that notes like the following refer,—which occur in certain of Dr. Routh's books: e.g. in his copy of Lord John Russell's work on ‘*the English Government and Constitution*,’ 1823, Dr. Routh has written,—‘*See MS. Routh /25.*’—[The second collection above named, the MSS. namely, will be found briefly treated of above, in pp. 85-6.]

“A visitor to the library who remembers that Dr. Routh's first publication (1784) was an edition of the ‘*Euthydemus*’ and ‘*Gorgias*’

of Plato, will instinctively search among the Classical books for the copies of Plato which exist there. There are many copies, several being early printed editions:—an Aldine folio, 1513; a Frobenius, 1561; two of H. Stephens, 1578; one of which contains a note by Dr. Routh in Latin, date 1782, stating that the copy had formerly belonged to Magdalen College, but, having been replaced by another, had been given to him. The two dialogues which he edited two years later, are bound separately ‘*propter foedatas atramento chartas*’; and one leaf wanting in the ‘*Gorgias*’ he has supplied by making a careful transcript. Three other editions may be named; the second of which at least is interesting as having almost certainly been used by Dr. Routh when an undergraduate. One is,—

“‘*Platonis Dialogi V. Recensuit N. Forster. Oxonii e typis Clarendon. 1745.*’ There are many notes at the end in Dr. Routh’s early handwriting. The following specimens, taken at random, may suffice:—

“P. 24. Dr. Routh explains the cause of a law of homicide by quoting Roman law.

“P. 67 and again p. 139. This place he notes as quoted by Origen ‘*contra Celsum.*’

“P. 27. He compares Eurip. *Orest.*

“Lower down, Clem. Alex. is referred to.

“A page occurs about the history of various readings.

“P. 278. He writes (Phaedo ch.  $\nu\beta$ ) *ἐν αὐτῇ, οὐση ἐναντία*. Why singular? Why feminine?” Wherever he quotes Greek, the accentuation is carefully attended to.

“The second copy of Plato is ‘*Plat. Dialog. III. operâ Guil. Et-wall A.B. e Coll. Magd. Oxonii. e Typ. Clarendon., 1771.*’ This contains Dr. Routh’s handwriting in the same year, i. e. three years before he graduated. The copy has been much read, and there are notes at the end by him, almost entirely on various readings. These two books give us a peep into the careful linguistic studies of the young scholar.

“The third work is a very early printed one, entitled ‘*Platonis Gorgias et Apologia pro Socrate. Leon. Aretin. Interprete.*’ It has belonged to Philip Beroaldus the elder; and Dr. Routh has taken the trouble to copy into it a long extract from the Catalogue of the Magliabecchian Library describing it.”

Note, that Routh’s own annotated and corrected copy of the two Dialogues of Plato is in the possession of Dean Church (of

S. Paul's):—see above, p. 23. . . . See also (at p. 37) Routh's memorandum, made in 1788, concerning "an interleaved copy of my Plato, wherein the Addenda are digested in their proper order amongst the notes." Canon Farrar proceeds,—

"In reference to the subject of note-writing, it may be remarked that Dr. Routh evidently was not in the habit of writing notes in the margin of his author's pages; nor, except in very rare cases, such as those above cited, on separate leaves at the end of the work. His notes are usually very short ones, (in later life, in English), relating to the author or the price of the edition; e. g. in a work '*Remarks upon F. Le Courayer's Book by Clerophilus Alethes*,' he has taken the trouble to insert the Christian name '*John*' before '*Constable*' in a bookseller's inscription of author and price; or (to cite another instance) in a work '*An original Draught of the Primitive Church entitled*'—(here follows the title of Lord King's work)—'by a Presbyterian of the Ch. of England, 3rd ed. London 1727,' he has added 'called the last edition, and scarce. In Bryant's Catalogue 1834, price 9s.'

"Such memoranda are at least interesting as evidences of Dr. Routh's passion for Bibliography. Indeed it may be stated that in the curious or rare books is always a note, giving either an account of the work and editions of it, or of the price which various copies of it have fetched at various times. In his copy of Hermann's '*Consultation*' (1548) there are remarks on all these points. In a work entitled '*A short Compend of the growth of the Romane Anti-Christ, composed in the 7, 8 and 9 Centuries*,—Edinburgh—Andro Hart 1616,' is this note, with '9s.' marked as price of the book:—

"Symson (M. Patrick), late Minister of Striveling in Scotland, *Historie of the Church*, the second part, containing a discourse of the noveltie of Popish Religion, 1625, 18s., quoted in Thorpe's Catal. for 1826. The volume is dedicated to Prince Charles. Perhaps another edition of this work and of the former part of it printed at Edinburgh in 1615. The Bodleian Catal. runs thus: "Patrick Symson, *History of the Church since the days of our Saviour untill this present age*. Lond. 1624, 4to, et Lond. 1634, fol."

"It is hardly necessary to state that in Dr. Routh's Library are many books of rare interest. It would be tedious to give a list. It may suffice to enumerate the following:—(1) A copy of the '*Order of Communion*,' 1548, one of four copies known: this copy agreeing with that at the Bodleian,—whereas the copy in Cosin's

Library agrees with that at Cambridge. (2) An original copy of Hermann's 'Consultation':—of the 'First Book of Homilies':—of the 'Injunctions of Edward VI,' 1548:—(3) Exemplars (of which more will be said below), of the 1st and 2nd 'Prayer Books' of Edward VI, and of the Scotch 'Prayer Book' of 1637. (4) Various early printed copies of the Sarum and other Office books. (5) A folio work of Plates of 'French Monasteries,' of which only three copies exist, the rest having been destroyed, it is supposed, in the Revolution, to preclude future legal claims on the part of the Monasteries. In this book, on the inside of the old binding, Dr. Routh has written, 'It was stated to me on the authority of Mr. Pugin, the Architect, that there were not more than three copies known of this work.'—A learned note on the history of the book has been added (1845) by Dr. Bloxam.

"Perhaps among literary rarities, certainly among literary curiosities, should be specified a volume containing two Aldine editions of 'Gregory Nazianzen,' viz. Orat. 9, 1536 and Orat. 16, 1516, with the autograph of Cranmer, "Thomas Cantuar," as its former possessor, on the title page. Dr. Routh has added this prefatory note,—*'Harum principum editionum EXEMPLA quae prae manibus habes, penes BEATUM MARTYREM THOMAM CRANMERUM Archiepiscopum Cantuariæ olim fuerunt, uti ostendit Chirographum ejus libello praepositum.'*—The inscription is (as usual) in black ink; but at a subsequent period Dr. Routh has rewritten in red ink the words above printed in small capitals.

"It has been already stated that the memoranda prefixed by Dr. Routh to his books, refer generally to bibliographical notices of them, with an account of the prices which the volume has fetched. It is a proof of the advance of knowledge within the last half century concerning early editions of our Prayer Book, and other Office books and Reformation documents, that many of Dr. Routh's notes offer information which now abounds even in popular manuals, but which was rarely to be met with seventy years ago when these notes were written. The following may be worth citing as examples. The first probably has a distinct value, as seemingly indicating an edition generally unknown of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. In this volume, a copy of the date 1549, 'Mense Maii,' (Edw. Witchchurch),—Dr. Routh has written the following long memorandum:—

"A copy Lond. Grafton 1549—£14 14 0 Straker's Catal. 1838. Of the great rarity of the copies of this First Liturgy, even in the beginning of the 18th century, see Collier's Preface to the 2nd vol. of his 'Eccles'.



*Hist.* p. 4, and Shepherd's Preface to his '*Elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer*,' 2nd edit.

"Ames, in his '*Typographical Antiquities*,' p. 22, mentions two editions of it by Edw. Whitchurch, one the 7th of March, 1549, and the other the 16th of June. This other edition appears by the colophon at the end of the book to have been finished on the fourth of May. But that of March 1549 is to be understood of March in the following year, 1550, according to the civil year, which begins with the month of January, instead of the ecclesiastical year commencing on the 25th of March; for according to Strype, 'This Book of Common Prayer was printed first in the month of June (1549), and a second edition thereof came forth March 8 following, with very little difference, only that in the first edition the Litany was put *between the Communion Office and the Office for Baptism*. In the second, it was set at the *end of the Book*.' ('*Ecclesiastical Memorials*,' vol. 2. p. 87). Herbert had in his possession, although Strype appears ignorant of its existence, this edition of *May* 1549 (see vol. i. p. 545); and it should seem to be on account of the different collocation of the Litany noticed by Strype, *the first edit. of the first Liturgy* of K. Edw<sup>d</sup>. Herbert's copy also was printed by Whitchurch, who he says was joined in the same patent with Grafton for printing Bibles and Books of Divine Service. It appears that Mr. Heber possessed a copy of Grafton's edition in 1549, as he did those of Whitchurch in June 1549, and March 1549 or 1550. See *Virtue's* . . . & 7. p. of the Catalogue.

"In 1814 Mr. Randolph's copy of this edition sold for £2 17 0; and in 1825, in Arch's Catalogue, it was put at £6 6 0. A Latin Translation of this First Liturgy is inserted in Bucer's '*Scriptores Anglicani*,' Basil. 1577, pp. 377-455."

"Again, on another page Dr. Routh has inserted a notice of a copy of this first Liturgy, printed 24 May, 1549, at Worcester, by John Owen.

"In Dr. Routh's copy of the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI, (Grafton, 1552,) there is no remark but '*June, 1810. Sale (both B.'s) at Stewart's, 9s.*' And lower down, '*£4. 14s. 6d., bought of Thorpe in 1835.*'

"In his copy of the Scotch Book, Edinburgh (Robert Young) 1637, he has written,—'*This copy of the Scottish Liturgy, the pretext for the ensuing Tumults, belonged to K. Chs. 1st: as appears by the Royal arms stamped on the Covers.*' And below,—'*a copy in Kerslake of Bristol, Catal. in 1845, at 5 guineas.*'"

Dr. Farrar concludes,—"*These desultory notices of the quality of Dr. Routh's books, and of the kind of memoranda which they contain, would be imperfect without a special mention of the valuable and probably unique collection of original PAMPHLETS, mainly of the 17th century, which form the most valuable element in the library. The manuscript catalogue of these, which does not include those*

bound up in other parts of the library, and catalogued elsewhere, fills 73 pages, and comprises about 600 pamphlets. Though mention was made of Dr. Routh's habit of collecting pamphlets through the controversies of his own time, it is in respect of those of the 17th and early 18th centuries, that the collection is at once complete as well as unique.

"Among the Books are many presentation copies, containing the Authors' autographs. One little-known writer has addressed his modest work 'To the Revd. and justly esteemed Dr. Routh.' What words could more neatly express what was fitting?"

## APPENDIX (B).

### DR. ROUTH'S LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.

*Besides not a few lesser specimens of the President's Latinity,—(most of which are indicated at foot<sup>1</sup>),—four of Dr. Routh's Latin Inscriptions will be found in the earlier pages of the present volume. Thus, at page 8, note (4), is given [1] the Inscription which marked the site of the VICARAGE-HOUSE of S. Peter's-in-the-East. At p. 24, will be found [2] the touching Epitaph in St. Michael's Church on young EDWARD LISTER. At p. 53, note (7), is exhibited [3] the Epitaph on his sister Sophia (MRS. SHEPPARD), in Amport Church. At p. 92, are given [4] the words he wrote in his 'Festal present' to the Earl of Derby, Chancellor of the University.*

*Subjoined are as many other specimens of President Routh's Inscriptive writing as have come to my knowledge. Without bestowing more labour on the inquiry than the subject is worth,—(and I am sure I have already spared no pains),—I find a greater degree of accuracy than is here achieved, unattainable. But in fact the Author changed his mind so often, that we are never sure that we have before us his ultimae curae . . . The Inscriptions follow, [5] to [29],—with little attempt at order:—*

[5]. *Beneath a monumental bust of LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW, now placed in the Vestry room of the Temple Church, London:*

<sup>1</sup> See pages 19, 26-9, 40, 41, 43-4, 50, 75, 72, 84.

BARO THURLOW a Thurlow | summus regni Cancellarius | hic  
sepultus est. | Vixit annis LXXV. mensibus x. | Decessit anno  
Salutis Humanae MDCCCVI | idibus Septembris. | Vir altâ mente  
et magnâ praeditus | qui | nactus praeclarissimas occasiones |  
optime de patriâ merendi | jura Ecclesiae, Regis, Civium | in  
periculum vocata | firmo et constanti animo | tutatus est.

*Concerning this Epitaph, see above, p. 23, note (4). The inscription has been misprinted,—and one special circumstance alluded to in it, misrepresented,—by Lord Campbell, in his Life of Lord Thurlow. [See Burn's 'Ecclesiastical Law,' vol. iii. p. 364, . . ed. 1809.]*

*"In adapting ancient language to our modern tongue," (writes Dr. Parr), "we must be content very often with approach. I have talked the subject over with one whose erudition, sagacity, wariness, and exquisite sense of propriety weigh with me very much; and in his own epitaph for Lord Thurlow he, to my entire satisfaction, has written 'a' not 'de' for 'Thurlow,'—the place whence the Title comes."—[To Lord Holland.—'Works,' vol. viii. p. 589.]*

[6]. *A mural monument placed against the western wall of Magdalen College Chapel, near the north door, and over against the spot where DR. OLIVER was buried, is thus inscribed :*

Corpus hîc situm est | IOANNIS OLIVARII. S.T.P. | praesidis  
optimi et doctissimi | suâ sponte pauperis | vixit an. LXI. Qui  
cum ad domum fortunasque suas | Caroli causâ amissas rediisset |  
post paulo hominibus exemptus est. | Have anima egregia forsitan  
et | huic saeculo exemplo futura.

*Dr. Oliver,—(Lord Clarendon's Tutor),—became President of Magdalen College A.D. 1644 : was deprived A.D. 1648, and was restored A.D. 1660. He died (on the 27th October) in the year following. . . . On other mural monuments in the same Ante-chapel :*

[7]. H. S. E. quod mortale fuit | BENJAMINI TATE S.T.P. |  
annos plus quadraginta socii, | qui | familiae suae vetustatem |  
morum dulcedine et comitate | ornavit | quippe amicitiae, si  
quis alius, tenax | Tam miti ingenio fuit in omnes, | ut apud  
Collegium suum | cujus ecclesias tenuiores | pio munere donavit,  
| magnum desiderium sui | reliquerit. | Obiit Novembris

XXII, anno Salutis MDCCCXX | vixit annos LXIX, mens. IV | Georgius Tate arm. | fratri optimè de se merito | H. M. P. C.

[8]. Reliquiae · JOANNIS · SHAW · S.T.P. | annos · plus · quin-  
quaginta · Socii | qui · vixit · ann. LXXIII · mens · x | decessit ·  
XIX · Kal · Febr · anno · Salutis · MDCCCXXIV | vale · o · dulcis ·  
facete · simplex · fortis · sapiens | Joannes · et · Josephus ·  
Parkinson | haeredes · ex · test | Amico · bene · merenti · P.

*In Ingram's 'Memorials of Oxford,' the fifth line of the above reads,—Vale o dulcis simplex ingeniose fortis sapiens. And in the last line, for 'P.' is found 'P.P.'*

[9]. H. S. E. | ARTHURUS LOVEDAY S. T. P. | annos fere  
triginta socius, | filius Joannis Loveday e Caversham | in agro  
Oxon. armigeri | et frater Joannis Loveday e Williamscotham | in  
eodem agro I. C. D. | Virorum opt. jam olim in hoc collegio  
commensalium | et litteris studiisque doctrinæ | egregie ex-  
cultorum. | Qui subtus jacet Arthurus, | patrem indole et  
virtute referens, | comis fuit, simplex, apertus, | atque in opis  
indigentes liberalissimus | Vixit ann. LX. menses v. Decessit  
in pace | IV nonas Junii anno Salutis MDCCCXXVII. | Haeredes  
cognato suo carissimo | P. C.

[10]. H. S. E. | HENRICUS BALSTON A.B. | In semicom-  
municariorum ordinem | annos abhinc quatuor cooptatus, | vixit  
ann. XXIV mens. VIII, | Decessit die XXIII Decemb. A.S.  
MDCCCXL | Pietate insignis, moribus integer, | dulcis, simplex,  
nec inficetus, | ingenio haud mediocri | ac singulari quâdam  
subtilitate praedito : | aetate jamjam maturescente, | eheu !  
quam propere abreptus | in CHRISTO requievit | γενήθητω τὸ  
θέλημα σου.

*Henry Balston, (brother of the present Archdeacon of Derby), was a very excellent person. He died in 1840, a Demy of Magdalen, and sleeps in the ante-Chapel.*

[11]. *The only child of Dr. Bliss, Principal of S. Mary Hall, is thus commemorated on a mural monument against the north wall (beneath the organ gallery) in S. Peter's Church, Oxford :*

♀ | SOPHIAE ANNAE BLISS, annorum XI | quae ipso natali  
suo, v kal. sextiles | dulcissimam animam efflans | in pace cum

similibus sui requievit | jam semper victura | orbi parentes  
Philippus et Sophia Bliss | filiolae solerti, piaae, obsequenti,  
fecere.

[12]. *The next epitaph was not adopted by the family.*

Corpus hic situm est | JOANNIS ANTONII filioli Joannis |  
Henrici BLAGRAVE armigeri. | Is haeres antiquae Blagraviorum  
in agro | Bercheriensi gentis futurus erat, | nisi aliter DEO  
visum esset. | Caelestibus additus est die secundo mensis |  
Januarii, Anno CHRISTI MDCCCL.

[13]. *Immediately above Mrs. Sheppard's tablet in Ampport Church,—(her epitaph will be found above, at page 53),—is to be seen the following on the President's sister, ANNA ROUTH. It is presumed to have been the last epitaph he wrote.*

ANNA ROUTH vixit annos LXXXIX. Decessit anno CHRISTI  
MDCCCLIV. Fratrum quinque superstes, et sex sororum, e  
quibus una Sophia munifica juxta memoratur, Annae sorori  
piae, justae, benevolae, Martinus Josephus Routh, aetate  
superans omnes suos, hoc mon. ipse moribundus posuit.

[*In two earlier drafts of the foregoing Epitaph, Mrs. Sheppard is styled "munifica illa Sophia." In one of them, he speaks of himself as "frater natu maximus": in the other, as "aetate superans hos omnes."*]

[14]. *On a mural monument of white marble affixed to the north wall of the interior of the new Church of 'All Saints,' Waynflete:*

Cum excisa esset vicina Omnium Sanctorum ecclesia, | re-  
motumque cum eâ RICARDI PATTEN sepulchrum, | in quo  
quidem pulcherrimo monumento | filius ejus Gulielmus Win-  
toniae Episcopus | patri caput sustinens spectabatur, | hunc  
titulum parenti Fundatoris sui | Praeses sociique Collegii  
Magdalenensis posuerunt.

*The following is another draft of the same:*

Excisâ Omnium Sanctorum ecclesiâ | dirvto que cum ipsâ  
ecclesiâ | monumento Ricardi Patten sepulchrali | in quo filius  
eius Gulielmus episcopus Wintoniensis | patri caput sustinens

spectabatvr | Praeses Sociique collegii Magdalenensis | parenti  
fvndatoris svi | hoc marmor poservnt in memoriam.

[15]. *On a slab of black marble placed over the spot where the monument of RICHARD PATTEN formerly stood in the old Church (since demolished) of 'All Saints,' Waynflete :*

Subtus corpus jacet Ricardi Patten | pater qui fuit illustris  
Waynfleti. | Monumentum ejus mirâ arte fabricatum | olim a  
filio patri hic positum | in collegio S. Mariae Magdalenaee con-  
servatur. | Praeses Sociique Magdalenenses p. p. | ne ossa  
parentis Fundatoris sui violarentur. |

[16]. *On a brass plate affixed to the back of the WAYNFLETE Stall in Eton College Chapel :*

Praeses Sociique Magdalenenses, illustris Waynfleti Funda-  
toris sui memores, cum fuisset olim hujusce Collegii Archididas-  
calus, dein Praepositus, in honorem ejus, quod sedile vides,  
fabricandum jusserunt.

[17]. *On the seat of a Gothic chair in the President's drawing-  
room,—fashioned out of the COLLEGE OAK which fell in A.D. 1789 :*

Quercus Magdalenensis corruit | Feste S. Petri A.D.  
MDCCLXXXIX | ejus e ligno | ne arboris | usque a Collegio  
fundato | notissimae | prorsus abolescat memoria | hanc sellam  
| Praesidens Sociique | fabricandam curaverunt | A.D. MDCCXCI  
| Iuxta exemplar | a Ricardo Paget. A.M.; semicom. |  
delineatum | caelavit | Robertus Archer, Oxoniensis.

[18]. *Inscribed on a brass Plate on the foundation stone of  
the new MAGDALEN HALL, deposited May 3rd, 1820 :*

In honorem DEI, bonarumque literarum profectum,  
imum hunc lapidem Aulae Magdalenensis,  
Regis Georgii quarti auspiciis, in aliâ sede renovatae,  
Collegium Magdalenense p. c.

[19]. *On the foundation-stone of the new ORGAN-LOFT IN  
MAGDALEN COLLEGE CHAPEL,—laid, August 1st, 1831 :*

Anno Sacro 1831, regnante Gulielmo quarto,  
ad pristini moris rationem hic reffectus est organicus suggestus,  
caeteraque Chori supellex impensâ Collegii instaurata.

Architectus Ludovicus Nochells Cottingham.

[20]. *On a brass plate in the Foundation-stone of MAGDALEN COLLEGE NEW SCHOOL,—laid September 19th, 1849:*

Scholam grammaticalem veteri Aulae Magdalenensi,  
 quae in aliâ sede nunc floret, prius annexam,  
 rursus intra moenia sua aedificandam curaverunt  
 Praeses Sociique Magdalenenses, Anno Salutis MDCCCXLIX.

[21]. *Over the Lodge of HOLY-CROSS (oftener called 'Holywell') CEMETERY, Oxford: [See vol. ii. pp. 328-9.]*

✠ Ut corpora servorum CHRISTI in sex parochiis degentium  
 post militiam saeculi una conquiescant, hoc Coemeterium  
 Stae Crucis appellatum sacravit Samuel Ep. Oxon. A.D.  
 MDCCCXLVIII.

[22]. *On a magnificent silver-gilt SALVER, presented to Dr. Routh by Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and given by the President not long before his death to the College (June 16, 1851), he caused to be engraved:*

Ut Imperatorio dono sit semper honos,  
 commissum fidei est Magdalenensium,  
 salvum conservandum a rapacibus et furibus tutum.

[23]. *At the request of a member of his society, the President wrote (Nov. 1852) the following Inscription for a PATEN to be used at Holy Communion:*

Factam affabre patinam, ex qua recipiant fideles salutiferum  
 Eucharistiae panem, Panem vivum, qui de caelo descendit, in  
 memoriam revocantem; Ecclesiae dedit suae Willoughbiensi,  
 Thomas Henricus Whorwood, S. T. P. Salutis anno MDCCCLII.

[24]. *The following Inscription for a bust of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON underwent supervision at least 14 times, between Nov. 1 and Dec. 16, 1852:*

Cum missae sub jugo essent Europae gentes,  
 omnes eas liberavit victo victore Wellingtonius,  
 patriae non sibi gloriam sempiternam quaerens.

*A lady asked the President for an English rendering of the above: whereupon at least an equal number of quatrains were executed,—of which the following seems to have been the last:*

When conquered Europe bent beneath the yoke,  
Her chains great Wellington indignant broke :  
Conquering the conqueror, all intent he came  
Not on his own, but on Britannia's fame. <sup>2</sup>

[25]. *Concerning the following Inscription on a bust of SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, the President wrote thus to Dr. Ogilvie,—*

*"I should have finished my scrawl sooner, but three days ago I received an application from Miss Burdett Coutts for an Inscription on her Father's bust to be placed in her new School at Westminster. I sent her the following one on my old and valued friend :*

FRANCISCO BURDETT Baronetto | Patriae amantissimo | verae  
libertatis vindici | Instituta majorum et Leges colenti obser-  
vanti, | viro excellentis virtutis publicae et privatae | Filia  
Angela Georgina optimo Parenti.

*"I had no good Friend, like yourself, to consult, and I thought it was all plain sailing. But perhaps I am mistaken. And if you would favour me with any observations, I will write to Miss Coutts to delay engraving the inscription." [To C. A. Ogilvie, D.D.,—Aug. 5, 1853.]*

[*'The bust referred to is now in the possession of Westminster School. It stands in the ante-room of the Library in Ashburnham House, on a pilaster,—inscribed as above.' (From the Rev. W. G. Rutherford.)*]

[26]. *Written in a copy of Plato presented to HENRY BEST, B.A., Demy of Magdalen College :*

DNO BEST, | in literis colendis, diligentia eximia et propitiâ  
minervâ uso, | Praesidens et Socii Collegii B. M. Magdalenae.  
Oxon : | ne amor tali alumno debitus teste omnino careat, |  
hoc munusculum D.D. | 14 mo die Julii, Anno Salutis, 1789.

[27]. *Written in one of a set of Books, presented by Magdalen College to ROUNDELL PALMER, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen*

<sup>2</sup> *To his friend Dr. Ogilvie (Aug. 12, 1854), the President wrote,—*  
*"I like your version of the Lines on the Duke of Wellington as giving with elegance the aim of the original.*

*But I prefer my own, as more perhaps deserving the epithet of 'spirited,' which Mr. Burgon of Oriel assigned to the original without my feeling its propriety."*



*College and Barrister, who had pleaded successfully the cause of the College School in the Court of Chancery, A.D. 1847 :*

Viro ornatissimo | ROUNDELL PALMER, I. C. | collegii S. Magdalenaee Oxon. Socio | quod collegii patrocinio suscepto | strenue et feliciter rem gesserit | Praeses Sociique Magdalenaenses | libros hosce grati animi et summae | in eum benevolentiae testimonio d.d.

[28]. *In a copy of the Second Edition of his "RELIQUIAE," which he sent as a present to the Emperor of Russia, he wrote :*

Imp. Nicolao, Regum Orbis Terrarum potentissimo, Reliquias hasce Veteris Ecclesiae Catholicae, a se collectas ac denuo adornatas, offert M. J. Routh, annos natus xcvii, Anno Sacro MDCCCLII, Imperatoris Alexandri Beneficiarius.

"You are aware," (says the President, addressing his friend Dr. Ogilvie,<sup>3</sup>) "of the Emperor Alexander's visit to me forty years ago?"

*I suspect that what the President actually wrote, immediately after his own name, was,—'Anno sacro MDCCCLII, suoque xcviil.'*

[29]. *The next, on the porch of Theale Church, begun by the President in the last year of his life, was evidently completed by his nephews in the year after his death :*

A. S. MDCCCLIV et MDCCCLV | Quo tempore | huic Ecclesiae renovatae | ala Borealis est addita | MARTINUS JOSEPHUS ROUTH, S. T. P. | incolarum paroeciae suae | aetate provectionum haud immemor | annum ipse jam agens centesimum | ostio meridionali | porticum adstruendam curavit | necnon cancellum istum | suis sumptibus refecit. | Vitreas picturatas | haeredes | Patruum de se optime meriti | memoriam colentes | posuerunt.

<sup>3</sup> July 31st 1852,—the day of my sister Sheppard's death in 1849.

## APPENDIX (C).

## THE BEGINNING OF AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

[See above, pp. 29-35.]

THE Rev. Dr. Beardsley (Rector of S. Thomas's Church, New Haven, Conn. U.S.A.), out of the abundance of his zeal for the Church which he adorns, insists that the story in the text,—so far as President Routh is concerned,—must needs be pure fable. He contends that Dr. Routh *cannot* have dissuaded Dr. Seabury from availing himself of the friendly overtures of the Danish Church: *cannot*, at a critical juncture, have strenuously directed him to the Scottish succession for Episcopal Orders. And this, notwithstanding the President's often-repeated declaration that he did both these things. "The question" (he assures us) "lies between Routh and the truth of history." And he hints at the infirmity to which flesh is liable "when approaching a century of natural existence."

If Dr. Beardsley will be at the pains calmly to peruse the Memoir which stands first in the present volume, he will be convinced, long ere he reaches the concluding (115th) page, that his view is untenable. The President's veracity has never yet been challenged. The accuracy and retentiveness of his memory were unexampled. His minute acquaintance with American affairs astonished even Americans who visited him within a few years of his decease. That such an one should have invented the story he so often and so circumstantially related, is incredible.

This matter has been *made* important by Dr. Beardsley, who considers that Dr. Seabury and the rest of the Connecticut clergy '*would be placed in an awkward position*' if the truth of the President of Magdalen's statement were admitted.

That they *would have been placed in a very awkward position indeed* had Dr. Seabury resorted to Denmark for consecration, is true enough: but that any inconvenience whatever results to him or to them from his having been effectually warned of his

danger at a critical moment, I see not. Since however my narrative has been so unceremoniously handled, besides carefully re-writing and enlarging what will be found at pp. 29-34, I venture to submit to Dr. Beardsley certain principles which (it is thought) should guide us in dealing with historical testimony.

When two distinct and somewhat different aspects of the same transaction are set before us,—proceeding from opposite quarters, but both alike vouched for by thoroughly trustworthy persons,—our business (it is presumed) is first, To inquire whether they do not admit of reconciliation; with a view to their being *both* suffered to stand. We may not begin by importing into the discussion national or personal prejudices. We may not accuse the principal witness of having fabricated his facts,—only because those facts are distasteful to ourselves. We may not prop up our own contention, by making much of some minute inaccuracy of detail<sup>1</sup> which we have (or think we have) detected in our opponent's narrative; but which evidently does not touch the life of the question at issue;<sup>2</sup>—nor may we so distort or exaggerate any particular feature of the evidence as to produce the semblance of contrariety where none actually exists. And yet, (as logicians are aware,) even contrariety, unless it amounts to *contradiction*, admits, for the most part, of even easy reconciliation. As for charging a witness of unquestioned veracity with falsehood, it is the last shift of a controversialist who is conscious of the weakness of his cause. History cannot be written,—Truth must be regarded

<sup>1</sup> I am speaking here, it will be remembered, of *human* narratives. When we have to do with the inspired page, the magnifying glass may be always applied to the lesser details, and to any extent. Only we must be *fair*, and make sure we understand our Author rightly.

<sup>2</sup> Let it in all candour be pointed out—in all fairness, admitted—that inasmuch as it is not *from Dr. Routh himself* that we obtain this story, but

always at second-hand from some one who heard him tell it,—slight discrepancies of detail between two or more versions of the story *are to be expected*. The only essential points—the only statements to be contended for—are those wherein the witnesses furnish identical testimony; those of the witnesses, especially, who heard Routh tell the story more than once, and are prepared solemnly to renew their testimony.

as a thing unattainable,—if we are to disbelieve incidents, not improbable in themselves, which persons of the highest honour, truthfulness, accuracy, clear-headedness, solemnly declare did happen; and repeatedly assure us happened *to themselves*.

Now, *the one piece of evidence* relied on by my worthy opponent, is the following passage in a letter from the Rev. Daniel Fogg (a member of the ‘Woodbury conference’) written to a friend 5 or 6 weeks after Seabury had set sail for England:—

“We Clergy have even gone so far as to instruct Dr. Seabury, if none of the bishops of the Church of England will ordain him, to go down to Scotland, and receive ordination from a non-juring Bishop.”<sup>3</sup>

But what does this necessarily amount to? It *may* mean no more than this,—That *after* it had become known that Leaming declined the voyage to England, (for it was *Leaming*, not *Seabury*, who was nominated at Woodbury,) and *before* Seabury’s anxious and hurried embarkation for our shores,—certain of the Connecticut Clergy conveyed to the latter at New York a message to the effect above recorded. But,—Is it certain that Seabury ever received their message? And,—Were the “instructing” parties men of sufficient mark for their advice on such a point to command his attention? And,—With what amount of authority was the “instruction” conveyed? All we know for certain is that *Seabury himself did not consider that he had left America “instructed” as to what was to be his alternative course of action*. This is *proved* by his letter written twelve months later, in which he says that he shall wait for another month, and then apply to the Scottish Bishops—“*unless he should receive contrary directions from the Clergy of Connecticut.*”

Dr. Beardsley’s claim that these were Seabury’s “*Original instructions*”<sup>4</sup>—“the instructions *given from Woodbury in March, 1783,*”<sup>5</sup> &c.,—is a pure assumption. In a letter to myself (dated Nov. 13, 1878,) he writes,—“*The fact that the Connecticut Clergy at their meeting at Woodbury gave instructions*

<sup>3</sup> Hawks and Perry’s ‘*Conn. Church Documents,*’ (1863),—ii. 213.

<sup>4</sup> ‘*Life of Seabury,*’—p. 79.

<sup>5</sup> ‘*Seabury Centenary,*’—p. 43.

about it, strips Routh's claim of the very semblance of truth."— I shall content myself with warning my esteemed correspondent (1), against inventing his 'facts': and (2), against drawing illogical inferences from them. For it is at least undeniable that Seabury did not act like one who had come over furnished with any "instructions" at all,—except to obtain consecration in England at the earliest possible moment, and to return.

I beg that it may be observed that I have nowhere asserted that, in 1782-4, the idea of resorting to the Scottish Bishops in order to secure for America the gift of Episcopacy, *originated* with Martin Joseph Routh;—*was for the first time conceived by him*;— or, as an idea, was at any time *exclusively his property*. Such a statement,—(which might be thought to be implied by the narratives of Bp. Coxe, of Western New York, and of Bp. Eden, the Scottish Primus),—happens to be inconsistent with the known facts of history. The S.P.G. so early as 1703 had entertained the idea of sending a Suffragan to America; and even then, *the Bishops of Scotland* "were regarded as the channel through which that assistance could most readily be obtained."<sup>6</sup> Cheerfully therefore do I make the sentiment of Bishop Williams my own,—“I am in no wise concerned to deny that the thought of applying to the Scottish Bishops may have been an entirely original thought in the mind of more than one person in England in the year 1783 and 1784.” I do but demur to the statement which the same excellent friend proceeds to make: viz. that “*the fact is proved . . . that this purpose was in the minds of our [American] Clergy long before it could have been conceived in England*”<sup>7</sup> . . . (What! before 1703?)

But in fact, that other learned Divines besides Routh were aware of the validity of the Scottish succession, and had their eyes intently fixed upon it at this very time, is certain. Thus, in 1782-3, Dr. George Berkeley suggested to Bp. Skinner, (coadjutor to the Primus of the Scottish Church,) that the Bishops of Scotland should consecrate a bishop for America.

<sup>6</sup> Anderson's '*History of the Colonial Church*,'—iii. 36.

<sup>7</sup> '*Seabury Centenary*,'—p. 27.

In the autumn of 1783, a Mr. Elphinstone pleaded the same cause in the same quarter.<sup>8</sup> Originality of conception, I repeat, is not the thing here contended for. I am only concerned to insist on what really *is* a well authenticated fact, viz. that, (*however it may have come to pass,*) it fell to Martin Joseph Routh to disabuse Seabury's mind,—if not of the intention to have recourse to Denmark for consecration,—at least of the notion that Denmark had it in its power to impart to him the wished-for boon. The President was able long after to reproduce the very words he had used to the envoys of the American Church in 1782-4. "I ventured to tell them, sir, that *they would not find there what they wanted.*" Equally certain is it that Routh insisted on the unquestionable validity of the *Scottish* succession; and that he further strenuously counselled application in *that* quarter *exclusively*.

Dr. Beardsley informs me that he finds no trace in the Seabury correspondence of any of the circumstances which obtain such prominence in my pages. I have been more fortunate. It needs (I think) but little skill in 'reading between the lines,' to discern clear allusions to every part of this matter;—as well, I mean, to *those* who had recommended Seabury to have recourse to the Scandinavian Bishops for consecration, as to *him* who had been so strenuous with him on behalf of the *Scottish* succession *to the exclusion of every other*,—in Seabury's letter to Jarvis, dated June 26th, 1784:—

"I have had opportunities of consulting some very respectable Clergymen in this matter" (he writes): "and their invariable opinion is that, should I be disappointed here, . . . it would become my duty *to obtain Episcopal consecration* WHEREVER IT CAN BE HAD. *The Scottish succession was named.* IT WAS SAID TO BE EQUAL TO ANY SUCCESSION IN THE WORLD, ETC. There, I *know* Consecration may be had."<sup>9</sup>

Will any one doubt that, were Seabury among us at this day to be questioned, he would tell us that it was chiefly to *Routh's* learning, and to *Routh's* earnestness that he was

<sup>8</sup> 'Seabury Centenary,'—p. 47.

<sup>9</sup> Beardsley's 'Life' &c.—p. 131.

alluding, when he penned the foregoing sentences? *Who* does not recognise the counsel to look to Denmark, to Norway, to Sweden for Episcopal Orders, as the result of some of those "consultations" with "very respectable Clergymen in this matter," of which Seabury speaks;—"Episcopal Consecration" to be obtained "*wherever it may be had*"?—But *that* is not nearly all. Is it possible for any unprejudiced person to read what goes before without discerning,—if not an actual *inclination* on the part of the writer to avail himself of some other succession instead of the Scottish,—at least a considerable amount of *indecision* as to whether he might not with safety do so? "The Scottish succession *was named*," writes Seabury. "*There*" (he adds) "*I know that Consecration may be had.*" You *do*? Then, *Why*,—if you 'came out from America 'instructed,' in the event of your failing in England, to repair for Consecration to Scotland,<sup>1</sup>—why do you *still* put off for three months making a move in that direction? Why refer *that very question* back to the Connecticut Clergy? . . . But the answer is obvious. The case is a transparent one. Made very sick by reason of 'hope deferred':—worn out by repeated delays and half-hearted professions:—perplexed by conflicting counsels:—saddened by an exhausted exchequer,—Samuel Seabury's brave heart and eagle spirit was at last severely tried. The supposed '*Instructions*' with which he had come furnished from America *are only to be found in Mr. Fogg's letter*. Seabury knew nothing at all about them.

What I am contending for, is not a new view of the case. I invite Dr. Beardsley's attention to the following passage in a letter which the Bp. of Edinburgh (Dr. James Walker) addressed to the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, 54 years ago, or *just 50 years after Dr. Seabury's visit to England*. (The letter is dated March 10th, 1834):—

"The Church of Norway and Denmark is similar in all respects; though unfortunately deficient in that most important point, *the Episcopal succession*,—which was so little known, that Dr. Seabury,

<sup>1</sup> '*Seabury Centenary*,'—p. 5. The reader is invited to call to mind what was offered above, in p. 34.

when he failed to obtain consecration in England, *was actually in treaty with the Bishop of Zealand.* He was better directed to our then almost unknown Church: and this direction was given by Lowth, then Bishop of London [1777-87]; and I have very lately heard, that the venerable President Routh was the means of directing Bishop Lowth to our Bishops."<sup>2</sup>

The case before us, I repeat, is a transparent one. Contrariety, —much less contradiction—there is here *none*. Directed by his countrymen to the English Archbishops and Bishops, to *them* Seabury persistently addressed himself. One cannot but suspect that had the Prelates of England been as apostolically minded as he was,—had they shared the Evangelical earnestness of those ten grand men who “met in voluntary convention” at Woodbury,—they would have *made* a way for conferring on that devoted soldier of the Cross the boon he so reasonably implored at their hands. But it was an evil and a dark time. Driven hither and thither for counsel and support, SAMUEL SEABURY was for a while beguiled into the mistaken supposition that valid Episcopal Consecration *might* be had from the Scandinavian Churches: of which fatal notion, MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH was the man who disabused his mind effectually. ‘*The Scottish succession,*’ he assured Seabury, was ‘*equal to any succession in the world:*’ and he further convinced him at great length that this was *his one only possible resource at the present juncture* . . . It will have been with a lively recollection of that interview that Seabury ended his sentence with an ‘*et cetera.*’

Yes, in the evidence before us there is no contrariety whatever. The deeply interesting and highly honourable conditions of the problem, as far as America is concerned, are in no respect affected by, or inconsistent with, the personal recollections of one who was again and again heard, by several persons yet living, to recount them. And it will remain true to the end of time, that the service rendered to the Church of the United States by the President of Magdalen College when a very young man,

<sup>2</sup> Perceval’s ‘*Collection of Papers,*’ &c. 1842,—p. 67. See also from p. 64 to p. 76 concerning the

Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Episcopate, which is declared to be without validity.



was simply priceless ; a service which cannot be too handsomely admitted,—or too heartily acknowledged,—by American churchmen at the present day.

That I may not be thought to have lightly assumed the trustworthiness of the story I have set down in the text, I shall here insert Bishop Hobhouse's reply to Dr. Beardsley's contention in the '*Guardian*' newspaper:—

“Batcombe, Bath, Dec. 22nd, 1882.

“Reverend sir,—In reference to your letter to the '*Guardian*,' just published, I venture to supply the following facts:—

1. That Dr. Seabury did visit Dr. Routh in Oxford.
2. That he was sent thither by Lord Chancellor Thurlow to consult Dr. Routh about the validity of the Danish succession.
3. That Dr. S. had been persuaded in *London* to apply to the Danish Bishops, and that Dr. Routh succeeded in dissuading him, in favour of the Scottish.
4. That though Dr. Routh was only 28 and a deacon, he was known as a learned man.—Lord Thurlow knew him through his clergyman brother, Mr. Thurlow.

5. That Dr. Routh lived in my parish, and often talked to me on such subjects.—In 1853, when I was sailing for America with the S. P. G. Deputation to attend the General Convention, Dr. Routh sent a book and message to be presented by me to the presiding Bishop.—On that occasion, he recited the above facts as the cause of his special interest in the Church of the United States ; and he repeated them on my return.

6. There was no failure whatever in his unexampled powers of memory, even in his 100th year.

You may find it as hard to believe this, as to believe that at 28 he had acquired the position of an oracle in certain departments of learning ; but both facts are certain. His mental history is unparalleled.”

The testimony of an admirable living American Prelate,—Dr. A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York,—may be more acceptable to Dr. Beardsley. In his delightful volume (*'Impressions of England,'* 1856,—p. 138), my friend writes:—

“I had seen the Duke of Wellington and Samuel Rogers. There was one whom I desired to see besides, and on some accounts with deeper interest, to complete my hold upon the surviving Past. For sixty years had Dr. Routh been President of Magdalen, and still

his faculties were strong, and actively engaged in his work. I saw him in his 97th year: . . . the most venerable figure I ever beheld! Nothing could exceed his cordiality and courtesy; and though I feared to prolong my visit, his earnestness in conversation more than once repressed my endeavour to rise. He remembered our colonial Clergy, and related the whole story of Bishop Seabury's visit, and of his application to the Scottish Church, which Dr. Routh himself first suggested. 'And now,' (said I,) 'we have 30 Bishops and 1500 Clergy.' He lifted his aged hands, and said 'I have indeed lived to see wonders,' and he added devout expressions of gratitude to God, and many enquiries concerning our Church. I had carried an introduction to him from the Rev. Dr. Jarvis; and at the same time announced the death of that lamented scholar and Divine, whose funeral I had attended a few days before I sailed from America. He spoke of him with affection and regret, and also referred to his great regard for Bishop Hobart."

Another American clergyman, the Rev. D. J. Aberigh-Mackay (in a letter dated 4th Nov. 1882, which appeared in the '*Guardian*'), bears similar testimony,—in consequence of a visit he paid to the President in July 1852. Other records to the same effect are to be met with elsewhere. But my friend Bp. Hobhouse's testimony is so valuable, because he was intimate with the old President, and heard him often tell the story.

"The spark" (I have said) "became a flame which has kindled beacon-fires throughout the length and breadth of the great American continent." The progress of that 'spark' until it became a 'flame' was destined nevertheless to be gradual. In 1787 (Feb. 4th), Bishops White and Provoost were canonically consecrated at Lambeth by Dr. John Moore, Abp. of Canterbury (assisted by three other English Bishops), for the Dioceses of Pennsylvania and New York respectively: but,—

"It was with the understanding that they should not join with the Bishop of Scotch consecration in conferring the Episcopate upon any one else, until another person should have been sent to England to be consecrated; so that it could always be said there were three Bishops of the English line, (the usual canonical number); who joined in the consecration which was to begin the line here [in America]. And this understanding was acted upon: for although there were in this country [America], in 1787, the three

Bishops of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New York, the two latter, true to the English prejudice, would not join with the former in perpetuating the Succession, until they were supplemented by another who was consecrated in England in 1790."<sup>3</sup>

The consecration of Bishop Madison of Virginia at Lambeth, (Sept. 19th, 1790), by the same Archbishop of Canterbury, (assisted by two other English Bishops), completed the Episcopal College in the United States: and the consecration by Bishop Provoost, (assisted by Bishops White, Madison and Seabury), of Dr. Thomas John Claggett (Sept. 17th, 1792) as Bishop of Maryland, *was the first canonical consecration in North America.* . . . Since that time, the consecrations have been regularly and canonically maintained in the Anglican line, to which, as we have seen, the Scottish succession (*which however is not another*)<sup>4</sup> has been happily united: and, at the end of a century of years, the Churches of England and America flourish with independent life and are in full communion. The American Bishops number at this instant *seventy-one.*<sup>5</sup>

How splendidly the daughter Church has vindicated and illustrated the Apostolicity of her descent by the Catholicity of her teaching,—is known to everyone who knows anything at all about these matters. Worthy to be remembered in connexion with the greatest Bishops of Christendom are JOHN HENRY HOBART [1775-1830], Bp. of New York:—GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE [1799-1859], Bp. of New Jersey:—JACKSON KEMPER [1789-1870], the great Missionary Bp. in the Western Territories [1835-1859], and then Bp. of Wisconsin [1859-1870]:—WILLIAM HEATHCOTE DE LANCEY [1795-1865], Bp. of Western New York:—and especially WILLIAM ROLLINSON WHITTINGHAM [1805-1879], Bp. of Maryland. But the foremost of the 'goodly fellowship,'—the first American Bishop,—SAMUEL SEABURY [1729-1796], Bp. of Connecticut, was second

<sup>3</sup> 'The Union of Divergent Lines in the American Succession,'—by the Rev. W. J. Seabury, D.D. (New York, 1884,—pp. 15,—a singularly lucid, unprejudiced and able performance:)—pp. 6 to 8. I have

derived from it most of the foregoing names, dates, facts.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> 'Church Almanac' for 1887,—New York, pp. 69-70.

in greatness to none of his successors: “*that* brave, patient, self-sacrificing soldier of the Cross, who dared all and gave all that he might win for the Church of the United States of America the precious gift which binds her to the historic Church; and through it, to the great Day of Pentecost, and the Mount of the Ascension.” . . . The words last quoted are the words of one whose name will be remembered by posterity in close connexion with the illustrious band before enumerated,—JOHN WILLIAMS, D.D. the present Bishop of Connecticut and Presiding Bishop of the United States. Long may he live,—(he will, I trust, allow me to call him ‘my friend,’)—to be a tower of strength to the great American Church!

I cannot conclude this long note without remarking that verily there have been times when Churchmen, Clergy and Laity alike, seem to have apprehended wondrous imperfectly *that* declaration of the great Head of the Church,—‘MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.’ *Who* will dare to deny that every condition of canonical consecration would have been fulfilled had the first Bp. of Maryland (Dr. Claggett) been consecrated by Bp. Seabury, assisted by Bps. White and Provoost?

To conclude.—A glorious future is reserved for the Church of the United States. Only let her be supremely careful, tide what tide, to ‘hold fast that which she hath, that no man take her crown.’ Never may she,—yielding to the blandishments and importunities of false friends, or to the menaces and persecutions of avowed enemies,—surrender ‘one jot or one tittle’ of that ‘Faith once for all delivered to the Saints,’ which is her priceless inheritance. Rather will she, (if she cares for the integrity of her existence,) ‘contend earnestly’ for the Truth, if need be, to the very death<sup>6</sup>. Behold, HE ‘cometh quickly’!

<sup>6</sup> παρακαλῶν ἐπαγωνίζεσθαι τῇ καλὸν ἀγῶνα τῆς πίστεως (1 Tim. vi. ἅπαξ παραδοθείση τοῖς ἁγίοις πίστει 12):—τὸν ἀγῶνα τὸν καλὸν ἠγώ- (S. Jude ver. 3).—ἀγωνίζου τὸν νισμαί (2 Tim. iv. 7).

## APPENDIX (D).

## AUTHORSHIP OF THE 'TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.'

[*Referred to above in pp. 174 to 177 : 194 to 201 : 205 to 223. Also pp. 305, 312, &c., 417-22. See also vol. ii. pp. 49 to 52.*]

I SHALL perhaps be rendering an useful service if I here put on record,—as far as, at this time of day, the facts are discoverable,—the authorship of the several TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. In this endeavour, I have been chiefly assisted by my revered friend, the late Archd. Harrison.

Of the *Ninety* Tracts, *eighteen* are merely reprints from the writings of old English Divines:—viz, *twelve* (No. 37. 39. 42. 44. 46. 48. 50. 53. 55. 62. 65. 70) derived from the works of BP. WILSON:—*three*, from BP. COSIN (No. 26. 27. 28):—*one*, from BP. BEVERIDGE (No. 25):—*one*, from BP. BULL (No. 64):—*one*, from ABP. USSHER (No. 72).

*Four* are 'Catenæ' (No. 74. 76. 78. 81). The last was by ARCHD. HARRISON,—and had, prefixed, a tract by DR. PUSEY.

Of the remaining *Sixty-eight*,—*twenty-seven* were by J. H. NEWMAN (No. 1. 2. 3. 6. 7. 8 [but see below, "P.S."]. 10. 11. 19. 20. 21. 31. 33. 34. 38. 41. 45. 47. 71. 73. 75. 79. 82. 83. 85. 88. 90).—*Eight*, by JOHN KEBLE (No. 4. 13. 40. 52. 54. 57. 60. 89).—*Seven*, by DR. PUSEY (No. 18. 66. 67. 68. 69. 77. 81).

*Four* were by J. W. BOWDEN (No. 5. 29. 30. 56).—*Four*, by THOMAS KEBLE (No. 12. 22. 43. 84).—*Four*, by ARCHD. HARRISON (No. 16. 17. 24. 49).

*Three* were by the Hon. A. P. PERCEVAL (No. 23. 35. 36).—*Three*, by R. H. FROUDE (No. [8 ? see below, "P.S."] 9. 59. 63):—*Three*, by ISAAC WILLIAMS (No. 80. 86. 87).

ALFRED MENZIES of Trinity contributed *one* tract (No. 14):—and C. P. EDEN *one* (No. 32). [Concerning the latter, something is said in the 'Life' of C. P. E.]

*One* tract was the *joint production* of W. PALMER of Worcester and J. H. NEWMAN, viz. No. 15. [See the '*Apologia*,' pp. 115-6.]

*One* tract (No. 51) is of uncertain authorship. It is thought to have been the work of R. F. WILSON.

The authorship of *two*,—No. 58 and 61,—is unknown.

The sum of these numbers will be found to be NINETY,—when attention is paid to the circumstance that No. 81 has been reckoned *both* among the ‘*Catenæ*’ and among the ‘*Tracts*.’

P.S.—No. 8 is assigned above to Newman : but Marriott, in a letter to Rev. A. Burn [‘*Chichester*, Jan. 29, 1840’], writes,—“You ought to know that Froude was the author of the Tract ‘*The Gospel a law of liberty*,’”—which is the subject of No. 8.

## APPENDIX (E).

IRRELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY COMMISSION OF 1877-81. THE CASE OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

[*Referred to at pages 449-50.*]

THE *animus* of “the University of Oxford Commissioners” of 1877-81 was remarkably shewn in respect of MAGDALEN COLLEGE. The old Foundation had been for 40 Fellows, of whom 34 were in Holy Orders.—By the Commission of 1854-6, the Fellows (nominally 40 still) were reduced to 30, of whom 20 were in Holy Orders.—By the arrangements of the Commission of 1877-81, it had been definitely settled—up to the beginning of November 1880—that, besides “Professor” and “Official Fellows” (i. e. Tutors and Bursars), of the 12 Fellowships which remained to be elected to, *six* should be held by persons in Holy Orders. The draft of the Statutes decided on for the College by a majority of the Commissioners *was actually in print* when Lord Selborne withdrew from the Commission. It secured, and in a manner saved, the Religious character of the Foundation. Now, let what happened next be carefully noted.

The vacancy caused by the retirement of Lord Selborne from the Commission was supplied by the appointment of Dr. Bradley, Master of University. The Rt. Hon. Mountague Bernard now became Chairman. Whereupon, the Secularists instantly reopened the entire question: *recalled the draft Statutes already in print*; and the next time the College came

before the Commissioners (Nov. 2, 1880), *by a majority of one vote* (5 against 4), reduced the number of Clerical Fellows to *two*,—of which *Two Clerical Fellows* (it has been pointed out to me) one is to be the ‘Dean of Divinity’; an office concerned with the Choir, in consequence of the elaborate character of the Chapel services which are a marked feature in the College, —greatly appreciated, and largely resorted to, by ‘the public.’

The evil *animus* which, in a matter of so much gravity, could thus, *per fas et nefas*, pursue its unholy advantage to the bitter end, aptly illustrates the spirit with which the Colleges of Oxford have recently been dealt with, and must strike every fair looker-on with astonishment and displeasure. Will any one pretend that it was right, on the strength of a *single vote*, to go back and inflict a deadly injury on an ancient Society, —against the will of the College itself, and in plain defiance of the ascertained intention of its Founder,—especially after it had actually survived the ordeal of a hostile Commission? The object plainly was *to obliterate the Religious character of the Foundation.*

## APPENDIX (F').

### THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD, ESSENTIALLY ECCLESIASTICAL FOUNDATIONS.

[*Referred to at pages 426 : 450-5. See also pages 201-2.*]

It will not be a waste of time that I should put on record for the benefit of ordinary Readers, some evidences of the truth of the often-repeated statement, that “The Colleges of Oxford<sup>1</sup> are essentially *Religious Foundations.*” Few probably, unacquainted with our College Statutes, are aware of the extent to which those ancient documents, (which by the last Universities’ Commission have been repealed and set aside entirely,) witness to *the Religious Spirit* which is found to have *invariably* actuated our Founders. I have therefore made a few excerpts,

<sup>1</sup> There is no difference in this respect between Oxford and Cambridge.

—the passages, in short, which caught my eye while turning over the pages of the College Statutes;—and I recommend the matter to the attention of as many as it may concern.

But I cannot dismiss this Appendix without a few words of solemn Remonstrance addressed to those who have displayed so much impatience to get rid of the record of the Intentions of the pious Founders and Benefactors whose bread they are nevertheless not ashamed to eat:—whose bounty maintains them:—and to whom they are indebted for every blessing they enjoy in this place,<sup>2</sup>—including, in many instances, their social *status* and their individual influence. Why disguise the Truth? It is, because *the periodical reminder of those Intentions*,—(for our College Statutes, by the Founder's express command, have until lately been read over in the hearing of the assembled body, twice if not three times every year,)—It is, I say, because, to our modern Secularists, the frequent reminder has proved unbearable that *the College was founded "ad honorem DEI, et in augmentationem cultûs Divini."* It was inconvenient, (to use no stronger expression), to hear the echo of a human voice, and *that* the voice of the Founder of the College,—borne across the gulf of upwards of half-a-thousand years,—addressing the men of the present generation after the following (or some similar) solemn fashion:—

“Dum labentis sæculi corrûptelam in mente discutimus judicio rationis, et quantâ velocitate mundana pertranscant sollicitâ meditatione pensamus, certo videmus certius quod fragilitatis humanæ conditio statum habet instabilem, et quæ visibilem habent essentiam tendunt visibiliter ad non esse. Ad Ipsius ergo misericordiam qui regit quos condidit, cujus Regnum fine non clauditur, nec ullis limitibus coarctatur, oculos mentis erigimus, et quæ sibi placencia aestimamus, votis amplectimur, et desiderio exsequimur vigilantibus: Ejus clementiam totis cordis viribus efflagitantes, ut nobis in presenti aerumnâ laticem suæ pietatis aperiat, et dirigat secundum suum beneplacitum actus nostros.”

<sup>2</sup> Written at Oxford, in 1880.



After this solemn preamble, follows the declaration of the Founder (of Oriel)'s intention :—

“Cum itaque ad laudem Nominis sui, et decorem et utilitatem sacrosanctae Ecclesiae sponsae suae, statuerimus et ordinaverimus quoddam Collegium SCHOLARIUM IN SACRA THEOLOGIA STUDENTIUM IN UNIVERSITATE OXONIENSI, PERPETUIS TEMPORIBUS DURATURUM, . . . Ordinationem fecimus infra scriptam, quam perpetuis temporibus inviolabiliter praecipimus observari.”

It is of course inconvenient in a high degree to Secularists to have to sit and listen to such a lecture as the foregoing from their Founder, two or three times a year. Hence, their impatience to silence his reproachful accents,—and to bury in oblivion College Statutes, with the memory of their Author.

But these persons are assured that it is *not possible* so to sever with the Past at pleasure; so to efface the record of the intentions of ancient Benefactors. “*Litera scripta manet.*” And not only so, but those pious Intentions themselves are prone to rise up, as from the grave, and make themselves heard reproachfully when men least expect it. The prayers of those many Founders are not forgotten (be sure!) before GOD: nor yet the memory of the pious vows which found fulfilment when they had created this glorious place. All are as fresh in the memory of the MOST HIGH as in the hour when they were originally breathed. And—there will yet come a stern day of reckoning (*Nemesis* the ancients called it): for corporate bodies, like nations, are reckoned with in this World,—even as individuals are in the next. My excerpts follow :—

I. “*Imprimis a DEO, ejusque cultu religioso, uti par est, initium facientes,*”—is the exordium of the Statutes of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—The Master must be “*in Sacerdotio constitutus.*”—“*Omnes autem Socii dent operam Theologiae continue, nec aliquam aliam facultatem admisceant; et intra quartum annum post inceptionem in Artibus, suscipiant Diaconatus ordinem: et anno exinde completo, in Presbyteros ordinentur.*”—This College has the patronage of 10 cures of souls.

II. A religious motive clearly was paramount with Devorguilla, widow of John Balliol the founder of BALLIOL COLLEGE (1282). This appears from the prominence given in her very brief Statutes to the attendance of the "Scholares" at Divine Service,—their "Grace" before and after their meals,—&c. The Statutes of 1507, which have hitherto governed the society, direct that the Master shall be "*Theologiâ doctus, cultui Divino, virtuti et studio, deditus; horumque nutritor et incitator.*" Provision is further made "*ne laborantibus ancillis, id est logicâ et philosophiâ, torpescat domina Theologia.*"—a sentiment which is adopted,—the very words being transcribed,—by Bp. Fox (1517), the founder of Corpus. Also,—"*ne frigescat fervida in DEUM charitas abscondaturve talentum traditum, statuimus ut Socii hujus Collegii intra quatuor annos post Magistratus gradus susceptionem ordine Sacerdotali constituentur.*"—Peter Blundell ordained that the six *Scholarships* which he founded and endowed *should be held by* "*Students in Divinity.*"—This College presents to 19 cures of souls.

III. Walter de Merton, Bp. of Rochester, the founder of MERTON COLLEGE, in his Statutes (1274) directs that the larger number of his Scholars "*artium liberalium et philosophiæ studio vacent, donec . . . tamquam in his laudabiliter provecti, ad studium se transferant Theologiæ.*"—words which are borrowed by the Founder of ORIEL, and introduced into his Statutes. The College was instituted for '*Scholares dociles, in artibus liberalibus, Canone et Theologiâ studentes.*' (Canon Law was subsidiary and preparatory to Theology,—not an independent pursuit.)—This College has the patronage of 17 cures of souls.

IV. EXETER COLLEGE, founded by Walter Stapeldon, Bp. of Exeter (1316), is to be presided over by a Rector,—"*Sacrae Theologiæ Baccalaureus . . . cultui Divino deditus.*"—"Artium vero Magistri omnes et singuli, tempore suæ necessariæ regentiae completo, *statim ad Sacram Theologiam se divertant; ei tam diligenter operam dantes, ut decimo post completam regentiam anno, promoveantur ad gradum Baccalawei; ac deinde, ante octavum annum completum, ad ipsum Doctoratus*

*Sacrae Theologiae gradum actualiter promoveantur.*—This College has the patronage of 16 cures of souls.

V. ORIEL COLLEGE was founded “*ad honorem DEI . . . et in augmentationem cultûs Divini.*” It is described in its Statutes (1325-6) as “*Collegium Scholarium in sacrâ Theologiâ studentium in Universitate Oxoniensi perpetuis temporibus duraturum:*”—in its Charter of Foundation, as designed “*ad decorem Sacrosanctae matris Ecclesiae, cujus ministeria personis sunt idoneis committenda, quae, velut stellae, in custodiis suis lumen praebeant, et populos instruant doctrina pariter et exemplo.*” Of its Scholars, “*decem pro primariâ fundatione Collegii illius, . . . studio vacent Theologiae.*”—John Franks, Master of the Rolls (1441), added 4 Scholars,—“*ad DEI Ecclesiam et Cleri augmentum:*” and Bp. Smith (1507), one more,—“*in laudem DEI, exaltationem fidei et Divini cultûs.*”—In 1529, when the full number of 18 Fellows had been attained, all were to be *ultimately Theologians*,—as was laid down by Bp. Longland, acting as Visitor in 1545: and again by Bp. Gibson, the great Canonist, in 1722. Queen Anne annexed a Canonry of Rochester to the Provostship for ever. . . . We of Oriel, by the way, on our three Commemoration days, while thanking GOD for the advantages bestowed upon us by our Founder and Benefactors, pray that “we may never forget that *it is our bounden duty so to employ them as we think they would approve, if they were now upon earth to witness what we do.*” This College presents to 14 cures of souls.

VI. Robert de Eglesfield (1340) says concerning QUEENS' COLLEGE,—“*fundavi . . . aulam quandam collegiarem Magistorum, capellanorum, theologorum, et aliorum Scholarium ad ordinem Sacerdotii promovendorum.*” His College was founded “*ad honorem DEI, et augmentationem cultûs Divini.*” His Fellows were to be at first 13,—“*sub mysterio decursus CHRISTI et Apostolorum in terris.*” Vacancies must be filled up *by persons in Priest's Orders*, or who promised on oath to take Holy Orders immediately.—This College presents to 28 cures of souls.

VII. The Statutes of NEW COLLEGE (1400) begin by proclaiming the Founder's intention "*ut Sacra Scriptura seu pagina, scientiarum omnium aliarum mater et domina, sua liberius et prae caeteris dilatet tentoria.*" He designed to promote the other sciences and faculties,—"*et, ut praecipue ferventius et frequentius CHRISTUS evangelizetur, et fides cultusque Divini Nominis augeatur et fortius sustentetur,—Sacra insuper Theologia: ut sic dilatetur laus DEI, gubernetur Ecclesia, rigor atque fervor Christianae religionis calescant.*"—This College presents to 41 cures of souls.

VIII. Thomas Rotheram, Bp. of Lincoln and afterwards Abp. of York, the second Founder of LINCOLN COLLEGE (1479), "*videntes*" (as he says) "*piam intentionem Ricardi [Flemming] antecessoris nostri, esse ad laudem DEI, ad augmentum Cleri, et profectum universalis Ecclesiae,*"—proceeds to found "*quoddam Collegium Theologorum . . . pro destruendis haeresibus, et erroribus evellendis, plantandisque Sacrae doctrinae seminariis.*"—"Statuimus insuper et inviolabiliter ordinamus quod *nullus in nostri collegii collegam perpetuum* admittatur, . . . *nisi quod eligendus talis sit in Sacerdotio constitutus, vel ad minus infra annum immediate post electionem in Sacerdotio constitutus.*" All these must in due time *graduate in Divinity*. Chapters vii, viii, ix of the Statutes ("De Sermonibus dicendis," "De Officio Divino et assignatione ad altaria," "De suffragiis dicendis pro Fundatoribus et Benefactoribus,") bear eloquent witness to what was in the mind of the Founder. It was to be nothing else but a College of Priests. It still enjoys the patronage of 9 cures of souls. . . . See more above, at p. 450.

IX. Abp. Chicheley, founder of ALL SOULS' COLLEGE (1443), assigns as his motive *the needs of the Clergy of his day*: "Statuentes quod quilibet Magister in artibus, statim postquam necessariam regentiam compleverit, et tres annos ultra, *ad facultatem Theologiae illico se convertere debeat et etiam teneatur.*" Also, "*quod Socius quilibet dicti Collegii, infra duos annos post regentiam suam . . ., se ad sacerdotium . . . faciat promoveri.*"—This College presents to 17 cures of souls.

x. William Waynflete, Bp. of Winchester (1479), founded MAGDALEN COLLEGE “*ad laudem, gloriam et honorem omnipotentis DEI, &c. extirpationem haeresium et errorum, augmentum Cleri, decorem sacrosanctae matris Ecclesiae,*” &c.: (borrowing a sentence already quoted from the Oriel Statutes.) Over this “*Aula perpetua eruditionis scientiarum sacrae Theologiae et Philosophiae*” was to be set “*persona Ecclesiastica in Praesidem.*” The founder aimed at “*sustentationem fidei Christianae, Ecclesiae profectum, Divini cultûs, liberaliumque artium, scientiarum, et facultatum augmentum.*” Besides his 40 Fellows, who within a year of their regency were, with certain exceptions, to enter the Priesthood, he appointed twelve “*altaris et Capellae [dicti Collegii] ministri, deservientes quotidie in eadem: quorum videlicet quatuor presbyteri, et octo clerici existant.*” The three Deans of his College were to be “*proveciores in Theologiâ.*”—This College has the patronage of 41 cures of souls.

xi. William Smyth, Bp. of Lincoln, and his co-founder of BRASENOSE COLLEGE (1521) announce that they aim “*ad sustentationem et exaltationem fidei Christianae, Ecclesiae sanctae profectum, et Divini cultûs augmentum.*” Next, because “*omnes et singuli in Sacrà Theologiâ studere optantes, ex facultatibus scientiarum sophistriae, logicae, et philosophiae florescunt,*” therefore they are solicitous for the prosecution of those other studies by their “*scholares.*” The Principal must be a graduate in Divinity, or at least a Master of arts in Priest’s Orders, “*sacrae Theologiae studio deditus.*”—This College presents to 53 cures of souls.

xii. Richard Fox, Bp. of Winchester (1517), founder of CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, at the beginning of his Statutes is divided between the image of a ladder by which to mount up to Heaven; and a hive,—“*in quo scholastici, veluti ingeniosae apes, dies noctesque ad DEI honorem dulciflua mella conficiant ad universorum Christianorum commoditatem.*” He ordains that his Masters “*ad ipsum Doctoratus sacrae Theologiae gradum advolent,*” and shall preach Sermons in public, of which he specifies the occasions. Finally, “*ne quisquam se a Dominico retrahat*

ministerio," every Fellow of the College (save the one who might study Medicine) was required to take Holy Orders within a year of his regency.—This College presents to 22 cures of souls.

XIII. Of CHRIST CHURCH (1532) it is sufficient to state that it is essentially a Cathedral Foundation. At the head of it is the Dean. Five of its Canons are Professors of Divinity: the sixth being the Archdeacon of Oxford. "In hoc Collegio nostro instituendo," (says its Founder,) "*id unum spectaverunt cogitationes nostrae ut, ad illustrandam Divinae Majestatis gloriam rectâ animorum institutione educata juventus, tum moribus tum literis eatenus proficiat ut non vitæ minus exemplo quam verâ et sincerâ Evangelii prædicatione fidem CHRISTI Salvatoris simplicioribus animis commendare queat.*"—The House enjoys the patronage of 93 cures of souls.

XIV. The founder of TRINITY COLLEGE (1554) aims at "*orthodoxae fidei Religionisque Christianae incrementum.*" "*Theologiae studio singulos Artium Magistros statim post necessariam suam regentiam completam, sine temporis intervallo gnaviter animos intendere præcipio.*" The chapter (20) "*De haereticorum vitando consortio*" ("*Quum in votis semper habuerim sinceram CHRISTI Religionem, ab omni haereseos labe puram, CHRISTI populo iri commendatum,*" &c.) leaves no doubt as to the spirit and intention of the Founder of Trinity.—The College presents to 10 cures of souls.

XV. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE was founded (1555) "*ad h morem Sanctissimae et individuae Trinitatis . . . et ad totius caelestis hierarchiae gloriam, et ad Christianae religionis augmentum.*" "*Cum igitur*" (says the pious founder) "*instituti nostri sit orthodoxae fidei et Christianae professionis augmentum,*" &c. "*ut Theologia, verbique Divini sincera prædicatione, mater ac Domina Scientiarum omnium, sua liberius latiusque germina emittat,*" &c. "*Artium Magistri, omnes et singuli, tempore suae necessariae regentiae completo, statim ad sacram Theologiam se convertant:*" proceeding to the highest degree in Divinity.—This College has the patronage of 32 cures of souls.

XVI. JESUS COLLEGE (1571) was founded "*ad summi et Omnipotentis DEI gloriam et honorem, ad Christianae et sinceræ Religionis amplificationem, et stabilimentum, ad errorum et falsarum persuasionum extirpationem, ad augendum et continuendum pietatis cultum.*" "Artium quoque Magistri, omnes et singuli, tempore necessariae suae regentiae completo, *statim ad sacram Theologiam se divertant: eidem tam diligentem exinde operam dantes, ut septimo post gradum Magisterii ademptum anno, ad baccalaureatum in Theologiâ, et exinde ad gradum Doctoris in eadem facultate admittantur, sub poena amotionis a Collegio in perpetuum, nisi ex causa rationabili,*" &c.—This College presents to 19 cures of souls.

XVII. WADHAM COLLEGE (1612) is described as "*quoddam Collegium perpetuum Sacrae Theologiae,*" &c. The Warden must be a Doctor of Divinity. Masters must proceed either in the faculty of *Theology*, Medicine, or Civil Law.—The College presents to 13 cures of souls.

XVIII. The Statutes of PEMBROKE COLLEGE, which bear date 1629, require that "*Omnes Socii et Scholares sui ad studium Theologiae obligabuntur, et erunt Presbyteri intra quatuor annos a gradu Magisterii in artibus suscepto. Nec manebunt in Collegio ultra viginti annos ab eodem gradu, nisi fuerint Theologiae baccalauræi.*" Thomas Teesdale's seven Fellows are *all bound to take Holy Orders*. Queen Anne annexed a Canonry of Gloucester to the Mastership for ever.—The College presents to 8 cures of souls.

XIX. WORCESTER COLLEGE, though not founded till 1714, retains the same character:—"Quicumque sive in Socios sive in Scholares admittendi sunt, ex Ecclesia Anglicana sint: intra quatuor annos a gradu Magisterii suscepto, *Sacris Ordinibus initientur, et post annum e diaconatu ad sacrum Presbyteratus ordinem promoveantur. . . . Nec plures unquam eodem tempore quam duos in facultate alia quam Theologiae incipere permittimus.*"—The College presents to 10 cures of souls.

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But he who would understand to what an extent the *Religious* element pervades the Statutes of the Colleges of Oxford, must inspect those Statutes for himself. The constant requirement that the Bible shall be read during time of dinner,—(sometimes the portion so read being explained afterwards by one of the Fellows): the frequent provision made for holding Theological Disputations, or giving Divinity Lectures, in the Chapel: the duties of the “Catechist:” the provision for public Grace before meals,—for Prayers,—for the observance of Festival Days,—for the maintenance of the Choir, and for Divine worship generally:—these and many other like details, all point unmistakably in one direction, and prove incontestably that the recent Legislation is nothing else but a *reversal* of the Intentions of Founders and Benefactors. *Who* that surveys the foregoing extracts will deny that “THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION” in such Institutions as these, is “THE BETRAYAL OF A SACRED TRUST”?

## APPENDIX (G).

THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD INTENDED FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LEARNING IN THE SONS OF POOR PARENTS.

[*Referred to at pages 320: 359-63: 427: 451-3.*]

THE following notices on this subject, indicative of the intentions of Founders, are derived from a cursory inspection of the Statutes. Such notices might be very largely increased:—

“Eos semper in Scholares Collegii eligi volumus” (so run the Statutes of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE) “*qui sunt facultatibus pauperiores.*” . . . The pious foundress of BALLIOL (1282) has a notable injunction:—“Et ut melius provideatur sustentationi pauperum, ad quorum utilitatem intendimus laborare, volumus quod ditiores in societate Scholarium nostrorum ita temperate studeant vivere ut pauperes nullo modo graventur propter expensas onerosas.” The Statutes which till lately exclusively governed the society were those framed by the Bps. of Winchester and Carlisle in 1507. These provide that the Scholars



shall wait on the Fellows at table, and “de reliquiis mensae Magistri et Sociorum vivant,”—a sufficient indication of what must have been their condition. . . . The qualifications of the “Scholares” of EXETER COLLEGE are thus set down:—“ad proficiendum aptiores, in moribus honestiores, et *in facultatibus pauperiores.*” . . . The following is the provision on this subject in the Statutes of ORIEL:—“Hoc enim in eadem domo specialiter observari volumus, ut circa eos qui *ad hujusmodi eleemosynae participium admittendi fuerint diligenti solitudine caveatur, ne qui praeter humiles, indigentes, ad studium habiles, proficere volentes recipiantur.*” . . . The founder of QUEENS’ COLLEGE (1340) ordains,—“Sint insuper semper in eadem aula *pauperes juvenes* in subduplo numero ad maximum numerum parem Scholarium in eadem pro tunc existentium: *ita quod numerus eorundem pauperum numerum septuaginta duorum CHRISTI discipulorum non excedat.*” “*Pauperes* tales nominari volo et assumi juxta formam electionis Sociorum, ita tamen quod *indigentes de meâ parentela vel consanguinitate, et de locis ubi beneficia dictae aulae consistunt, caeteris praeferantur.*” The regulations concerning these poor boys fill several pages of the Statutes. . . . William of Wykeham (1400) speaks of NEW COLLEGE, as consisting “in et de numero unius Custodis ac septuaginta *pauperum indigentium Scholarium clericorum.*” . . . So Abp. Chicheley (1443) describes ALL SOULS’ COLLEGE as “unum Collegium *pauperum ac indigentium Scholarium, clericorum.*” . . . MAGDALEN COLLEGE was intended to be “perpetuum Collegium *pauperum et indigentium Scholarium, clericorum.*” Over and above these,—“sint alii triginta *pauperes Scholares, vulgariter Demyes nuncupati.*” . . . TRINITY COLLEGE was founded (1556) “*ad perpetuam pauperum Scholarium in Academia degentium sustentationem.*” “Tum quod in omnibus, et super omnia, *paupertati faveatur, ita ut ii tantum ad hujus eleemosynae participationem admittantur, qui inopiâ pressi, unde vivant, seque in bonarum literarum studiis sustentent, non habent: et omni fere amicorum ope destituti esse cognoscuntur.*” . . . The founder of S. JOHN’S COLLEGE (1555) declares that—“quia CHRISTUS praecipit pauperes recipere in hospitia, nos

ordinamus et volumus quod omnes in collegium nostrum ad annos probationis eligendi, *sint pauperes et indigentes Scholares, clerici.*" Accordingly he provides an endowment for 50 "*Scholares pauperiores.*" . . . The expression recurs in the Statutes of PEMBROKE COLLEGE with reference to Thomas Teesdale's foundation (1629). His Scholars were to be "*ex pauperioribus.*" . . . JESUS COLLEGE (1571) was founded (*inter alia*) "*ad pauperum et inopiâ afflictorum sublevationem.*" . . . WADHAM is described (1612) as "*aliquod Collegium pauperum et indigentium Scholarium.*"

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Let me refer here to three Pamphlets by my friend and late brother-Fellow, Dr. Chase, Principal of S. Mary Hall, who has ever been the firm and consistent champion of the "*Pauperes Scholares,*"—the faithful advocate of the claims of *Poverty* on our Collegiate Foundations:—(1) '*A Plea for John Lord Craven, and the Eleemosynary purpose of Founders generally*' [*n. d.*]:—(2) '*The Rights of "Indigentes" in respect to College Foundations,*' A Letter to Sir J. Pakington, 1856:—(3) '*Education for frugal men at the University of Oxford. An account of the experiments at S. Mary's and S. Alban Halls,*'—1864. . . . I have also before me some prophetic words of his in a short pamphlet entitled '*The De-Christianizing of the Colleges of Oxford,*' reprinted from the "*Standard*" of Oct. 27, 1868. Dr. Chase begins,—"*THE EFFECT, WHATEVER MAY BE THE INTENTION, OF MR. [now Lord Chief Justice] COLERIDGE'S BILL, should it pass into an Act, CAN BE, under the present circumstances of the University, NOTHING LESS THAN THE DE-CHRISTIANIZING OF THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD.*"—A truer sentence was never penned.—"*I cannot conceal from myself*" (the words are Dean Mansel's) "*the conviction that your Tests' Bill is but one of a series of assaults destined to effect an entire separation between the University and the Church.*"









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